THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

THE

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862.

This day (May 1st), the great Exhibition opens, and, therefore, we have deemed it an appropriate occasion to choose as the subject for our photograph for the present month, a view of the Exhibition Building in its present complete form. It differs materially, as will be seen at once by the picture, from its predecessor of 1851; but that of 1851 was intended merely as a temporary building, whereas the present is intended to be a permanent one, and is, therefore, composed of more substantial materials, and more elaborately constructed. The design is by Captain Fowke, of the Royal Engineers, and the contractors are Messrs. Kelk and Lucas, who have executed the work with marvellous rapidity. Their contract was only taken on the 10th March, 1861, and they were bound to hand the building over complete to the Royal Commissioners on the 12th February last. This condition was substantially complied with, and the place was formally handed over on the very day stipulated in the contract. There still remained, it is true, various matters to be attended to—the decorations and colouring, for example, but still these did not interfere materially with the arrangements for the reception of goods. Week by week, as the works went on, there was no end of speculation as to whether the place could be got ready by the stipulated time; and when the energy of Messrs. Kelk and Lucas had dissipated all doubt on that score, the discussion turned upon the point whether the exhibitors would get everything into proper trim by the opening day, for these worthy gentlemen were not very hasty in sending in their cargoes of goods. It is a singular thing, too, that the English department lagged fearfully behind at first, though they made up for it by increased energy afterwards. In truth, scarcely anything seems to come amiss to British pluck. Folks have stared in

alarm at the apparent confusion prevailing all around the building, and though we cannot at the time we write, (inasmuch as we must go to press some days before the nominal day of publication) state positively that there will be no shortcomings, still we have little doubt that everything of importance will be in its place. Any person who happened to be in St. James's Hall, the night before the opening, and saw the place in the greatest disorder—the organ pipes scattered all about the floor for example—and then went the following night and saw the organ duly fitted up, and everything ready for the comfortable reception of visitors, will have but little fear for the 1st of May.

A specimen or two of the rapidity with which the work was pushed on may not be uninteresting. The brick casing for the steam pipes in the western annexe, consisting of 4,100 feet of 9-inch brickwork. four feet high, was commenced on one particular Wednesday, and finished on the Wednesday following. On the following Saturday, Mr. Crace, in colouring and decorating the picture galleries, succeeded in getting 75 feet run of wall, 30 feet high, painted in a quarter of an hour! In fact, the whole of the decorations were done with unexampled rapidity. It was not till the 23rd of January that Mr. Crace received his instructions,

and decorations were all finished weeks ago.

But in order that the magnitude of the work may be thoroughly understood, it is time that we said something about the building itself and its dimensions, and we shall borrow for this purpose some extracts from an able paper read by Mr. Crace himself before the Society of Arts, on the 9th of April. Of course, everybody knows that the building is in South Kensington. Well, then, Mr. Crace goes on to tell us that,—

from the Royal Commissioners, and yet the painting

"The principal front faces the Cromwell Road, and has a south aspect; it extends nearly 1,200 feet. On the first floor of this front range the series of picture

calleries. Parallel with this front is the nave, 800 feet long, and terminating at each end in two great domes, each 160 feet in diameter. From these extend again, north and south, the transepts, having each a length of 200 feet on either side of the domes. The nave and transepts may be represented by the letter | ; the extreme length being 1,200 feet, and the width at the ends 560 feet. The height to the pitch of roof in nave and transept is 100 feet, and the width between the columns 85 feet. The great domes have a diameter of 160 feet, and rise to an interior height of 200 feet. Galleries, fifty feet wide, extend on both sides of the nave and inner sides of transepts. Other galleries, 25 feet wide, are carried round the outer sides of transepts, and sides of walls of picture galleries, and are twelve feet wide against walls of refreshment rooms.

"Parallel with the nave, and on either side of it, are the glass courts; those on the south side being 200 feet

wide; those on the north 87 feet.

"On the north side of this area is a large range of buildings forming the refreshment rooms; through these, under a triple archway, nearly opposite the main entrance from the Cromwell Road, is an entrance to the Horticultural Gardens, of which a most pleasing view is here seen. This completes the description of the main area of the building; but at both extremities extend two very important additions, namely the eastern and western annexes, the latter nearly 1,000 feet long and the former 775 feet."

The immense magnitude of the building will now be understood, and the short time in which it was reared and finished is a pretty good proof that every body concerned in it must have "put his shoulder to the wheel" in real earnest. This very rapidity of construction is, however, calculated to make nervous persons afraid of the stability of the structure. It is satisfactory to be able to inform such persons that these fears are groundless, for the building was tested severely on the 12th February, before the Commissioners took final possession. That every body's mind may be set at rest on this important point we give a description of the process employed, by quoting the report of the proceedings, from the Journal of the Society of Arts, of Feb. 14. That report says :-

"The Commissioners, impressed with the necessity of convincing the public that they might feel perfectly secure in every part of the building, proceeded on Wednesday to test the gallery floors by a dense crowd of men. This, to a scientific mind, cannot be considered other than a work of supererogation, yet, for the satisfaction of the public, who do not appreciate the value and accuracy of certain formulæ for calculating the strength of materials, such a step was necessary.

"Before the scantlings of the various materials which form the floors were decided upon, every part was actually tested by a deadweight, equal to that of the densest crowd that could by any possibility be collected. The cast-iron girders were made capable of carrying three times the load that could possibly be put on them, and a specimen of the flooring was loaded with bricks to 140 pounds to the superficial foot. It could not have been, therefore, with any misgiving that the contractors marshalled their men for proving their floors on the 10th inst., but it must have been with a

feeling of pride and defiance that they awaited the result of the experiment,—the object of which was to enable the Commissioners to say, 'The floors are perfectly safe; we have had a dense crowd of men walking and running over them, and they have not yielded a fraction.'

"At 3 p.m. the Commissioners assembled in the building, and some of the building committee were also present. A body of 400 workmen were arranged, so as to present a front equal to the width of a gallery, and headed by Mr. W. Fairbairn, acting as leader, and Messrs. Clemence and Ashton, clerks of the works, as adjutants, and the master blacksmith as sergeant-major, they dashed up the stairs, at the head of which they formed into as dense a mass as possible, and then walked and ran all over the galleries. The result of the test was most satisfactory. The floors, of course, vibrated with the heavy moving load, yet they all recovered themselves on the men being withdrawn. As the living mass moved on, the deflections of various portions of the floor were observed; these were found to average as follows:-

"For 25 feet cast-iron girders..... $\frac{3}{5}$ inch. $\frac{25}{8}$ feet suspended trusses..... $\frac{3}{8}$, $\frac{1}{9}$ feet floor joists $\frac{3}{8}$,

After this tremendous test he must be a sceptic, indeed, who would still continue to doubt that the building is perfectly secure, and be afraid to ven-

ture inside on the opening day.

With regard to the style of architecture of the building, our readers will be better able to understand it from the photograph than from a mere written description. And in this consists one of the chief values of photography. It strictly does "hold the mirror up to nature," and enables people to understand at a glance what it would take pages of letter-press to explain. The style of the building has been very much condemned in various quarters; the photograph will enable people to look upon the picture and judge for themselves. The two gigantic domes have especially come in for condemnation as marring the effect of the exterior, besides being badly shaped domes into the bargain.* But, probably, no architect ever constructed a building that pleased everybody, and so we will let that moot point pass. As to the actual construction of the domes themselves, the work was divided—Mr. Kelk taking the western dome, and the Thames Iron Company the eastern one.

The nature of the colouring of the inside of the building gave rise to considerable anxiety and discussion. Experiments were conducted by Mr. Hudson, Mr. Kelk, Capt. Fowke, and Mr. Crace, but it was finally decided to adopt the views of the last-named gentleman, and from the results it would appear that, probably, no better selection could have been made. Mr. Crace, as we before observed, pushed on the work with marvellous rapidity, and now that the whole design is finished and made apparent, we become satisfied that it is the work of a master mind. During the progress of the colouring, and before any just judgment could be formed of it, all sorts of adverse criticisms appeared in the papers, but Mr. Crace at last came forward in self-defence, to explain to the Society of Arts the principles which had guided him in his task.

[•] The photograph exhibits one of the end views, and, therefore, does not give a picture of both domes. Their magnitude could not have been made sufficiently apparent in a front view, including both.

This he did at some length, and with great ability. He decided that the general tone of the roof must be light, and that the best colour would be a warm pale grey, that the arched principals must stand out clear from the roof, look well in a perspective of 800 feet, and not heavy or confused, as they approached each other, in the distance. No single colour would do, and their form precluded the use of a continuous repeat ornament,-

"I, therefore," he says, "decided on following the form of the construction, and adopted panellings of blue and red, alternately relieved by coloured lines, intersected at the joints by circles of black, on which are gold stars, and from these spring ornaments in vellum colour, with green in the filling I have said that I decided on warm grey for the roof of nave. I did so because it gave space and lightness; and on its surface I introduced an upright scroll ornament in red, with gold star-like rosettes sparingly introduced. My object in this ornament was to increase the apparent pitch of the roof, and to relieve and warm the effect of the grey."

He then, in a like manner, explains his reasons for the other colours introduced, including maroon, red, and green. "The iron columns in the nave are painted pale bronze colour, relieved with gold colour vertical lines. The capitals are gilt, the ground of the ornaments being picked in rich red or blue, alternately; the centre blocks of the columns are also coloured red, with bands of blue, or vice versa; the mouldings are gilt, and the same style of colour is continued to the bases. The top plate above the columns is painted bronze colour, relieved with light gold colour ornament in the upper part, and a Vitruvian scroll in gold colour, with a maroon red base, on the lower part. The part below the line of arches is purposely left quiet in colour, in order that the brilliancy and richness of the various articles exhibited may not be interfered with. The roof, on the contrary, is rather vivid in colour, to carry up the gaiety of the scene below, heightened as the effect will be by the banners of the various

nations whose products are exhibited."

Mr. Crace's grand difficulty, however, was the decoration of the domes, for the very sufficient reason that he could see nothing of them from below on account of the huge quantity of scaffolding between him and them. Mr. Ashton, the engineer, at last got for him an open square box, in which he was drawn to the top; but when he got there the ceiling almost touched his head, so that he had no opportunity of judging beforehand the effect of distance and light upon his colouring; and as he well knew that the scaffold would be taken down before he could possibly judge of that effect, and that when it was once down he could never hope to touch his decorations again, he experienced many an anxious thought. However the scaffolding was, at last, taken down, and more than justified the expectations which had been raised respecting the success of the decorations. They are elegant in the extreme, but a minute description of them on paper would be almost tedious. One or two instances, by way of specimen, must suffice. The

main ribs (Mr. Crace calls each dome an umbrella) are painted bright red, with spaced black and white at the edges, and a fine gold line up the centre spreads at intervals of about four feet into lozenges and circles containing gilt stars upon a blue ground, The arched covering is painted light blue: gold colour and gilt rays diverging from the centre, and streaming a considerable way down the blue, the shaped outline of which is bordered with red and gold ornament. The moulding of the cornice and facia are painted vellum colour, very slightly relieved by gilding; the trusses are of gold colour; the facia between them is red with a vellum patera; the soffit is green. The broad facia below is painted blue, and on it is inscribed, in gold letters, three feet high: "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the heaven and the earth is Thine;" and "O Lord, both riches and honour come of Thee, and Thou reignest over all; and in Thine hand is power and might, and in Thine hand it is to make great." The large iron columns which rise nearly 100 feet high are painted dark maroon colour, their capitals being richly gilt. The panelling between the arches and the frieze is painted in shades of red, relieved by coloured lines; in the four broad compartments are inscribed, on dark green panels, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; and below, on a circle, are the appropriate initials V. A. There is, therefore, everything to excite admiration in the decorations of the dome.

The vast mass of colouring and decoration, however, yet to be described, makes us fear of becoming tedious, and, therefore, we hope our readers will be able to judge from the samples we have given, what the combined effect is likely to be. Mr. Crace, certainly, appears to have thought twice in

each case before he acted once.

The building having been prepared for the reception of articles for exhibition, the next steps were, first of all to get the goods to the building, then to get them inside, and finally to arrange them in their assigned places. Each of these was no ordinary task. On the 1st April, there were no fewer than 201 wagons, carts, &c., waiting at the several doors to be unloaded. The scene inside, therefore, may well be imagined. In one day, too, during that week, the number of packages, &c., received, amounted to 4,459, or only 300 less than the greatest number received during the busiest week which preceded the opening of the Exhibition of 1851. Some slight idea, too, may be gained of the duties discharged by the staff from the fact that, during the week ending 29th March, there were 18,000 letters despatched, and 8,000 received. We believe that since that date the rush of waggons, carts, &c., has been still greater, and that the cry is "Still they come." Yet we feel full confidence that everything will be sufficiently ready by the opening day.

Of course, until the official catalogue is published, we cannot fully judge of the magnitude and quality of the Exhibition. Still some arrivals crop out, from time to time, which give promise of a most extraordinary display. We shall not have so many fountains as in 1851; but we shall have one by Messrs. Minton in Majolica ware, 36 feet in diameter, under the western dome, and another from France under the eastern. We shall also have two obelisks—one by the Cheeswring Granite Company, after the design of Mr. John Bell, and another of grey granite, 30 feet high, and sent by the Ross of Mull Granite Company. Trophies, screens, sculpture, vases, &c., will also be there; and when we consider how all nations are freely contributing to the Exhibition, there is no doubt as to its success. The Japanese collection is likely to prove a great attraction from its novelty and beauty.

The first case opened on the British side of the building was one from the Admiralty, containing, appropriately, a model of H. M. Ship, "The Queen." This is an iron-cased ship, and will, doubtless,

prove an object of great interest.

It is expected that Her Majesty will be graciously pleased to permit the re-exhibition of the Koh-i-noor, which since the last Exhibition has been re-cut, and much improved.

But the contents of the building in their dulyarranged form will now soon be known. In the meantime, we turn to some other matters of detail.

Foremost among these we notice with satisfaction the appointment by the Commissioners of Mr. Sandford as sole Manager and Secretary. This gentleman has been indefatigable in his exertions throughout, and his being appointed to sole control will confer great benefits upon the undertaking. He will have no Board to fetter him.

Dr. Lyon Playfair, C. B., will be the special Commissioner for the juries; the same post which

he occupied so successfully in 1851.

Mr. Robert Hunt, F.R.S., will produce on the 1st May, a synopsis of the contents of the Exhibition, price 6d.; and a popular Hand Book in parts, the first number to be published on the 1st June, price not to exceed 6d. each, and when completed to sell bound for 5s. This will be a valuable acquisition to the public.

The prices of season tickets have been fixed at £3. 3s.; but by payment of £2. 2s. additional, admission may be had to the Gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, at South Kensington and Chiswick, (including the Flower shows and fêtes), during the continuance of the Exhibition. None but season ticket holders will be admitted on the opening day.

On the 2nd and 3rd May, the price of admission will be £1.—the Commissioners reserving to themselves the power of appointing three other

days, when the same charge will be made. From the 5th to the 17th May, 5s. From the 19th to the 31st May, 2s. 6d.

Except on one day in each week when the charge will be 5s.

After the 31st May, the price of admission on

four days each week will be 1s.

The official arrangements for the opening have been already concluded. The programme has been arranged, and all the musical arrangements have

been completed by Mr. Costa. Under the recent melancholy bereavement which Her Majesty has sustained, in the loss of her beloved Consort, it could not have been expected that the Queen would open the Exhibition in person. It would be a trial too much for any woman to bear. Under these circumstances the Exhibition will be opened by Commission—the Commissioners being H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Derby, the Lord Chamberlain, and Viscount Palmerston. To the Duke of Cambridge, as the nearest relative of the Queen now in England, it naturally falls to fill the high office of Chief Commissioner. Had the Prince of Wales been in England he would have been received as President by acclamation; in fact the Exhibitors have actually gone the length of requesting that he might return from the Holy Land to officiate; but as this is impossible, the Duke was the only real choice left. The other distinguished personages occupy high official positions, and are, therefore, fitly chosen to act in concert with the Duke. The Commissioners seem to be sparing no exertion to make the opening pass off with éclat. There will be missing two loving faces,—the one that of him who was the life and soul of the Exhibition of 1851, and the other that of the Queen. The former has gone to his eternal rest, leaving not a foe behind him; the latter still lives, enthroned in the hearts of her subjects, but she will feel the 1st May very acutely: for she, above all others, on that day will be able to say with truth,—"I sit alone, and am a widow." Let us hope, however, that by the time the next Exhibition takes place, Her Majesty may have sufficiently regained her fortitude and composure to be able to take the presiding part in the opening.

Meanwhile, we hope that the present Exhibition may prove to be a more prosperous one even than

its predecessor.

THE COPSE.

AN IDYLL.

Across wide meadows rich with many flowers, Young Everard and Edith Vernon strayed In blissful converse. Heavy clover heads Bowed down beside them, and their feet brushed through

A tangled maze of long and fragrant grass,
Just flowering towards the hay time, and engemmed
With purple and pale orchis, and with fringed
And tasselled flowers of gold, and, o'er them all,
The great white ox-eyed daisy. Far away
Stretched the young green of corn-fields, and the depth
Of rich lucern, and meadows white for hay,
Or purple with the trefoil flower. Full oft
Across their path fled the green woodpecker
With strange wild laugh; but still, with softest tone,
The clear and distant liquid melody
With which the wood-lark tells its love, rejoiced
The heart with music rather felt than heard.
The path led straight towards a coppice green,

And glancing butterflies fled on before,
As though the wanderers they would lead to rest
Beneath its sun-streaked shade. The azure sky
Shrined one white cloud that seemed an island home
Fit for the world-worn. But the two passed on,
And neared the rustling wood, that bowed and sighed,
And sent forth breezes, whispering messengers,
To woo them to its shade.

They reached the wood
And sat them down upon an elm tree, old,
That 'neath the shadow of its kindred lay,
Fallen and low. Sweetly sang on the thrush
To greet them, and the shrewmouse rustled near,
Nor feared their gentle presence; and the blue
Deep sky seemed mirrored in the sapphire maze
Of hyacinths that bent their bells around,
And stretched far, far into the deepening wood,
Lost in its depths, whilst white anemones
Rayed from the earthly firmament, like stars.

Then said the girl, "Now let thy promise hold, And read to me the poem that should speak That which you dare not; as you promised me. The music of the summer drawing near Is rife around us, perfect in its tone, Give its mute music, words." Then falteringly, With voice that caught at first, and shook at times, But yet that grew in depth and earnestness, He read a simple tale of hopeless love, That old, old story. Yet, 'twas musical, And fervent in sincerity, and sweet And sad, as faded flowers. And, when he ceased, A distant nightingale took up the strain, And with one long sad note she let it die Far into the deep wood.

Silent they sat,
And all the birds sang lightly as before,
With different meaning to each heart, and slow
The glorious sun sank through the golden-green leaves,
And shadowed the dark trunks upon the ground,
And the wood-sorrel bowed its pencilled cup,
And 'gan to fold its green transparent leaves
Beneath their feet.

Sighing, the maiden woke, From that still reverie, and, "Very sweet, Sweet as the evening bird's most plaintive tones," She said, "was this your lay, and yet indeed It cannot be, that really thus your heart Laments its best bestowed without return;—Doubtless you love to woo a sadness sweet With melancholy dreamings of your mind, That are but dreamings."

"Yet this is real, as any waking dream That men call real on earth."

"And is there one,"
She said, "indeed, that, as the cold pale moon
Draws the dark seas, moves your unquiet heart
To a perpetual sighing?"

In low and sad unbroken tones he said,
"Whose sunshine maketh shadow but for me,
Gladdening all else beside: whose touch, in me,
Falls on the twinéd chords of grief and love,
Making such sad and sorrowful laments,
Yet with such strange sweet trills of joy, that I
Would never change its music for a song
With more of mirth, and less of deepness. One
Who now looks on me, with such gentle pain,
For she must pain me, whose most precious tears
Start, richer than all diamonds, to her eyes,
Because she understands me, that my heart

Contented, holds it much to love, unloved,
The blossom of all women. Let her now
Forget what I have said, and that her smile,
—As the warm sun wooes forth some fragile flower
That falls and dies when he has turned away—
Has called to life these weak and idle words,
And let the wheel of life turn on again
Its old accustomed round."

His speaking ceased,
And for a while he leant his head upon
His shadowing hand, until an earnest voice
Whispered beside him, in no tones of hate,
"Everard!" And, as he raised his eyes to hers,
"Why did you never speak of this before?
Was it for me to speak?"

"Alas," he said,
"My heart foreknew the answer, and I shunned
The last and sharpest pain of certainty.
I had not spoken now, but that my verse
Carried me on, and swept me down the falls,
Ere well I knew its course had drifted me
Within the current. Yet thou wilt forgive,
And think of this as of a dream."

"Even so,"
She said, "if so you will it. I can bear
The lonely paining of the heart, as you
Before me.—Yet I would the dream might be
Reality, since to us both, it seems,
It is so dear.—Yet let it be a dream."

The moon grew brighter in the deepening sky, The lingering sun sank down beneath the hills, The birds grew hushed, save the sweet nightingale, Whose trancing song fell on the peace around. The paling clouds lay each in utter rest Around the sunken sun, and, scarcely seen, The faint stars glimmered at long intervals, To the strained gaze. Yet calmer was the peace Of happiness unspeakable, that dwelt In those two hearts as o'er the dim, hazed fields Fading, as faded the sun's dying warmth, To colder moonlight, homeward they returned, Threading the morning's path by other light, With other thoughts and hopes. The sunlight died From the reposing clouds, the stars came forth, Thronging in myriad multitudes the sky, The nightingale sang on, the wood was still, Save for a low and trembling hush of life. But through two casements looked the broad, bright

Upon two brows, where peace in happy sleep Summoned rich rays from dreams, and; shining bright Upon the past and mellow present days, And on the future, with imagined light Brighter than earth can boast.

And may their sun of life but set, at last,
Into as pure and hope-starred silentness,
As blessed that summer night!

I.R.V.

VERY few men acquire wealth in such a manner as to receive pleasure from it. Just as long as there is the enthusiam of the chase they enjoy it; but when they begin to look around, and think of settling down, they find that that part by which joy enters is dead in them. They have spent their lives in heaping up colossal piles of treasure, which stand, at the end, like the pyramids in the desert sands, holding only the dust of kings.

OUR DOMINIONS IN INDIA.

NO. VII.

Bur though this passiveness characterized the later days of the Company, such had not been the qualities whereby it gained its position. The duties of its later years had been of a governmental kind only, and those therefore who were elected as directors were chosen in consideration of their having filled government offices in India, and were, therefore, familiar with its working; but, however highly educated and well qualified for administration, an official career is a great enervator of character and public spirit. The prudence of obedience to orders, which an eye to promotion enforces from earliest entrance into office, disables men who have derived their income and position from Government from independent exertion against Government, even though public advantage is in their judgment involved in such opposition. Silently to bow as before a superior authority, is to such natures a fitter course than to take league with a popular movement the members of which they would personally hold as beneath their sphere of association. The investment of their savings in India stock as a safe deposit, still connecting them with India, had substituted a proprietary body of retired Indian officials for the more vigorous though less polished community, whose energies had so repeatedly held the Government at bay from the attractive prize of patronage in the Army, Navy, and Indian Civil Service. On no other principles can it be accounted for that a body of 1000 gentlemen of the superior ranks of the middle classes connected with India, could have so easily allowed themselves to be divested by Lord Palmerston, in effect, though not in name, of such valuable popular powers as were held by the proprietary body. To replace an Indian Rajah on his estate by the mere power of representation; to restore a judge to the bench who had been arbitrarily deposed; to vary the rate of exchange in greater aptitude to the wants of the market; to reward public servants who had deserved well of the Company; to redress grievances; to encourage worth, were the prerogatives of the proprietors of East India stock, in some sense as trustees for the people of England; but the lassitude of the present generation was unequal to the vigorous maintenance of the trust; and the powers lost to the public under the new régime are concentrated in the private discretion of an almost irresponsible dictator. The able secretary, the late Sir James Melvill, while spreading remarkable efficiency through the whole administration, yet failed in the perception of the law, that by his discountenance of popular support and interest in Indian questions, he was breaking down the noblest middle-class organization the world had ever seen. He lived to reach a knighthood, to secure for his son a succession to his office under the new government,-justified by his abilities rather than by general equity,-while

the Company he so long governed reached the extinction of its authority. The erection of the East India Company, though a City enterprise, was one in which the Queen's Council for national reasons felt interested: a charter in the face of the public objection to monopolies that then prevaile dw granted, giving exclusive privileges to the adventurers,—yet subject to recall at pleasure on due notice.

The views of political economy then prevailing, are in some degree set forth in the clause of the charter which regulates the export of bullion. The Company was erected on the model of the City Companies, and provision is made for its extension

and continuance.

The first clause, pointing to the chief topic of public thought in those days, viz. the release of the kingdom from the temporal authority of the Pope, admits the adventurers to the Eastern seas, any statute, diversity of religion or faith, or any other matter to the contrary notwithstanding, so as it be not to any country already possessed by any Christian potentate at amity with her Majesty, who shall declare the same to be against his liking. Export duties for four years were not to be demanded, and customs might be paid by bonds, half at six months, and half at six months after.

The Company was privileged to export £30,000 for the first voyage in Foreign coin or bullion, so that at least £6,000 be first coined in the Queen's mint, provided that the Company first import at least so much foreign coin or bullion in gold or silver into the realm, of which £6,000 shall be

coined as aforesaid.

The Company was privileged to send yearly six good ships, and six pinnaces, with 500 mariners,

unless the Royal Navy goes forth.

None of the Queen's subjects, but the Company's servants, or assigns, shall resort to India without being licensed by the Company on pain of forfeiting ships and cargoes, with imprisonment till the offenders give a one-thousand pound bond not to trade thither again.

The Queen gives power to the Company to grant licenses to trade to the East Indies for the encouragement of merchant traders and others to bring commodities into the realm, but without

their consent no others are to have leave.

The majority of any meeting of the Company may admit apprentices, servants and factors to the fellowship or freedom of the Company, and the final clause was a proviso that if in case this charter should hereafter appear not to be profitable to the Crown and realm, then on two years' notice to the Company the charter shall cease and determine, but, if profitable, then the Queen promises at the end of fifteen years to grant them a new charter for fifteen years.

The prospect however of success abating, and many of the subscribers to the original project declining to forward their subscriptions, a rumour spread as far as Whitehall that the scheme was likely to be abandoned, on which the Council of the Queen wrote to the Directors on the 11th

of January, 1600, that they would commit to prison all such as should not furnish their contributions promised to the Company; for (their Lordships proceed) the power of the realm was concerned in the voyage not being hindered.

The council were anxious the expedition should proceed, and wrote, urging the Company to let them know if any delinquents interrupted the design, for they held it to be a public expedition, not to be dallied with at men's pleasure, and a warrant was issued from the Lord Treasurer, for provisions to be passed from port to port in the counties of Dorset, Somerset, and Devon, to supply

the ships at Dartmouth or Plymouth.

The Queen gave to Captain Lancaster, the first captain appointed to command the fleet, letters patent, investing him with power to correct, chastise, and, in exigency, to establish martial law over the crews of the four ships which formed the exploring expedition, for purpose of keeping them in good agreement one towards another. To promote their success with the Eastern princes she addressed a letter to such as they should fall in with, remarkable for enlarged views of international commerce, and amusing as illustrative of the principle that flattery appeals to prejudices and large assertions of proffered advantage, are instruments of success not confined to trading negociators, but have their use even in the minds of royal personages.

The following copied from the books of the East India Company is the verbatim letter, and here it may be interesting to know that the continuous records of this Company during the whole period of its existence, comprising upwards of 300,000 vols. of manuscripts, called forth the praise of Marshal Soult and Guizot on their visit to the East India House in Leadenhall Street, as the finest spectacle

in the kingdom.

A letter from Elizabeth to the King of such country as the ships should visit:—

Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the Faith. To the Great and Mighty King of -Whereas Almighty God, in his infinite and unsearchable wisdom and gracious providence, hath so disposed of his blessings and of the good things of this world created and ordained for the use of man, that the same, however they be brought forth, do either originally grow and are gathered or otherwise composed and made, some in one countrie, and some in another. Yet are they by the industrye of man, directed by the hand of God, dispersed and sent out into all partes of the world, that his wonderful bountie in his creatures may appeare unto all nations, his majesty having so ordained that noe one place should enjoye as the native commodities thereof all things appertayninge to man's use, but that one countrie should have need of another, and out of the abundance of the fruits which one region enjoyeth the necessities or wants of another should be supplied. 'By which means men of several and far remote countries have commerce and traffique one with another, and, by their interchange of commodities, are linked together in amitie and friendship.

This consideration, most noble king, together with the honourable report of your majesty for well entertaining of strangers that visit your country with love

and fear, with lawful traffique of merchandize, have moved us to give license to divers of our subjects who have been stirred up with a desire by a long and dangerous navigation to find out and visit y' territories and dominions, being famous in this part of the world for honourable merchandize, and to offer you commerce and traffique in buying, bartering, and interchanging of commodities with your people according to the course of merchants, which commerce and interchanging of youres shall accept of and receive and entertain our merchants with favour, according to the hope that gave them encouragement to attempt so long and dangerous a voyage; you shall find them a people in their dealing in conversation of that justice and civilitie that you shall not mis-like of their repair to your dominions, and upon further conference and inquisition had with them, both of the kind of their merchandize brought in their ships and of other necessarie commodities which our dominions may afford; it may appear to yr majesty, that by their means you may be furnished in their next retourne into your ports in better sorte than you have been heretofore supplied, either by the Spaniard or Portugals who of all other nations in the parts of Europe have onelie hitherto frequented your countrie with trade of merchandize, and have been the onelie impediment both to our subjects and divers other merchants in the parts of Europe, that they have not hitherto visited your countrie with trade, whilst the said Portugalls pretended themselves to be the sovereign lords and princes of all territories, and gave it out that they held your nation and people as subjects to them, and in their stiles and titles doe write themselves kings of the East Indies; and if y Majesty shall in y princelie favour accept with good liking this first repair of our merchants unto yr countries resorting thither in peaceable traffic, and shall entertain this their first voyage as an introduction to a further continuance of league and friendship between yr majesty and us, of commerce and intercourse between yr subjects and oures, we have given order to this our principal merchaunt if yr majesty should be pleased therewith to leave in y countrie some such of our said merchants as he shall make choice of to reside in yr dominions under yr princelie and safe pro-tection, untill the retourn of another fleete which we shall send unto you, who may in the meantime learn the language of yr countrie and applie their behaviour, as it may best sorte to a connexion with yr majesty's subjects, so that amitie and friendship being interchanged and begun, the same may the better be continued when our people shall be instructed how to direct themselves according to the fashions of yr countries. And because, as the consideration of the entertaining of amitie and friendship in the establishment of intercourse to be continued between us, there may be required, on yr majesty's behalf, such promise or capitulation to be performed by us which we cannot in these letters take knowledge of; we, therefore, pray yr majesty to give care therein to this bearer, and to give him credit in whatsoever he shall promise or undertake in our name concerning our amitie, and interchange which promise, we for our parts, in the worde of a prince, will see performed, and will be redie gratefully to requite any love, kindness, or favour, that our subjects receive at yr majesty's hands. Praying yr majesty for a better satisfaction of y' kind acceptance of this our love and amitie offered y' highness, you would, by this bearer, give testimony thereof by yr princilie letters directed unto us which shall give us great and wonderful content.

WHY UNCLE WILLIAM NEVER MARRIED.

"Upon my word, Uncle William, you are exactly like my mother, and if I had known you would be half as disagreeable as you are, I certainly would not have taken the trouble to pay you a visit just now. I only came to ask your advice, and you have been more unpleasant and disagreeable than you ever were before to me. Really the things you have

said are enough to provoke a saint !"

Uncle William uncrossed his right leg from over his left, crossed his left leg over his right, and said, "Advice?" in a questioning tone with a sort of smile to the young lady, who had seated herself on the hearth-rug, in front of his chair, crinoline and all, her gown looped up over her scarlet petticoat, her diameter at the moment being at least six feet. It was three or four years ago, and this was certainly the first scarlet petticoat that had been admitted at No. ——, Lower Grosvenor Street, for many years occupied by Mr. Adair, one of London's

most celebrated surgeons.

"Yes, advice, Uncle William," repeated his niece, in a decided tone: "I came for your advice. My mother would not agree with me; she always says could not, where I say would not; and I thought from your knowing more of the world than poor dear mother possibly can, that you would see the sense of what he and I both have told her time after time, but always without the smallest effect. She never seems able to see or believe what I think so very plain to any one, with any sort of common sense, I was going to say, but mother has that, I believe. Only she always will go on in the same sort of humdrum way, no go ahead in her at all. 'It cannot be right, my dear, because it isn't,' and 'It would be wrong, my darling, because it is;' of course if a thing is wrong, it cannot be right, but many things may be right which were thought wrong when mother was young, therefore she can scarcely be a judge now of what may or may not be right, or of what may or may not be wrong. Don't you see, Uncle William?"

"I am two years older than your mother, Sophy."

"Oh, you have lived in the world, Uncle William, and she has been shut up down there at the world's end ever since my father's death. You, who live in London, must be a better judge; at least, I thought so, Uncle William, and I am quite ready to think so still, if you will just remember all I have told you,

and then give your opinion again."

"My dear, let me give you the heads of what you have told me," said Uncle William, again uncrossing and recrossing his legs:—" Lieutenant Blackburne of the Blues falls in love with my niece, Sophy Clinton; my niece Sophy Clinton falls in love with Lieutenant Blackburne of the Blues. Am I right, so far?"

"Quite right, dear Uncle," replied the young lady from the hearthrug, arranging the scarlet petticoat prettily over the neat ankles, and the faintest possible blush rising in her cheek.

"Well, then, Lieutenant Blackburne has been living beyond the liberal income allowed him by his father, and after promising to be economical, and to retrench, &c., &c., &c., goes on in the same extravagant way for six months—"

"Oh, oh, Uncle, he sold a horse! and such a beauty it was, such a tail!—would have carried a

lady divinely."

"Goes on in the same extravagant way for six months," continued Mr. Adair, "and then when you had that money left you by your aunt, Miss Clinton, pleads for an immediate and decided engagement."

"My dear Uncle, you are ungenerous, abominably ungenerous! I will not get angry, I will not lose my temper, because you have never seen him; but I cannot believe, and never will believe unless he tells me so himself, that that horrid money had anything to do with his wishing our engagement to be approved of. The fact is, Uncle William, you never were married, and perhaps you never were in love, and you cannot judge of warm feelings or warm hearts. (A sort of dreamy look passed over the Uncle's face as she said this.) That is what Fitzroy says of his father, it is the old story over again. Sir Richard Blackburne tells him he has lived beyond his income for some years, but that if he will live on it for a twelvemonth, he will then willingly increase it and consent to his marriage. He might as well have asked him to stand on his head for a twelvemonth, or to learn Chinese, or to leave off smoking, or anything else that is quite perfectly impossible. In fact, I believe no one with any spirit does live on his income. I am sure my allowance is all spent before I get it always. How girls keep to it I cannot imagine, and yet I know some who do. You always had plenty of money, Uncle William, had you not?"

"No, my dear; for many years I had not what

you would call plenty of money."

"Ah, but you had enough for yourself, and you never wanted to marry, did you, Uncle William?"

The dreamy look returned to the calm grave face. "You are wrong, Sophy," he said, after a mo-

ment's pause.

"What!" exclaimed the young lady, "were you really and truly ever in love?" Then the warm heart rising above the thoughtless words, she knelt by his arm-chair, and taking his hand in hers, said, "I beg your pardon, dear Uncle William, have I vexed you? I did not think what I was saying, and I have made you look so grave."

"Not vexed me, Sophy. It is twenty years ago now; before you were born, dear child. I was thinking whether I could make up my mind to tell

you about it."

"Oh, I wish you would! Do tell me, Uncle William; I should so like to hear why you never married."

"Put out the candles then my dear, I can speak better: the fire gives light enough,—I mean if you

are not working.

"Many years ago, it was in 1838, I went down to Brighton for a few days' holiday. I had been very busy, very hard worked for some time, and having just then a lull in my practice, no very urgent cases on my list, I took four days' rest, and spent sixteen hours of the twenty-four on the sea shore. I always loved the sea; from a boy there was nothing I enjoyed more than watching the tide rolling in: the murmur of the waves was music, the smell of the sea-weed equalled the rose, and what has now become a fashionable amusement was a delight to me even then, when few knew such lovely things as sea anemones existed. My last afternoon had arrived, and I was on my way to the shore again, when I met Lady Maxwell, an old friend of my mother's, who had always been kind to me as a boy, though I had not met her for some years. 'William Adair!' she said, 'I cannot be mistaken in that face, so like your mother.' I recognised her at once, and after a few minutes' conversation, she said, 'Come and dine with me this evening; I am engaged now, but come at seven and I shall be very glad to see you.' I went, and here began the romance of my life. Yes, from what some might call an accidental meeting, (though I, for one, deny that anything which clouds or brightens after years can be accidental,) beyond what brightened mine at first, and then clouded all over for ever. For ever, in this world; though like all others, my cloud has had a silver lining. I did not see it at first, I thought it all black,—all -but I have learnt to see it, and to feel calm, more than calm; perhaps at times happier than many whose earthly joys have been sure.

"" Without the falling shower and tearful gloom,
The bow of Mercy shines not; and most bright
It glows when darkest is the tempest's plume.
The heavens come forth when sinks day's glaring light,
The stars shine brightest on the moonless night;
Death is the mighty teacher, schooling man
In one short hour to know himself aright—
His glory, beauty, power—his life's brief span,
And death will teach to pray as nothing earthly can."

"You do not know those lines, Sophy? It was a favourite book of hers, and of mine now.

"Well, I went to dine at LadyMaxwell's. It was not a large party, but there were several friends of hers, and all strangers to me. Just as dinner was announced a young lady entered the room, and going up to Lady Maxwell, said, 'Please excuse my mother, she is not well enough to come down until the evening.' 'Very well, my dear,' Lady Maxwell answered; 'I hope Rogers will take care of her up-stairs;' and we moved on to the diningroom. I found myself opposite the young lady; and I am almost ashamed to say my eyes were fixed on her until I saw the colour rise into her cheek. She was in white, and wore no ornament save her long hair, which was in thick plaits round and round her head. When we joined the ladies in the drawing-room I made my way to Lady Maxwell, who was sitting by the invalid. 'Oh, Mr. Adair, she said, 'you return to town, to-morrow I think; let me introduce you to my friend Mrs. Leslie, who is, alas! obliged to go to London, and

is not very fit for the exertion. I am sure you will be of any use you can to her during the journey.' Of course I said I should be delighted, and I remained speaking to Mrs. Leslie some little time. Her daughter was in a circle of ladies, too formidable for a stranger to invade, and there was something very taking in her quiet, grave manner. I could fancy when young she might have been nearly as beautiful as her daughter. The pianoforte was opened; some of the young ladies sat down and sang as young ladies did sing, and will sing, I suppose, Italian songs far beyond their power, with rattling accompaniments. My back was towards the pianoforte; I had begun to think of other things. I was wondering whether the Crass I had left in my bedroom at the hotel, in the largest bason I could get the chambermaid to bring me, had opened, or would open that night: then I looked at the white thin fingers of the invalid, which took me back to my practice and patients in London. The Italian songs finished, and Mrs. Leslie spoke again. Suddenly a few chords were played, and then a voice sang as I never heard another, an old Scotch air, 'The Flowers of the Forest.' I knew it was Miss Leslie. 'That is music, I said, as she ended. Mrs. Leslie smiled: 'Helen has not had much teaching, but her voice is so sweet she requires it less than many,' she replied. I went to the pianoforte, I asked her to sing again, and she did, 'Flora Macdonald's Lament,' every word distinct, and only enough accompaniment to support the voice, if it needed any; I scarcely think it did. I remember that night as clearly as if it were yesterday.

"Before I went away I told Lady Maxwell I must be in town by three o'clock, and found her friends were to leave by the train I intended going by. She said it was some business which compelled Mrs. Leslie to go to London, and that she might be detained some weeks. 'She is far from strong, and I shall give her your address. If she requires advice I cannot put her into better hands; I know she will have your best attention, being a very dear friend of mine;' and so we parted.

"I went back to my hotel; my large bason, with all its treasures, was in great beauty. I lingered over it until my candle was nearly burnt out, went to bed, and dreamt that Helen called my Crass a horrible looking monster!

"I was at the station twenty minutes before the time, looking out for Mrs. Leslie and her daughter; they did not come. I took my ticket, and waited on the platform, looked into all the carriages; no one came; and provoked beyond measure at being obliged to keep my appointment, I started for town, writing to Lady Maxwell to explain why I had been unable to wait for Mrs. Leslie. I had no reply, and was soon deep in my busy life again. I was nine-and-twenty then, and rising rapidly in my profession. One evening, I thought my work was done, and was sitting down to enjoy a book by my fireside; I had just moved into this house, when a note was brought me. I have that note now; one of the few things I have of hers.

"Miss Leslie presented her compliments, and requested I would be kind enough to call and see her mother, who had been far from well for some days. My book was thrown aside, and finding by the address they were not very far off, I walked there at once. It was a small lodging. Helen met me, saying, I perhaps might remember meeting them at Lady Maxwell's, and that Lady Maxwell had told her mother to send for me if she were worse.

"I found Mrs. Leslie ill and very weak, anxious about herself on Helen's account, more than her own, poor thing! I felt certain her means were very small; everything, though neat and arranged so as to be most comfortable for the invalid, told its own tale. I stayed some time; when I rose, Mrs. Leslie called her daughter: I knew what she meant; I could not take the fee from her. Putting it on the table by her, I said, 'You must not treat me as an M.D.' I went the next morning, and again in the evening, when all my other visits were over, for many days; till one morning Mrs. Leslie said, 'Mr. Adair, I am getting deeply in your debt, will you not let me settle something?' My dear madam, I said, you shall have my account in good time; but, remember, I owe too much to Lady Maxwell not to make you my first thought, and you must not think every time I call for my own satisfaction it is to be considered a regular visit.

After that it went on for some weeks. She was a little better, but not much. I had a letter from Lady Maxwell, thanking me for my kindness and attention to her friend, and telling me something of her early history. She had incurred her father's displeasure by her marriage with Mr. Leslie, a young Episcopalian elergyman, who died when Helen was about fifteen. Sir Norman Macleod had never forgiven or seen her since her marriage, though latterly he had allowed her a small addition to her small income. She ended by saying, she felt certain my kindness would do me no injury, and begged I would write and tell her my opinion of my patient. There was partial amendment in some of her symptoms, and she became more cheerful about herself at that time. One evening, after my second visit, Helen followed me from the invalid's room and told me, in her own simple way, her mother desired her to say she need not trespass so much on my time, as she was feeling better, and that she would send for me at once were she not so well. I asked her if she herself wished me to discontinue coming? The colour rushed into her face, but she looked up with her soft brown eyes. 'If we were rich I should ask you to come still,' she said; 'it has been the greatest comfort, knowing my dear mother was so well watched over; but'-I took her hand in mine, 'Do you think I care for nothing in this world but money?' I said, 'that now, when Mrs. Leslie still requires every care and thought, you should wish to dismiss me? If I have the happiness of seeing her restored to anything like health, I shall be more than repaid, believe me, and I am in Lady Maxwell's debt for early kindness more than you can ever be in mine.' 'Thank you so much, I can only thank

you,' she said; 'my mother was not happy till I promised to say this to you; but I am so glad you will come still, for she varies so much, I should be frightened if I were left quite alone.' Would that I had spoken then!—that I had told her I came for her sweet self, far more than from gratitude to Lady Maxwell! But I felt as if I should be asking for her love as payment—as if she could scarcely refuse mine on her mother's account, and I was silent.

"I often sent Mrs. Leslie game that was sent me by my wealthier patients, and sometimes I took her flowers, which the invalid received, as almost all invalids do, with delight. Even among the poor, what pleasure a few flowers, sometimes the most common, give! How often have I seen the trembling fingers stroke and caress the leaves, and place them where they can be seen without the exertion of raising the head; inhaling the perfume as a something above this earth. We are never thankful enough for great mercies, but what are called small ones we pass over without a thought, and flowers show the great Creator's tenderness to mortals, more than most things. They are of no use,—sent

only to give us pleasure and delight.

"Up to this time my visits had been the greatest gratification to myself, but now Mrs. Leslie told me she thought Helen was feeling weak from the constant watching, and that she expected a niece to come and help her. She came the next day, and at once took Helen's place in all that concerned me: any directions not named to Mrs. Leslie herself, I had always given to Helen: now, Miss Berry met me on the stairs, followed me into the sitting-room, asking questions, and keeping me a longer time frequently than I had remained with my patient. I never liked her; the expression of her great black eyes was disagreeable from the first, and Helen certainly did not grow stronger or take more rest. Once or twice I asked if I might prescribe for her, but she always refused, saying, 'When my dear mother is better I shall be quite well again.' I was becoming gradually certain Mrs. Leslie would never be better in this world. I would have given anything to save her, but it was in higher Hands than mine. I believe everything that could be done was done, nothing could have saved her. She was entirely confined to her bed; and of course my visits continued as before. Then came a sort of crisis, and she was worse. She felt, after that, she never could rally; and one morning, after a night of much pain, she said, taking my hand in hers, 'It is of no use, Mr. Adair, to hide it from myself: God bless you for all your kindness, but I'm wearin' awa' to the land o' the leal.' A few days after that, when I was going away, Miss Berry followed me to the sitting-room as usual, saying her aunt desired her to say, she could never repay my attention, but begged me to accept what she held in her hand, and to choose something from a few articles of curious old plate which had belonged to Mr. Leslie's grandfather. I took the notes she held: they were two £10; and turning to the writing table, with a sort of desperate resolve, at length, to break my silence, inclosed them in an

envelope, writing with them, begging her to forgive my returning the money, acknowledging my love for her daughter, and asking, if she did not deem me quite unworthy of her, for the miniature in the blue case she had on the little table near her bed. I gave it to Miss Berry. I thought, on my next visit (which I had looked forward to, oh! how eagerly), the black eyes were more disagreeable than ever. My request had been denied. Her aunt had said it was impossible. I went upstairs, Helen was the same as ever, thanking me with her eves full of tears. The miniature was no longer on the table. Mrs. Leslie was very ill, she scarcely spoke. Two days after that she died. I went to the house again, to see Helen, and ask if I could be of any assistance. I only saw Miss Berry. I went again. I asked for Miss Leslie; I was resolved to speak to her. Miss Berry smiled. 'Do you know what has happened?' she said. 'Helen is quite rich. Her grandfather has at last relented, and settled on her the money that should have been her mother's.' I had never spoken to her in her poverty. My eyes-my voice-the touch of my hand, must have told their own tale, but my lips had been silent. Her mother had disapproved. Now that she was rich I could not speak. My pride, my wretched pride forbade it. Those black eyes read me through and through. 'I know,' she said, 'I know what you would say to her. I will be your friend; if change in her prospects makes no difference, you shall hear.' I heard nothing for nearly two years; then I received a note:—'I am very ill, will you come to see me?' It was signed 'Helen Leslie.'

"I went instantly. She was in Bruton Street. I was shown upstairs: the room was empty, but a tall lady entered immediately, saying she was Miss Macleod, and that her niece desired her to give me the letter she held; after reading it she would like to see me. I opened the letter, it contained two enclosures. One was my own in which I had returned the £20. The notes were both in it still, and my own few lines to Mrs. Leslie, asking for the miniature, were there also. I could not understand it. I opened the second, it was from Miss Berry. I can never forget her words :- 'Helen, this will not be sent for till after my death. Forgive me, when you read it, Helen. I did not think you loved him as I did. I tried to win him and failed. I kept his note, and your poor mother thought he had taken the money she could so ill spare. I told him your grandfather had given you the fortune which should have been your mother's. I felt the change would prevent his speaking to you, and it did; but I have repented, I bitterly repent now. Helen, in mercy forgive me. It is not too late yet.' She was lying on a couch. One glance told me it was too late. I knelt beside her, took her hands in mine, called her Helen. My heart felt breaking. She did not speak for a few minutes, but a bright spot came into either cheek, making her eyes, to one who knows the cause of the brightness, painfully beautiful. Then she smiled, and put into my hand the blue case. 'You will like it

still, she whispered. 'It will last longer than the original.' I bent down over her and kissed her, I could not speak. She saw the letter in my hand. 'You must forgive poor Caroline. I cannot feel angry with any one now: forgive her, for my sake.' I went to the fire and put the letter in, notes and all; I forgot them. I did not forgive Miss Berry then. It was long before I mastered myself sufficiently to feel I could.

"The next day Helen was better. She had passed a more comfortable night, with more quiet sleep than for some time, Miss Macleod told me. I had seen Dr. Morgan, who was attending her, though I had no doubt as to his opinion, the actual words sounded like a knell-; and I thought how often my own had struck the same tones to others, who had questioned me as breathlessly and fearfully as I did then! I have ever endeavoured to tell the bitter

truth more tenderly since that day.

"She asked me smiling if she did not look better, but seemed restless, as though something were on her mind; when I asked her, she acknowledged there was, but, 'I am so afraid of your answer, I scarcely dare ask you, and yet I want the truth.' Without a suspicion of her meaning, I said, 'Tell me, darling, what is it?" She looked up wistfully into my face, then she said, 'Tell me one thing, tell me truly, must I die now? Can nothing save me?' I could not speak. Strong man as I was, I hid my face on her pillow and sobbed. She put her arm round my neck, and in her low soft voice said, 'William dear, forgive me, I did not mean to grieve you so. I had a bright dream last night, and I thought I should be so happy if I might live a little longer, just a little, a very little; but I won't think of it again. It will be easier to die now. Not all alone; you will be with me, you will hold my hand when I am going down into the dark valley. I have so often thought if I could see you once again, I would murmur at nothing, and now that has been granted, I am ready to ask for more. William, let me speak now. If I were to live, I would not say it; but it is such a load off my heart to think you really did love me: that I was not foolishly deceiving myself and dreaming you did; but that all that long time of my dear mother's illness when you were like a son to her, I was not wrong in thinking you would rather come to see her than the richest in the land. How I used to long for your knock, and your quick step up the stair, and then feel as if I scarcely dared speak to youand how I used to treasure the last flowers in my own room, when you brought her fresh ones-and think if I dared but tell you how I thanked you with my whole heart for watching over her as you did! And then that dreadful day when Caroline came up and said she had given you the money! I will not think of all that now. I am quite happy, so happy, William; I ought to be very thankful to be so happy before I die.' I could not bear it, I could not look at her, and kissing her sweet face, I whispered I would come again later. And thus it went on. I was with her constantly, day by day, dreading the time when she would be gone from me.

"One evening she told me not to come until the next afternoon, she could not see me in the morning. 'You are tired, my Helen,' I said, when I saw her looking faint and weary. I gave her some reviving medicine that was always by her side, and she rested her head on my shoulder for a little without speaking. Then she said, 'I want to speak on business; I have been making my will this morning. You are to have my money, William.' 'For God's sake, no!' I said. 'If that money had not come between us, I should have had you, your own dear self, darling.' She put her hand on mine, 'It is all settled; William, you must not vex me by refusing it.' 'I could not touch it, Helen,' I said; 'build a Hospital with it, anything-only don't let it be mine.' 'A Hospital?' she said, thinking. 'Very well, a Consumption Hospital if you like, and you will go and visit them and think of me.' She was silent for some little time, stroking my hand occasionally with her thin white fingers; at last she said, 'Will you ever love any one else as you love me, William?' 'Never,' I answered. 'You will try to like some one, some time after I am gone?' 'Never, Helen!' 'Will you never ask any one to be your wife, William,' she whispered. 'Never!' I said again. Then she nestled closer to me for a few minutes and I felt her tears on my cheek. After that she looked up, 'How selfish I was just then! It is over now. I would far rather you were happy, William; far rather some one should love you as I have. Forget what I said, and forgive me.' The last time I saw her able to be moved into the sitting-room I did not think it was the last time, we never do, though I knew she was weaker—though I knew the dark day was fast approaching—her voice was scarcely above a whisper, as she said, 'William, I have been lying here all day, longing so to see the blue sky again; I could see it from the window in the next room, I think, there are nothing but chimneys here.' 'It is a beautiful evening, Helen,' I said, my heart sinking at her wish, so invariably the forerunner of the end. 'Let me carry you to the window, darling.' I took her in my arms, scarcely heavier than a child, and, with her head on my shoulder, she saw the blue sky once more. It had been raining most of the day, but the afternoon had cleared; it was one of the first days of April, and the trees were getting quite a green tinge over them, the grey clouds were dispersing, and glimpses of bright blue sky were shining out between; there was a glow from the setting sun promising a bright tomorrow. 'The land o' the leal,' she whispered, 'the land o' the leal, as dear mother used to call it.' A bright to-morrow, to her, to my Helen-I hope I may, when mine draws near, look up as trustfully as she did then, for the last time, on that blue sky.

"When I left her that evening, I asked Miss Macleod to send for me at once if there was the least change. I went home. I could not sleep that night; at last I fell into a sort of troubled doze and woke with a horrid dream. Starting up, I dressed quickly, and went through the then quiet streets to

her house. As I reached it, the door opened, and a servant came hurriedly out. 'Just going for you, sir,' he said, 'My Mistress is much worse.' I knew it. My dream came that I might be in time. She had broken a blood-vessel, and was going fast. She knew I was near her. I built the Hospital, and I go there and think of her as she said. I never cared for any other. And now Sophy, if you think my advice better worth having, since you have heard my own true tale, you shall be welcome to it, my dear child, to-morrow."

M. E. G.

STANZAS:

WRITTEN AT SHAKSPEARE'S TOMB.

Humble and low, I kneel before the tomb
Of him whose wealth of thought was flung o'er
earth

With lavish hand, tinging the darkest gloom;
Of him, within whose soul a song had birth,
Now wailed in sadness, and now pealed in mirth,
Till nations deemed the music of the spheres
Was breathing on the world's grief and dearth;
Of him who scanned all loves, and hopes, and fears,
And trod in might and glory down the ringing years.

Long have I dreamed and pondered o'er this time,
Long have I waited for this happy hour,
Long have I kept a faith and hope sublime
Of standing here, and drinking in the power
Shed from his genius, an immortal dower!
Of walking in the shadow of his place of rest,
And feeling fragrance, sweeter than from bower
Of Orient Araby, steal o'er my breast,
And sway me with its spells, as winds sway ocean's
crest.

And now I bow before the shrine of Love,
A pilgrim with my staff and sandal shoon,
Wearied and worn, turning mine eyes above,
In thankfulness to Heaven for this great boon.
I bring no flowers, nor laurel-twined festoon,
To deck the grave, or wreathe the statue's brow;
Their beauty and their pride will wither soon:
I bring a love, unswerving from its vow,
That ne'er will fade, but ever bloom as fair as now.

O! great Immortal! ofttimes have I quaff'd
Deep floods of beauty from thy mystic page;
My heart has felt thee by thy magic waft
The spirit to a dead and bygone age;
Has seen thee sit on high, serene and sage,
And heard thy lyre, now plaintive and now loud,
Melting in love, or filled with noble rage;
Thy mind aye beaming through each phantom crowd,
Like the rich sun from out a wealth of golden cloud.

If pure and holy thoughts can make a king,
Then art thou higher than earth's proudest peers;
And since true worth and grandeur in thee spring,
We deem thee greatest 'mongst the world's seers;
Through all the shadows of the circling years,
Thy name has stood a wonder and delight;
And while hearts joy in smiles, or mourn in tears,
It aye will stand as beautiful and bright,
Nor fade and fall, till earth itself has sunk in night.

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Time's banners hang upon the Theban walls,
And Memnon's breathing statue now is still,
The wind is wailing through proud Pharoah's hall,
And death and ruin stalk on Zion hill;
The loftiest marbles bow before its will,
But thought shall stand unconquered and sublime,
Shall dread no rust, and fell no earthly ill;
And, treading in high pomp through ev'ry clime,
Triumph in pride o'er darkness, night, and fleeting

Why should earth's sons not praise thee? Why should man.

Withhold his meed of worship, from the sour That strives to cheer him 'mid his life's short span, And tells him how to gain his destined gaol? We bless the seasons as they onward roll, The throbbing sunshine, and the gentle sea Hymning its murmuring song from pole to pole; Then why forget the mind, whose melody, Heralds the day-spring of the glorious time to be?

The sun is sinking 'neath the cloudy bars,
Pouring a halo on thy silent bed,
While o'er day's purple fringe rise the pale stars,
That through the fretted dome their radiance shed:
Quiet thoughts come stealing o'er me, as I tread
Adown the aisles, and watch the dying rays
Of light that through the lustrous panes have sped,
And muse upon the beauty of thy lays,
That through all changes still as brightly gleam and

Farewell! this hour shall be for ever fair
And fresh within my heart; on mem'ry's plain
Like a sweet bud 'twill flourish, and when care
Comes o'er me, it will soothe like gentle rain:
Oft in my fancy will I stand again
Before thy shrine, feeling my spirit burn,
And half forgetting all my grief and pain,
With glowing eyes and heaving bosom turn
To thee, and to the glory flashing from thine urn?
John V. Hood.

OLD RUINS.

"He look'd and saw that all was ruinous.

Here stood a shatter'd archway plumed with fern;

And here had fall'n a great part of a tower,

Whole, like a crag that stumbles from the cliffs,

And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers;

And high above a piece of turret stair,

Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound

Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy-stems

Claspt the grey walls with many-fibred arms,

And suck'd the joinings of the stones, and look'd

A knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft a grove."

Many and numerous are the things that awaken feelings, thoughts, and even hopes in our hearts. Sometimes an old familiar song—a sweet low strain of music, may awaken a chord within us, that we fancied was for ever mute—a word, a look, may recall things long forgotten—a beautiful piece of poetry call forth ideas which we before had never dreamt of—a lovely painting raise high hopes. In nature likewise our thoughts are ofttimes created by a mere thing, a slight almost imperceptible object—but there is nothing that speaks so eloquently as "old ruins;" telling us, how perish-

able are the things of this world, and how steady and firm is the destruction wrought by the hand of time. Echoes which had been silent within us are awakened as we stand in the shadow of an ancient ruin; we feel a reverential awe as we gaze, and, in gazing, in thinking, we learn the lesson the crumbling walls teach us, in their silent voicelessness, which we comprehend and feel,-So vanish the things of earth! Trust ye not in that which man creates: see in me a symbol of the nothingness of the things of the world. Years ago I stood in all my pride and glory, inhabited, one by one they passed away, others came and went likewise; years went by, the great monarch ever lingered by me; gradually, and at first unseen, he began his work, but now he hath nearly completed it. The friends whom I knew, have long gone to the spirit-world, and I am left alone; in me ye see that all things here below are but for a time, when the last of my moss-covered stones are for ever buried, my end will have arrived; but ye, when your last days here are come, must prepare for another life, think ye of this as ye walk your earthly road, and have ye fitted yourselves for inheriting the celestial world?" So speaks the old ruin. We hear the passing foot of time echoing through its moss ivy-covered stones, -strange voices-spirit voices speaking of the past; sorrowful ones of the present, and admonitory ones of the future. We bow with lowly reverence as we stand within its precincts, hallowed by the mystic spirit of the past, sanctified by age; alone, amid its quietude we think of those who have passed away, wondering if their life was but a battle, and a march, a striving, and a longing-a time of sorrow, or of joy. If it passed away gloriously, quietly as the sun goes down, and as the crimson light he diffuses o'er the western sky glows with a heavenly glory, did the halo of pure religion irradiate with its glorious rays their death-bed? Had they to suffer, and in suffering were they "strong." Oh! such are the train of thoughts that sweep o'er us in "old ruins;" and, not only do they recall the past, but, in thinking of those who once trod within them, we begin wondering of their lives above, and we feel that we, too, shall soon be sleeping quietly with the dead. This is the chief lesson we learn from "old ruins," reminding us of the Great Hereafter.

LEILA.

SOMETHING FOR THE CHILDREN.

"Он, Mamma, do please write the History of Pyrré! Do, do, Mamma! It would be so charming!" said my little son to me, the other evening, after hearing that Scottish tale of "Rab and his Friends,"—so exquisitely pathetic! wherein the writer portrays the depth of true affection with refinement and feeling,—showing how and why the religious peasant of Scotland is more noble than the same class of men in other countries: because

"they receive the Word with all gladness." But why are they so superior in intelligence? Because they search the Scriptures for themselves, and have very limited faith even in their clergy. "Mais, revenous à nos moutons, il ne faut pas nous éloigner du sujet de notre discours." As Rousseau is uncertain whether birds confabulate or no, so we are not sure whether it is not too great a liberty to make Madame Pyrré tell her own history. It will be much more interesting to our young readers, and all her errors will be excusedcomme elle fait son début in the literary world. Ainsi, faites attention, mes petits enfants! and, as a well-known and ever-to-be-remembered French

docteur says, "Je vais vous dire."

My first recollection is lying rolling over my mother, with several little brothers and sisters, alternately caressing one another, and quarrelling with each other to secure the scanty nourishment which poverty and starvation in vain strove with nature to deprive us of. My gentle mother was an immensely powerful animal, in colour like a lioness, tall, and handsomely formed; so muscular, that her tread when she stepped across the shining oak floor of the little auberge, made my future mistress tremble. I was born in the Pyrenees: the little inn was situated in a lonely valley, not far from the romantic village of Luz, so celebrated for the exquisite beauty of its scenery. Chance brought to this spot a Scotch family travelling for health. Three little boys accompanied their mother and her servants. One of the latter I shall have to mention with becoming gratitude, as he saved my life.

As I mentioned before, the lady was terrified at my gaunt, hungry, fearful-looking mother. Not so, the younger boys. "Oh, the darling!" they exclaimed, and with open arms and fearless caresses hugged and embraced the dogs and her pups, to the no small terror of the weary mother. After partaking of wild strawberries, the party left, en route for Eaux Bonnes; and I grew, as boys and puppies only grow, the quicker and better for being let

alone.

Not long after, the Scottish wanderers were summoned home; and little did I think that morning, when I drank from my dear mother, that never more would my little head rest upon her wiry coat, never more would I feel the kindly pat of her muscular paw, or the glance of that eye that rested upon her young as only a mother's does. The carriage drove up, and such a bustle in our little court! It was pouring with rain; and the party crowded in.

"Look, look, boys," said the lady, "how much

these puppies have grown!"
"Oh, Mamma, dear, dear Mamma, do buy one!

They are such beauties!"

"I would willingly, if we were at home; but how to carry the little creature, to take it in the railway, and keep it at Paris in an hotel?"

"Oh, do please, Mamma!"

And the entreaties increased; and then the coachman was called, and asked if the thing was

practicable, and if Frank and Birky would not quarrel with it? And the kind coachman, unwilling to disappoint the children and the mother (who seemed a part of those boys,) made no difficulties, and selected me, as I was black and white. and moreover, a lady! And, somehow or other, the weaker sex always manage to secure for themselves a preference. Whilst this good David was, as in duty bound, fighting over my price, a young Frenchwoman washed and scrubbed me, to make me a fitter companion for my foreign friends. It was not agreeable, but my vanity was flattered by being chosen, and there was a something in the very tone of voice of this family that forbade fear. I could not doubt their kindness. Ah, no! they They had known sorrow: must have faults. who has not? The lady was ill, and all in deep mourning, - such mourning as is unknown in France; yet I could see the rough merry boys had soft glances for that lady; and her breast pillowed them, as they slept, caressed, or leaned playfully upon her. It was not in the nature of a baby-dog to doubt happiness with such a family, after escaping the sufferings of a first effort to make me comme il faut. My price paid, a large slice of bread being given by my new foreign mistress to my hungry mother; the noisy boys fighting who was to sit nearest to mother, I was put at the coachman's feet; and for the first few hours, felt I was an orphan, purchased by strangers, foreigners, and leaving all I loved on earth. Still, I could not weep; the kind hand of the coachman reassured me, and the lady and boys often asked about me. Alas! I was French, and knew not how interested they were. "Pauvre Es-tu fachée de quitter petite, es-tu malade? ta mère?" This consoled me; and the two youngest boys, not content with clapping me, kissed me again and again, and laughed, as I, to show my puppy gratitude, bit their trousers, pulled the strings out of their shoes, and licked their sweet faces.

The only enemy I had was the young lady'smaid, who looked en mauvaise humeur; and so, with dog-like sagacity, I preferred lying on and destroying the expensive crape of the lady's dress, to getting a frown from the maid. Dogs are very sensitive—more so than many persons; and, as the human countenance, especially the eye, is their study, they are rarely deceived in character. How I liked these funny, cheery boys, talking their foreign, and, to my ears, vulgar dialect; so loving to one another, so tender to me, so fond of their sick mother, so free of pride towards their

servants!

We arrived at Bayonne, where our travelling troubles began; my fare had to be paid, a muzzle purchased; and, as it was for appearance only, it answered the purpose, being attached to my neck. I was drawn through the station by a French official, and pushed head foremost into a box, so small and close I got sick and giddy with the rapid motion of the train, and fell into a confused slumber. For many hours I was unconscious; but on

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awaking was attacked by a painful thirst, such as I had never before experienced; but soon, to my surprise, I heard a cheerful voice saying, "Pauvre Pyrré, petite, ne perdez pas un moment. J'ai trouvé ceci pour vous." And my new mistress handed me a large basin of milk and water she had appropriated from a railway clerk's office; leaving him a franc instead of the milk he had ready for his supper. Railway trains wait for no one-neither dogs nor ladies-so, thankful for the delicious draught, it seemed to my parched mouth sweeter than nectar, I fell asleep once more, and only awoke at Tours, where we stayed all night. Travelling by railway is to a dog very monotonous and uninteresting, so we may pass on till our arrival at Paris, with which, like all the French, I was perfectly delighted. The magnificent buildings, splendid churches, fine paintings, handsome streets, and at night especially, when lighted up, the gayest shops in the world; the glittering cafés, with their tasteful crimson-papered walls; obsequious waiters; and the little tables surrounded by visitors, some lounging and chatting, to spend an idle hour: others sipping ices, and admiring themselves in the mirrors which everywhere surround you: whilst, alas! but too many are gambling in adjoining rooms, and misspending their talents, as well as means and time, granted them for nobler ends. As drinking is the vice of Scotland, so gaming is the vice of France. From the cradle to the grave, women, as well as men, "aiment le jeu." C'est triste, mais vrai.

The charm of Paris is, every one looks gay and happy; every one talks aloud; and every one assumes the appearance of happiness. We were welcomed to the hotel; my little masters pleaded hard for my company, but their Mamma knew that my education was imperfect, and that a few weeks or months in Paris would improve even the most uncouth. So, I was given over to the porter and his wife. La Concierge took a great interest in me, and treated me as her child. I lay beside her, and was caressed continually by her, sharing her food by day, and their couch by night. I was rarely out in Paris; but was much struck with the idolatrous affection lavished upon lap-dogs and parrots; and I often thought, as I lay basking in the court, that such favourites were happier than the nearest relations, as husbands and wives seemed rather to shun each other's society; and as to the voice of children, it is unheard. They are sent out to nurse during infancy, and spend their bright and happiest days at boarding-schools; return as young men and women to settle in life, and marriages of suitableness are arranged by the parents, and assented to by the young people, "et les affaires du cœur viennent après; tant pis, mais ce n'est pas mon affaire. Voilà le cocher avec les nouvelles que nous allons partir pour l'Ecosse." With a heavy heart I bade adieu to the kind concierge and my friends in Paris, and we travelled by slow stages to Scotland. I escaped the suffering of sea sickness, and was much admired in crossing the Channel. I rather approved of the change of climate; indeed,

the damp atmosphere of the Pyrenees, the magnificent mountains and gorgeous scenery of my native land, although far superior, is somewhat similar to that of Scotland. We arrived safely at home. This is a word we know not in France; "chez nous" is our suite of apartments, our hotel, or where we are to be found. But "home" and "comfortable" are little known or understood

across the Channel.

It was with a beating heart that I heard the deep bark of the Newfoundland dog, and the shrill incessant bow-wow of the shepherd dog, as they greeted my young masters. . How they jumped upon them, caressed, and fawned upon them! The large dog had a sad look—a prematurely old expression; but so kind and respectful to the lady! how fondly, too, he gazed at the eldest boy! Frank was his, and the boy and he loved one another. Jealousy was the bane to Birky's happiness. Because Frank was noticed, Birky went away injured in his own estimation, and lost all happiness in this joyous hour. As to myself, fortunately I knew as yet no such feeling, and felt honoured by the Newfoundland's kind look of patronage, as he led me round to the back door to introduce me to the cook and other servants. I grew daily more attached to Frank; and night after night, as I shared his house and lay with my head on his dear shoulder, he gave me a short advice, and then, like a stern Scotchman, relapsed into his usual silence. He was a capital watch—so was Birky; I learned my duties from them, and owe much to the good example and good advices of my dear old friend. This was a miserable winter to us all: the mother of my young friends, my merry boys, was ill, and they rarely seemed in spirits to play with me. I made acquaintance with the gardener, and often invited myself to tea, knowing the exact hour, without the aid of mechanism. My first friend, David, I had a great respect for, and often called for him and his amiable wife, and merry handsome son. I had a great regard for the personal attendant of my lady; and saw that Lizzie was truly a valuable servant, faithful and affectionate. There were several nice pleasant young servants whom I delighted in teazing, by placing my large feet, contrary to their orders, upon a newly-washed stair or floor; how pleased I was to hear them scold; for so indulged was I, none The French dog was a household dare strike me. My chief annoyance arose from the hatred of the other dogs to one another. Frank did not wish Birky even to look at me; so the battles were fearful. One night we alarmed the whole house; I literally screamed! It is alleged I spoke with terror and horror at seeing Birky bathed in his own blood, as Frank, irritated for years by his jealous teazing temper, forgot prudence, humanity, all, and nearly killed him.

In summer the family left home, and I was the daily companion of Frank. We all took ill; Birky very seriously. Our food was too heating; or, I suspect, we caught a disease from some pet rabbits. I was so sorry for my dear Frank! When the boys returned, he was too weak to rise and greet

them, and rarely even barked. My mistress, a most unusual occurrence, came to the kitchen to see him. He laid his heavy head in her lap, and I know not which was saddest. She gave him a large bowl of warm milk and bread, and offered him eggs; he ate it more out of gratitude and love than from any feeling of hunger; and as he grew daily weaker and sadder, he was sent to the care of a veterinary surgeon, and, to our great grief, died.

Oh, what sorrow, what sickness I felt! I lost the joyousness of a puppy, and became old. My friend, my adviser—he on whose breast I had lain night after night, and as he gently licked my young face, counselled me how to act, to bear, to suffer, to love this kind family; never even in them to expect perfection, but to love them in spite of their faults. I could not, I would not believe it. Frank dead! I rolled, I writhed in agony. Birky, too, died of heart disease. I was so young, and a foreigner, and now my formerly happy home looked bleak, my food tasteless, my nights—ah! there was the torture. I howled, I fretted, I nearly died. My mistress in vain tried to console me, "Qu'avez vous, pauvre Perry?" but I was inconsolable; I had lost, in the noble Newfoundland, father, brother, lover, and friend. I pined away. How vexed the lady and boys were! they feared to lose me. David the coachman was consulted, and he advised I should be sent to the dog doctor, for ill I now was, body and mind.

In some weeks I returned home, but not cured. How grievous, how disappointed my young masters were! So, David, my first friend, offered to take me in hand; and in a few months I was a beautiful dog, my skin shining, my eye clear, my tread powerful, and all well except my heart. Ah! my dear Frank I could not forget! Although born in France I was educated in Scotland, and had none of the frivolity of my country, but the deep devoted

attachment of the Scotch.

One day the little maids were drawing their mistress (who was always ill except in sunny France) in her Bath chair in the garden,—the eldest boy guiding the chair, and watching to see if his mother was able to enjoy the exercise. "Mamma, is not Perry beautiful?" "Ah! oui, mais elle est toujours triste. It is strange she cannot forget Frank." "Poor Frank," said the boy sadly, "he was mine. I have no dog now!" "Oh, would you like to have Perry? but she is so valuable, you must not neglect her." "Oh no, Mamma; I will like her, as I did poor Frank." So, the kind boy appropriated me, and I never felt lonely again.

You know, gentle reader, I am of the weaker sex, and they live upon affection. There are nobleminded females, who have vigour and talent to stand alone, and who prefer and pride themselves upon their independence; but other fragile yielding natures, if forced by circumstances into this (to them unnatural position.) they sink under the responsibility and die. I found I had the misfortune to attach myself too strongly for happiness; yet again I fell into the snare. I gazed into the countenance of my young master, and I vowed to love him for

ever. He was proud of his dog; and hourly I improved in health, cheerfulness, and beauty. All liked me; the little boys would now kiss me, and roll with "Darling de Venez," as they called me; and I must have had a hard ungrateful heart not to be perfectly happy; and for a time I was so. I believe the happiness of dogs might be everlasting,-I mean during their lives, if it depended upon themselves alone; but if we unite our being with men, as we always do, it becomes like theirs, uncertain, variable, and short-lived. My feelings towards my young master was idolatry. I lived in him. I had no separate existence. If he was well and merry, I was so; if ill or sad, so was I. I romped with, admired, and loved the younger boys -worried them, threw them down, played with them at games, hiding and seeking as earnestly as themselves. But the countenance of the eldest boy was my study; and when for days I did not see him, or he came out for health alone, to breathe cooler air, and left his beloved mother suffering, his soft eyes would fill with tears as his little hand caressed me. I wept. Yes, gentle reader, the tears streamed from my eyes, and I wept.

But again the warm weather returned, and the lady came out to her garden, and her son and his dog accompanied her. I lay down to rest, being wearied with walking up and down after her chair; I fell asleep and dreamed: "Methought I saw a garden, and not far off, a wilderness; and in this wilderness a tall, green, but drooping rose-tree, and three sweet roses grew beside the parent stem; but, young and strong, she could not bear their weight; and the rain fell, and the wind blew, and the shrub bent and drooped, and grew so weak and pale the tint of hope almost disappeared. In vain the taller and stronger of the three roses struggled to support her; but she feared for him and his brother rosebuds, and redoubled her feeble efforts to maintain her own position and theirs. But adverse winds and bitter cold assailed her on all sides; and although she twined herself lovingly around her three sweet little ones, her leaves and theirs so mingled that the storm could not injure them without first annihilating her; my heart trembled, for I saw her strength must give way, as she was quite exhausted; another hurricane and all must perish in the storm. I woke with a start of horror, my bosom heaving, my very heart oppressed; but sleep again overcame me, and methought I saw a noble walnut-tree-tall, powerful, and strong, and it seemed to have delight in stooping its proud form and tenderly sheltering the sickly shrub and its loving rosebuds. The shrub, too, seemed to feel the influence of its protecting care and love; and I cannot forget the gentle manner in which she clasped her little rose-trees, and with an upturned beseeching look, as though imploring for them also the protection of this noble tree. Nor was it denied. Arms were clasped around the little family; the thick foliage screened them from my sight; but I felt no storm could again injure, no harm befall them, if the noble walnut-tree was spared. I loved to think of them thus, and awoke happy."

LOSING, SEEKING, AND FINDING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADEN POWER."

[Continued from p. 268.]

CHAPTER IX.

FORGING OF FETTERS.

"You a man !— You lack a man's heart!"

SHAKESPEARE.

"How perfect
Grows belief!
Well, this cold clay-clod
Was man's heart;
Crumble it—and what comes next?
Is it God?"

ROBERT BROWNING.

The bosky shades of Birdiethorn were fast deepening into darker tints; the scentless beauties of the sleepy-eyed Autumn were taking the place of the less gay, but sweeter, sisterhood of Summer; heavier fell the night dews upon the mossy paths, and on the harvest-fields hung the gossamer webs of fairy looms.

Night after night the hunter's moon queened it, in a cloudless unfathomable space; while beneath, hardly less calm, slept the solemn sea, where each day's glory sought an earlier rest, yet lingered even longer in a last farewell.

The white cottage was closed, dust was gathering upon its windows, and over the threshold the damp green mould crept stealthily. The small garden was fast choking with rank weeds that spring and spread so quickly in the richest soil. The thistle and the dock elbowed the tulip; the wild nettle towered over the geranium. The roses, that the young mistress had once been proud of, now hung fading, and, with the first breeze that blew, would scatter the waste and the trodden highway.

A padlock and chain were upon the gate, where so often she had stood awaiting her husband; all the comfortable furniture had been consigned to a broker for what it would fetch. It was a home no longer.

Tom Hinton lodged in the village, and worked at the new public-house, under George Steyne, whom he hated. Nothing had since been heard of his unhappy wife. Her disappearance had been a nine days' wonder, hardly that, followed so closely as it was by that of poor Will Darby. The boy's absence for a day or two at a time was such a common occurrence that it created no surprise, till, on the third day, Philip Steyne made known his fears, and furnished the only clue obtainable to his flight.

This the poor father hastened to follow, slight as it was. The result he made known to none; but returned after some days, more reserved and quiet than ever; not sorry, perhaps, that the lad had escaped a lot than which scarce any could be more unhappy. Meanwhile Mrs. Darby shared her trouble and its consolation among her intimates, as

she expatiated on all she had done, and "gone through," for that ungrateful lad.

With such speed and determination had the new builder and his men worked, that "The Crichton" began to assume definite form and shape, and out of its goodly proportions to give promise of being indeed, as its owner had said, the pride of the town; so far as taste in design, and skill in execution, could make it.

George's secret had ceased to be one: as such things generally do, it had come to light in the most simple, yet unexpected manner: and his wife's quiet expression of wonder that he had not told her before, with her earnest, yet affectionate, regret that he should have changed his employer, would have gone to the heart of a harder man than Steyne.

"I thought you knew it," was all he could say, when, by the merest accident of Crichton calling in the evening to speak to him, she had apparently learned the truth.

"I did know it, dear, a long time I've known it; but I thought you would tell me."

"Well, it makes no difference now, Harriette."
"I am very sorry, George dear, very sorry; I would rather you worked for anybody at anything else."

"Oh! I am all right, Harriette: you need not to be afraid; I am not such a fool."

"We must hope for the best! It cannot be helped now; so we will say no more about it dear."

That was all. No scolding; no bringing up of old grievances; no reminder of old resolutions broken and cast away. He felt small; he might as well have told her at first; he knew how she hated anything like deceit. "Why the deuce couldn't he have told her?" He was angry with himself, and angry with her, that he felt lessened in his own opinion.

Surely he might choose his own master! He was not a boy, to go seeking advice, and so forth; he was all right, and what need she trouble; he might have been long enough with Thom and those, before he got the standing he held now, with much more of the flattering unction; all of which had but small effect, if we may judge from the fact that Steyne found it more pleasant to remain, after work that evening, with Crichton in his parlour (whither he had walked with him, holding a consultation upon the work in hand) than to go home to meet the wife whom he chose to fancy sat in judgment on his conduct.

That was some time past now; but that, which had then been a rare occurrence, got to be very little so in the course of a few weeks. The period fixed for the completion of the building made it necessary, in fact, that all should work overtime; and George was often at it late in the evening.

But he really loved his work, and his vanity was largely flattered with the unmixed admiration his efforts won from all with whom he was at present associated.

With that unvarying instinct, which led Richard

Crichton ever on the true scent, he had caused some temporary buildings to be erected, serving at once as an office for himself and his head man, and a store where were procurable every species of refreshment for the numerous workmen engaged on the building. That keen eye to the main chance which never deserted its true worshipper, clearly showed him the double advantage of being at once his own surveyor and overlooker of the work, and of his bar; while the pleasant under-current of the chinking symphony which kept quietly gliding in, was most soothing to his anxious impatience; and the importance of having good and plentiful liquor always at hand cannot fail to be perceived and acknowledged by all.

One of the results of George's secret was his failing to inform his wife of the advance in his gains; and now that she had learned the truth, it was somehow not quite convenient to mention it. Perhaps Mr. Crichton's liberality in the matter of drink ceased with the conclusion of the bargain; perhaps George, finding himself with a considerable surplus in hand, gave way to his desire of conciliating hostile spirits, and so won alcoholic opinions of his men. One thing is certain,—that at this time he had a considerable account against him at the little emporium, where in the cosy office he frequently smoked a pipe and listened to the gratifying approval of his employer and host.

Still the same amount as heretofore was given into Harriette's keeping, with at times something more; she missed nothing, so had no cause of complaint; and with that unction to his soul, her husband ordered another glass, and one for honest Crump, who had dropped in to look at him, and to

admire and wonder at his progress.

To the visible effects of that last glass we may lay the start and the shudder with which his wife met him at the door; when, much later than usual, he entered the house; for the walks to meet him had long been given up, the evenings were chilly, the mother and children took their stroll early, and never past "The Crichton," and they were now in bed.

She looked at him a minute or two, as she moved about, getting ready the supper: several times she forced herself to turn her eyes away, but something seemed to bring them back, despite her. At last all was ready, and she sat down, helped him and herself; but with the first morsel she put into her mouth she choked, and the tears began to fall over her hands, and upon her plate.

Steyne heard, understood, but said nothing. She struggled with herself, but in vain, to be calm; then she turned to him, and caught his hands in

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"O George! dear George! I knew it would be

so; I was afraid-"

To the incense of the public-house, so freely offered to his vanity, may be attributed that the man, hardening himself to her tears, put her coldly from him.

"What is the matter, now?" he said. "This is fine, truly, for a man to come home to. I declare the only hard word I get is at my own

house. It's all smooth sailing till I enter my own doors."

"O George, forgive me! but you know you have promised so many times, dear. I have noticed it before, but I would not say anything. I was fearful how it would be, when you went to work for that man—O George!"—and she would have laid her hand upon his arm; but he turned from her with a hasty movement that threw it off:—

"All this fuss about my taking a glass!"

"More than a glass dear, more than a glass."

"Now do hush, Harriette; do not make a fellow hate his home! If I had come in rolling drunk you

couldn't be worse!"

The cold tone of injured innocence did more to silence her than curses could have done. She turned dejectedly away, and finished her supper as best she could, debating in her woman's mind whether she had not indeed wounded him by her mistrust; whether thus to argue from the past were not ungenerous, when he had too, for such a length of time, given her no cause for uneasiness. So she at last brought herself to a comfortable state of self-reproach, which became apparent in the gentleness of her words and actions, that seemed to ask his pardon. The superior being was not slow to perceive it, and accepted the atonement graciously: so gradually all subsided into calm.

This brief sketch may suffice for many such scenes, which followed at intervals only; for Steyne did not then love liquor for its own sake. He was not of the ware from which the mere ale- or wine-bibbing sot is formed. From coarse and vulgar habits he was particularly free; and in the talk of the taproom clique there certainly would have been little to gratify him, had it not so frequently ministered to his vanity. He had become a man of note; the men whom he employed, alike with him whom he served, knew their own interest too well not to be lavish in his praise; and the man's ruling passion, unfortunately for him, found ample food, except in one direction, where he chose to feel it wounded.

Old and sad are the examples, by which the unworthiness of a man's other self had driven him to seek consolation in the companionship of the tavern. Less frequent maybe, not less sad, are those, of which George Steyne's is one, in which cowardice and false pride urge a man to fly from one whose silent regret is his reproach; whose light makes but more visible his darkness; whose gentle forbearance is the coal of fire, which stings him to as

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remorse, but not to repentance.

Little by little George's evenings at home grew to be rare exceptions; and the pressing nature of his work made excuse unnecessary. Now and again, indeed, would come a better season, a brief one, but enough to cause the wife to beckon back hope, and clasp it to her heart with a right smiling welcome. Then—and it was generally the heaven of his Sundays at home which aroused his better self—little Bose would revel in father's untiring good-nature; then the adventures and exploits of the last week would be related with renewed zest; then Philip, leaning upon father's chair, would watch

his face to catch the expression of a wish even unspoken, and fly to wait upon each and all, satisfied with the small grains of notice and affection which

fell to his lot when Rose was by.

Those Sundays at home.—Days looked back to, through an after life-time, by some of the little group—which no splendour, riches, nor wealth of love, nor admiration, nor gift of power, ever equalled!—Days when the sun shone, the birds sang, the flowers blossomed with an extra fragrance, for the especial Sabbath: when the waves' murmur on the beach was hushed, and the sun went down into a sea of glory, which would not be equalled again until the next Sunday came. So they fancied, so believed; and which of us has greater hold upon Truth's skirts, than his belief gives him?

Those bright mornings, those little surprises of some new dress, or pet attire, so long laid aside, so restored by the dear mother's hand, as to be new. Those dinners, beyond all power of skill, so nice, so neatly spread, so suited to his taste for whom thought was everywhere. Those afternoons in the arbour, the reading aloud, the quiet chat, the mother's song, and father's music, now so seldom heard. The garland-making, or the quiet play, while father slept, and mother set the tea; at which was never wanting some home-made dainty that might have been fairy-work. Then the sweet solemn service in the ancient church, the sunset stealing slowly by the painted windows-athwart the grey head of the old minister-giving him too that sabbath glory all else wore. The long twilight ramble, when Rosey was brought home sleeping in father's arms—the simple supper, the prayer at mother's knee; and bed, and dreams that belong only to childhood.—A Sunday so spent, would seem often to awake in George his better self; and a return to his old habits and affectionate manner was Harriette's reward; for she wisely refrained, even at such times, from "improving the occasion," as some would have done, by a lecture, or advice; studying only, by loving service and attention, to point the moral of a truer home-sermon than words could ever utter.

If women did but know and understand their own importance!—It seems, indeed, a superfluous admonition to the sex to esteem itself more highly; yet how many fatally underrate their own influence and importance for good. If they would but understand how great is their power—greatest over the wisest and the best: if they would but use it rightly, nor fritter away in petty strife, and painful useless cabal, and unjust complaints, that mighty strength, which was never granted them for such

an end.

But the false pride, the miserable self-esteem, would again overcome the better impulse: each time the man forgot his duty and sinned against his own happiness, it was harder to go home, and easier to remain among those whose life gave at least no reproach to him—where he was, in fact, growing in importance and authority; and the habit began to gain upon him with the celerity of all habits upon a weak unexamining mind. Often from the work

he would walk down to the "Good Ship," in company with one or two of the men, and finish his evening there: stifling his conscience still with the knowledge that he had never yet subtracted a penny from the amount he continued to give his

wife as in his former employment.

Harriette would gladly have forfeited all the money to see her husband return as he had once done,—to be quit of that flushed oppressed look, that impatient querulous tone, which told her how, less and less, he could brook expostulation; and knowing intuitively how little it would serve. She redoubled her care for him, she set many innocent small lures to win him earlier home; pretexts of this or that to be done in house or garden: with Rosey's winsome little face she ventured to speculate, teaching her pretty lisping phrases to beg father to take her here or there; and that bait for a time succeeded.

For of late Philip was seldom his father's companion; he seemed to share with the boy the feeling he had for his mother; he almost disliked him for the silent pleading of his childish attentions, for the unspoken sympathy with his mother's care. Then, hating himself in the consciousness of such a feeling, he avoided the cause; his favourite child became the companion of his rambles; and mother and son were often left together, while Rosey strolled away hand in hand with father, to be absent perhaps for hours, and to be brought back sleeping

soundly in his arms.

Hard for a wife to make even this a matter of thankfulness; hard to feel, to know, that her husband's heart was cooling towards her, for his own follies—that she had given her all, and it was

Once, taking the occasion of his returning home to her early in the evening, in a kinder mood than usual, she spoke tenderly, yet with earnestness, even thanking him for the blessing of that evening:

—"If you did but know how happy it makes me

to have you with me, dear-"

"Well, dear, then be happy, and don't think about anything else."

"Yes, dear George; but other evenings, so often, when we might be always like this; and I am sure you would be happier, love, to come home."

"I must attend to work: Harriette, mustn't I?

You would be first to complain."

"Dear George, it is not that; but the drink,

love, that terrible-"

"Yes; there, I thought that was coming. If that isn't like you women; you are never content: you must be complaining, and finding fault about something."

"I was not finding fault, George: but have you forgotten our dreadful sufferings?—and how you

have promised?"

"Thank you!—throwing up that in my face!
That is what I get by coming home to spend my

evenings with you.".

He drew his arm away, and walked into the garden, in the twilight. For a moment she felt anger, indignation—the next, she had followed

him, and stood by his side, her arm upon his

"George; husband; is there anything I can do to make home more comfortable; to make you love it more? I know you are often tired when you come home, and I have sent the children to bed earlier the last few nights: do tell me. I don't mean to find fault. I know how hard you work, how clever you are: tell me what I should do; for my heart is just breaking."

"What on earth for? Don't you have my money; every penny? Don't I work like a slave? Haven't you a comfortable home?—What would

the girl have!"

"Only that you would be as you were but a little while ago; only that you would come home as you have to-night, George; only that I may not tremble for you; to see you, as in old times, giving way to temptation, that may end in your ruin; George, dear, do pray think; do not be angry—it is, my love, for you, dear—"

"Then I'd a precious sight sooner you did not love me if this is to be it !- and, once for all, I won't be preached to, and taken to task, so I tell you. You are never satisfied; and I tell you it's just the way to drive me from the place altogether;

so let me have no more of it."

She lifted her dark earnest eyes to his, in the moonlight. The look might have been a recall of all they had spoken one moonlight night, many years ago; when his looked into them, promising, questioning-they were turned away now-her hand clenched, but it was to still the trembling: she walked into the house. By and by he came in, whistling: found her sitting quietly at work, and

supper awaiting him.

She did not even turn aside to her children's room that night as she went to her own. Cold and silent as himself, she spoke not a word: but, when the night was far spent, the healing spirit came, and she wept quietly, sadly, but humbly: and at last fell asleep in that trust which alone was left her now; in a source to which—oh, happily for her!—she had learned to look; one unchangeable, unforsaking.

CHAPTER X.

A MUSICAL LION, -THANKSGIVINGS.

" Arouse ye then ! My merrie, merrie men! For 'tis our opening day !' JOANNA BAILLIE.

A TERRIBLE lapse in the fitness of things and seasons; dear to the heart of story-teller; that the first pure soft snow of that winter should have baptized the bold front of the newly-furnished tavern.

But so it was; we cannot alter these things. A howling wind, and desolate sky, would perhaps better have belitted the ceremony, than the soft noiseless shower which fell like an angel's benison.

For it wanted a week of Christmas, and "The Crichton" was finished, fitted, furnished, and to

be opened that very day.

It was a fine building; not all the meretricious gauds and glitter-Richard's baits, which his great instinct told him were needful in his trade—could wholly spoil it. Expense was not spared by one whose cruel experience told him that for every shilling spent he should reap hundredfold eventually; and what was it to him if every penny had been cooled in human blood, hot from the mint of the great master in whose chief agent he trafficked?

A great cattle fair had been held, not far from that neighbourhood; and the news of the grand new public had spread among the townspeople far and wide. As the day drew on, they literally thronged the premises. A band of music was stationed in a temporary building without, a couple of musicians in an upstairs room; in every grate huge fires roared; a cartload of evergreens had been employed in the decoration of the interior; and from the gallery at the top of the house waved (alas, for its degradation to such a site!) the British

Savoury eatables of all descriptions were provided, in a quantity which would have seemed more creditable to the imagination than the calculation of the caterer, at an earlier period of the day. In particular, a species of highly-seasoned pie, much in favour in that locality, was announced to be given gratis to each purchaser of liquor to a certain amount; and loud were the laudations of such liberality; the entire disinterestedness of which it

did not enter the minds of any to doubt.

I need scarcely enter into a description of that day's proceedings. Few of my readers but have at some time looked upon such a scene; the hilarity

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of this increased by the season.

In one long covered building in the rear, quoits and bowls were going on; in a room upstairs billiards, draughts, cards, and dice, had attracted a goodly number; in the next, couples were already following in some sort the enlivening sounds of the music; while in another the voices of men and women mingled in glee songs and "tavern catches."

Every window was open, and from each came the sound of revelry; in every room shone and glittered the new fittings, and handsome furniture and draperies; bright brass and gilding, veined marble, rich woods, and showy stuffs. And the drinking, feasting, crowd gloried in it, for wasn't the splendour in a manner theirs? and they extolled the man who had so liberally provided; and then ordered more liquor, and called upon their host, and drank his health with cheers, and swore to stick to him for a jolly fellow as he was; and went in afresh at the newly-ordered liquor, and wist not how their prudent benefactor had modified it to their present degree of comprehension.

The crowd below-thronging and overrunning the lower premises and the road in front-was of a motley kind. Stout farmers and cattle-dealers, who had stopped for their refreshment, and who in all probability would soon form part of the upstairs customers; factory hands from a distant town "playing" that week; the wives and families of the men who have been engaged in the building; labourers, sailors, beggars, nondescripts, rabble of

every size and age.

They came and went, drank, ate, sang, danced, talked, shouted; told of the wonders achieved in the building of the house; related stories of the proprietor, in which he rivalled his namesake of "Admirable" memory, and invariably terminating with—

"Eh, he must mak' a sight o' money!"-

"My word but he must so!"-

"Time was when he hadna' a shoe to's foot!"-

"Eh, he's a clever man; he is so!"

And then, by way of homage, a fresh sacrifice at the shrine of this true worshipper of the almighty

currency.

How the pleasant symphony rang, and chinked, and glided through all that day's labour. How little the man felt the toil; and it was toil. Here and there, up and down; Richard seemed positively ubiquitous: the two maids and his man seriously inclined to that belief before the day was over. They were faint and well-nigh knocked, up, old hands as they were; while he was fresh and active as ever. How could he tire, with that blessed music in his ears? Impossible!

As the afternoon closed in, the crowd increased, and the noise and revelry grew louder; but still orderly,—Richard was an adept in that: his houses were rarely the scene of a disturbance; and in such a case, as we have seen, he knew how to select

his victims.

The musicians, plied with drink, redoubled their efforts; the singing and the dancing, the game and gossip, grew "fast and furious," and still quietly fell the snow.

Till the sun set; then—as he put aside his fleecy canopy, to take his parting of the earth—the shower was stayed, and for a brief time his wan

smile rested on her chilled bosom.

And on the brow of a stout handsome man, now reaching the summit of the hill. He came opposite the new public-house. What a contrast to the same spot, when the cart, on its way to Birdiethorn, stopped at old "Piert's Rest;" and the children drank their draught of milk from the hands of good

Dame Mabberly !

The noise—the crowd—the gas-lights beginning to glitter through the house—the merriment that burst from all sides, even the gallery on the roof, whence was a magnificent view of the sea and the country for miles round—the turbulence beginning to make itself apparent—it might have roused the ancient genius of the place, to seek in vain the old elm, the horse-trough, the dove-cot, and the thatched roof of his "Rest."

Where the creaking sign had so long hung, now blazed, in golden Brobdignagian type, "The Crichton;" and for the dove-cooing, and the old elm's

rustle, chinked the pleasant symphony.

It was hardly a change to exult in; yet the man, as he stood opposite, at some distance, folded his

arms, and looked proudly, as who should say—
"My hand is in this, it is my work they rejoice over, and it is well done—"

There was a loud shout from one part of the crowd, and the next minute the man was the centre of a group, chiefly of the workmen, among whom he had made himself popular. His name was buzzed from mouth to mouth, and no denial would be taken; he must and should come and drink with them, that night of all others.

Mr. Crichton hurried past as they entered the house, and offered his hand to Steyne, with a welcome which the other received very coldly; for a serious difference between Steyne and his em-

ployer had closed the contract.

But there was no helping it, he said, as he suffered himself to be pressed and persuaded; and soon he made one of a jovial group in the large room above; his vanity flattered by knowing that all the eyes in the room were directed towards him with interest and admiration of his skill, so clearly made evident.

The liquor was passing freely round, and one rivalled the other in their profuse liberality to the great man of the evening, Songs were sung; and, in an interval while the musicians were refreshing themselves, and there was a lull in the music, George suddenly astonished them by sitting down before a piano, and accompanying himself in a rattling patter-song which had once made him famous in the times that were gone. They crowded round him; from the other rooms they came to listen; it wanted but this to complete his triumph. They swore that not a drop should he pay for, that night; and Crichton, discovering a treasure in the newly-found attraction, insisted on his partaking of the supper which, on a grand scale, was to celebrate the opening of the new house, and at which only the very best of his customers would be eligible, by its cost, to assist.

Two hours ago Steyne would have scorned the idea, for he knew he had been hardly used by Crichton; but drink feeds vanity, and turns it to a man's hurt, as fast as many more evil passions, and Steyne never could resist being the lion of the

Memory once aroused, supplied him with a host of suitable materials. Song, recitation, jest and joke, succeeded: the glass at his elbow never stood empty; the circle of his listeners increased.

Supper was announced; Mr. Steyne must take the head of the table. How gaily flowed the conversation; he was in his element now! So justly too; for to him fell the glory of this fine new building; and in his exultation he felt this to be but the first of many and many such triumphs. There was choice liquor that night, and those who could appreciate it, and each gave his experience and taste in such matters; and as they warmed in their conviviality, songs were sung, a shade less strictly nice than before supper. George had made up his mind to leave immediately after; but soft voices were begging for their favourite song, and hearty ones were pressing him, actually as a favour, to assist

them in disposing of what they had paid for. Was it to be expected he could resist: this the opening

day too?

So they kept it up.—What the it meant being difficult of definition: not the sense certainly, nor the wit, nor the morality, or even decency. But all agreed when they parted—that is, such as were still capable of agreeing to anything—that they had had a glorious night; and that "R. C. was a 'brick,' and so was "that other fellow, the bricklayer, or what-you-call—." And Steyne went home, swelling with gratified vanity and importance, at three in the morning, to a clear fire, a pale sad face, and a "supper which he had promised to return to after a turn in the road."

Such contrasts are enough to sour the temper of any man, as all "jovial" and "jolly" fellows will agree; and may excuse Steyne's gloomy manner of greeting his wife; and after muttering something about "a little business kept him," expressing a

wish to go to bed immediately.

It seemed as if, after all, "The Crichton" was not to prove the step in the fortunes of its architect which he had anticipated. True, it had gained him fame, and we have seen how that was likely to benefit him. But it was finished, and the present moment of its owner's triumph saw the architect without a penny in his pocket; without employ-

ment; without prospect of any.

The hard weather had brought out-door labour to a standstill. Building still went briskly on, but it was all inside work; and there were considerably more hands than employment. Superior workmen had been engaged from the neighbouring town, who, if not equal to Steyne, at least supplied his place sufficiently; and could he have obtained employment, it must have been at something quite below his late occupation; but of this he would not even entertain the idea. Honest Crump more than once offered his advice, and hinted that his good word should not be wanting. "Half a loaf, you know, better than none, eh?" But Steyne silenced him at once; requesting him to mention nothing of the sort before his wife, or he should get no peace of his life, and he was not going to "let himself down to that yet."

"Queer too!" soliloquized Crump, when they parted. "One might fancy she'd most cause to be proud, and yet here she was talking to me about doing sewing, or such-like: he talks o' 'letting down,' and yet he can sit and drink wi' that goodfor-naught Tom Hinton. Eh, but it's a queer

world!

Harriette's good management prevented any unpleasant strait being felt for some time. The
Christmas quarter was paid, to George's amazement: he had trembled as it drew near, though he
wanted courage to inquire. Had his extra earnings
been from the first committed to the same careful
custody, the spring might have returned ere they
felt the dread pinch of "out of work;" but, the first
step, (we all know about that,) and every week made
it less easy to give it up; it came so handy, and
his anticipations were so bright, that he considered

it no wrong to keep it back: and by and by even that fell short of meeting all his little expenses; and Crichton was so obliging in pressing him not to trouble himself about payment, that at last he found himself a long score in arrears, and all his private purse vanished into the bargain. Still he flattered himself that, when all came to be squared up, Crichton would make him a present of the score, over and above. But Steyne knew little of the school which had formed his friend; and calculated with that small appreciation of the sublime worth of the circulating omnipotence, peculiar to those whose acquaintance with it has been but limited.

When accounts were settled, and a considerable balance, after all possible filing down and pinching-in, remained due to Steyne, the prudent employer had prepared an exact calculation, showing that George was, in fact, indebted to him the whole of the sum, with the exception of a few shillings.

Steyne's long-smouldering indignation and contempt broke forth: but anger and scorn were alike wasted on the imperturbable Richard; and it was only by the dread of the effect which George's influence might have among his customers, that he consented to return him a small sum, and to let the rest of the score "stand over," with the addition of a trifling consideration for the "time."

So, discomfited and self-reproachful, George Steyne came out of his grand job; one in which, however unworthily exerted, he had shown a skill

and taste of no common order.

The fracas between him and his quondam employer promised to be so far serviceable, that he made a fervent resolve never to enter his doors again; for, besides his soreness at his disappointment, he felt certain misgivings concerning the amount of a score of which he had never dreamed of taking account. Who would doubt a man like Mr. Crichton!—So respectable, for a publican—as some of his admirers unwittingly said.

No!—George had resolved—he would never go near the fellow's place again. If he could pay him, he would; and if he couldn't, why he might

go without.

We have seen how it turned out.

"I did hope he had given it up," thought Harriette—" he has been so much better of late. But, thank Heaven, he has done with that man now, and will not be so tempted."

"Egad! that will be a new draw!" muttered Richard. "Thank God, the fellow's likely to be

useful !-clever too, in his way !"

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

RICHARD HIMSELF .- CHESS

As the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa
So, at the hoof-beats of Fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has
attained it."

LONGFELLOW.

SUMMER has come again—Midsummer—Quarterday—and the genteel residences and snug villas,

which this day twelvementh existed only in the brain of the architect, are tenanted by fashionable mammas and well-to-do papas, and their hopefuls; and dashing beauties triumphantly date from a place of whose obscure existence they were profoundly

ignorant twenty months ago.

No lack of work now. All hurry and strivingcompetition and money-turning. From the Chevalier d'Industrie (our dear cousins over the Channel put us to the blush with their refinement-how much less blunt and coarse than our literal "pickpocket!") imported from Regent Street, to Piert's Promenade—to the artist commissioned by illustrated contemporaries to depict its sands and cliffs and "uglied" beauties; or "our special," located to immortalize its geographical and historical peculiarities—all were full of business and intent in sweet little Stillhaven.

The small world bathed, walked, and rode, ate, drank, talked, sang, laughed, wept, flirted, courted, coquetted, betrothed, encouraged, slighted, gave cuts direct, and glances alluring—all according to the mode of such-and-such a year. With whichthe small world and its mode—you and I have nothing to do, just now; inasmuch as the scene in which we are more nearly concerned is of the world, as old, and of all its modes, and years; in

time past and present of civilization.

For in no times of civilization have there been wanting men who were fools, and men to befool them; and the tale of the worshipped golden calf is old as that of the perversion of God's good gifts

to His creatures' ruin.

Be sure "The Crichton" was not idle in these thriving seasons. Be sure that its master, maids, and men, strove and bustled, and panted, puffed, and perspired with the best (Truth will out, and the fact may be less objectionable in allusion to the fair syrens of the liquor-bar, than the sand-bar, though it doubtless applied to both equally); for it was a hot summer—terrifically hot!—Dog-days convey but a feeble idea of the degree of warmth. Jackal- or wolf-days they must have been, when the one idea that presented itself to an intelligent mind was that of sporting in the cool green waves, attended by a bevy of ice-bearing mermaids. As to disrobing one's flesh, and "sitting in one's bones"—the very idea, at such a time, is productive of unpleasant reminiscences of careless cooking, singed joints, and black looks thereon consequent.

Black looks, miserable dejected looks, enough, meet us, as we look in upon "The Crichton," this

holiday quarter-day.

Altered and worn as he is, we recognize handsome George Steyne. And opposite him the cool (yes positively, at that moment, cool) countenance of Richard Crichton.

Did you, reader, ever see that grand embodiment of a grander conception—"Satan Playing at Chess with Man for his Soul?" If you have, you may imagine something of the relative air and aspect of our personæ. Only do not for a moment imagine anything appertaining to our Manchester-derived liquor-seller, in the sublime incarnation of Retzch's

fiend beauty. But the desponding reflective sadness of the downcast man-the keen, watchful waiting calmness of the liquor-seller, are wonderfully there typified; only that, in lieu of the chessboard, between them stand a bottle and glasses.

Not the bottle of particular-by no meanstimes are changed; and, perhaps, were we inquisitive enough, we might find that little item added

to a certain score.

"It seems very hard in you," said Steyne, sadly, lifting his head. "You have known me so long."

"So have you known me, Mr. Steyne; and therefore I only wonder you should expect any other than plain, straightforward, business-like dealing, as between man and man."

"You know how regularly I have always paid

"Of course; and you will again, no doubt; and your things will be safe enough."

"At such interest you might be content, without

the bill of sale, surely?"

"Not at all; the interest is no hold upon you." "Hold upon me! Am I likely, with an ailing wife and young family, to start off at a moment's warning?"

"No: therefore, since you are so secure in your intention of payment, your things will be all rightdon't you see that, Steyne? It is but doing things business-like and straightforward."

"Such a dread to have hanging over one," murmured George. "If she were to know-

"You do not let her know everything; but you are not obliged to take it. I have told you my terms; I would not do it for my own father, if he were alive, at less; and you may take it or leave it, as you please."

Having said which, he was up, and into the bar,

at the call of a customer.

Leaving Man alone with his thoughts; not the most pleasant company, at all times; least of all when, tamper or cozen them as you may, they persist in offering evidence only of your folly and

"It won't do to go empty-handed, that's certain -a pretty warning of what I might expect in poor Dickey Glossop the other day; cleaned out stock and stone-and this our second quarter; and she doesn't know but the other is paid. There's nothing else to be done, that I can see. The interest is awful! but then I shall manage to keep that paid, somehow; and at any rate it will save the things, and prevent her knowing: and they would be sure to take all now, which he could but do if things came to the worst."

Men invariably shut their eyes at this stage of prospective possibilities: and so did Steyne. He had just finished his reflections, and the liquor, when the other returned; and the bargain was concluded, apparently more to the satisfaction of the obligee than the obliged; and Steyne hurried away to pay his last quarter's rent, with the money he had just borrowed, at high interest, and on a bill of sale upon his household goods, of Richard

Crichton.

George could have found no difficulty now in procuring work, and plenty of it; but he rejected one offer after another, as beneath his deserts; and, meanwhile, was making for himself a fame and a name in the singing-room at "The Crichton:" of which, in the space of a few weeks, he became quite the attraction; and Richard Crichton, estimating to the full the advantages of his talent in drawing custom, offered to "make it worth his while, when he had an evening to spare."

But it harmonized so well with his disposition to be made the lion anywhere, that long ere winter and its "spare" evenings were passed, George had learned to prefer it to any second-rate work; and he had displeased too deeply those who knew his

capabilities, to hope for any other

Added to which, a low lingering complaint had taken hold upon him, induced chiefly by the constant exposure during his contract for the tavern; and increased by his evil habit of tippling. He felt unable to work, unequal to exertion of any kind, even of reasoning, or listening to reason, even of contemplating the ruin his own vice was working at home; and he did the best thing a selfish man can hit upon, under such circumstances—he kept away, as much as possible, from the annoying spectacle.

Little of what he received found its way home How the family had lived through the backward bitter spring, it would have puzzled them to say. They had not borrowed, nor begged, nor run in debt: and none but the eyes that loved them would have noted the absence, here and there, of some treasured ornament, some valued book, or smaller article of domestic luxury and convenience, prized

since the weding-day.

But they had lived, and the Lady-day rent had been made up, and Steyne had volunteered to pay it; and Harriette, only too glad to see him interest himself in something of home affairs, had consigned

the precious hoard to him.

But she did not know how deeply he was in debt to Crichton, nor how that thrifty housekeeper and publican had pressed for payment, till he was almost ashamed to go into the house of an evening: or she would not, perhaps, have thought it wonderful that George should have resolved to let the rent "stand over," in the shadowy hope that something might "turn up:" and the sum, that she had half-starved herself to scrape together, went to fill up a chink in the strong box of the "straightforward" man—likely enough a portion to be consecrated in his pious gift on the following Communion Sunday.

Now Midsummer was come, another quarter was due; and the weak man was at his wits' end.

Harriette had been indisposed for some weeks past; the domestic machine was totally disorganized; and George felt the bitterness of real remorse, as he set himself, in sheer desperation, to appeal to his employer for a loan to remove present difficulties.

How he succeeded you have seen. Not much more promising was his interview with the agent, who, with the perversity common to human nature,

dwelt more upon the failure of the present dues, than the very welcome certainty of the sum he had just received; and with some difficulty Steyne got promise of "time."

He was at home that evening much before his usual hour, and found his little son preparing supper for him: vegetables from the garden had for some time formed the food of both sick and well.

"Here, Philip, cook that for mother," he said, putting on the table some trifle he had brought in; "and I'll go and see if she can come down to

"Will they wait, George?" was the first anxious inquiry of the sick woman, as he came to the side of the bed where she lay, little Rose sleeping by

her.

"Yes, Harriette, dear; he was quite willing to wait, we have always paid him so well; and I have a little money, and have brought you something will do you good. Do try and come down to supper with us."

She looked up in his face eagerly; the kind tone was unusual now. He stooped down and kissed her, and then the child; and as the woman raised herself by his arm, and he assisted her, leaning her head upon his breast, she began to cry. It was so blessed to lean upon him for support, ever so briefly, and she was so weak and weary.

She came down, and sat among them, with smiles on her kind pale face. Little Rose, too, was brought down, and did ample justice to "My Phil's" cooking, as they all did, except the mother; who made but a pretence of enjoying the dainty

George had brought her.

Yet she was better, much better, she said; but her still-hoping heart was so full. This might be the turning point of their unhappiness. He was so kind; of course he loved her—how could she ever doubt it!—and, loving her and them, would he neglect them, and see them want?—was it likely?

Not if human nature were anything but human —if it were not filled with inconsistencies, which laugh all rule to scorn, and mock at its own

shrewdest calculations.

"I am so much better, dear George; and now they will give us time, and do not doubt us, I feel new spirits to go on. Thank you, love, for taking all the trouble on yourself—God bless you!" And the woman laid her head on the pillow beside him, with a feeling of trust and thankfulness. "He has been ill and weak, I know," she thought—"I knew he must be himself some time. I knew I could not be quite mistaken in my dear husband."

Oh! belief so hard to break!—oh! trust so rudely shaken, yet relied on!—oh! dreams so foolish, yet so fond!—that even shattered and o'erthrown, we still cling to its fragments, and treasure them as a reality which once has been; not as the pure

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fabric of our own imagination!

So poor Crump, escaping from his fretful, complaining, vain, and ill-tempered wife, shakes his head, wondering what has come to Sarah of late years. "She's as different to when I married her —eh! then, indeed, she was an angel to now—"

Then, indeed, friend Crump, you knew your "angel" to have a very decided spirit of her own, and a superabundant love of smart ribbons and beads. But the "spirit and "taste" of the "angel" are "nagging" and "extravagance" in the wife, &c., &c., and vice versa, to the end of the piece.

And our weaknesses, vanities, follies, vices, not sufficing to weigh us quite down in the slough; we have forged, look you, a grand all-adapting monstrosity, which lays hold, with equal tenacity, upon even the very smallest, and moulds out of such different materials the same form of the devil's

aptest device-a drunkard.

The next night, at the very same hour, George Steyne made the centre of an admiring group, whom he was delighting with the exercise of his powers; and when I say that his audience appreciated, and encored, and were just so far rational as to comprehend what was sung, I have said enough to give you an idea of the matter which was furnished for their approval.

And so occupied, for a while we leave him. You would hardly thank me for inflicting upon you the detail of his gradual descent from bad to worse. It would be neither amusing, nor (unfortunately)

novel.

The facile declivity of the path on which we have seen him is too well known; and of all characters I take that of Steyne to be the one least liable to retrace its slippery surface. In the obstinate, rude, outspeaking man-ruffian though he be—there is a hardness of resolve, a spirit of undaunted determination, which—once set him face upwards—will serve, as the spiked shoe of the chamois hunter, to defy all the glaciers and chasms of temptation and sophistry. But your irresolute and vain man-void of brutality or evil intent as he may be—to him the almost certain woe of the facilis descensus.

CHAPTER XII.

SOME OF EVE'S FAMILY.

"I thank Heaven I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal."—SHAKSPEARE.

The wistful mother, anxious for her race, Prays Heaven to grant the blessing of—a face; Vet Vane could tell what ills from Beauty spring, And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king."

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever !"-KEATS.

"They talks o' Woman this, and Woman t'other; but I take it she's like the rest of us-human natur! And natur will be natur, after all."-Not SAM SLICK.

"I can't bear so much as to think about it. You that hasn't been used to nothing of the kind, as a body might see with half an eye; and you're noway well altogether neither, ma'am; excuse me saving so."

Harriette Steyne made but a poor attempt at a smile; and as good Crump was proceeding in his animated protest, she laid her hand upon his arm. "My good friend," she said gently, "I am sure you wish us well, you have always been kind to the

children, that is why I asked you—there is no help for it; it must be. Will you be so kind as to do this for me?"

"Eh Mrs. Steyne! God bless you and the young ones too!-Do it? why for sure I will, and as much again, and twenty times; only it goes to my heart with them little white fingers of your'n, stitched over as they be a'ready—to think of you washing great, heavy, coarse men's shirts, and suchlike."

" Never mind that, Mr. Crump: the sewing was better while I could get it; but the families are all leaving now, you see, for the winter, and there is nothing to do; and the washing I think will pay

as well, if I can do it."

"Eh! do it! and wi' that cough, and you forced to sit down every minute again! Eh do, there's a dear lady, rest you a-bit, and let things take their own way, then they'll mend for sure."

"I have said that too long, Mr. Crump; but, thank you for your kindness, you will speak to

them, then?"

"Ay, will I, and bring it to you too, though I shall hate myself for it. But if you will, why you will, I'm thinking; it's the way wi' you women. But they shan't know, none of 'em; trust me, I'll blind 'em."

Mrs. Steyne smiled; and as he repeated his promise in taking leave, she sighed and said half to herself—"If there was nothing worse than that to know, it would not trouble me."

In a few minutes little Rose came jumping in, with-" Oh, mother see what dear good Mr. Crump gave me!—see, mother, so much!"

Half-a-crown was a large sum to the children

Tears came into the poor mother's eyes, and Philip, taking Rose aside, held whispered council with her, which resulted in the child coming to her mother, saying, "Mover dear, I'll div you this for to det some tea, and may I have just a penny for some new beads ut my Phil knows where to det?"

Good Crump's liberality furnished the poor family with a meal that night; procured, too, the necessary materials for the brave woman to commence her repulsive labours on the following morning; when her good friend reluctantly brought her an armful of linen, disguised in shavings, from the single young men under him at the works; which, on the assurance of superior finish, and at a trifle below the usual charge, he had prevailed on them

to commit to him.

"They'll be wanting to know next who it be for," he muttered to himself, "and I'm a bad hand at a lie. It'll go about that we're hard up, and that Sarah's took to laundry-work. Darned if I care! and upon my soul I'd a'most sooner it was her than this one. To see how she thanked me, and her eyes shone, just as it might ha' been a present I'd give her. My word I ha' got less thanks for many a present! Eh, what a wife for a man! And there's that brute yonder-I'd fain knock the life out of him-I could so! Now if my Sarah had been like her--- "

But, as if conscious he was on dangerous ground, Crump reined in the flying courser of his thought, and relieved his mind on the score of Sarah's shortcomings, by chastising one of her offspring, whom he encountered stoning a frog in a ditch, and sending him home to his mother; who thereon founded a discourse of half an hour's duration, with which she edified her gossip, Mrs. Darby, on the fruitful theme of men's "tantrums," and evil-doing in general, and her husband's in particular.

Meanwhile, father being gone, as most generally fell out, for the day, copper-fire was lighted, tubs prepared, water fetched from the spring, and the

woman began her self-imposed task.

All the day long she toiled; little Philip ever her right hand—seeing before she asked; bringing, ere required, all she could need. He gathered the vegetables, and prepared them; he went to the village, and invested most cleverly their remaining threepence in meat, running all the way there and back, and resisting all Rose's entreaties - the hardest thing for Phil to do-because they would be so long, and mother would want him.

So the wilful beauty sat in the porch, crying and slapping her tiny knees in despair, till he returned, when her affections were divided between "My Phil," and the string of brilliants he brought

The house was swept up, the dinner cooked, the fractious little face washed, and the curly hair restored to order, before the good lad thought of sitting down to the society of his beloved Scipio, Curtius, and such ancient worthies of his heart. Even then his attention was not unfrequently claimed for the purpose of hearing Rose say her letters, a task of which he acquitted himself with

infinite good grace.

In fact, Philip's not least arduous duties lay in amusing and caring for little Rose. The child, so long accustomed to petting and notice, felt neglected, the sense of trouble in the house oppressed her, and she was not unfrequently wayward and petulant to a degree. But her brother never wearied; the little fairy seemed the sunshine of the rough boy's existence; it was as natural for him to yield and comfort, as for the tiny woman to exact and complain.

"Mother's so tired, Rosey," said Philip, as the child scrambled into her lap, after dinner was over. "Come and sit on Phil's knee, there's a darling."

"I want my farver, I do," said Rose: "he never tomes home now to him's dinner, never."

Philip lifted her to his knee, and coaxed her attention; while the mother wiped the moisture from her pale face, and in a few minutes resumed her laborious task.

Through that day steadily, till the time at which her husband usually returned, when all was carefully put aside, and she and home ready to receive

For he seldom was beyond midnight, and when there was any supper in the house he shared it with her; sometimes contributing a portion, and, at the week's end a small sum generally found its way

home, sufficient, perhaps, to provide a dinner for

the next day.

He was not boisterous or noisy in his drink: with all his faults he had never ill-treated her or the children more than by neglect, in his worst fits his hand had never been raised against them. He had always a smile and caress, in his maudlin degeneracy, for his pretty Rose. Philip he rarely noticed, though the boy abated nothing of his attention and respectful care. None could know what his young heart suffered, or how, as day by day he saw his mother grow paler and more sad, he devised fresh plans for his father's redemption; at times silently acting them out, and seeing them failing in succession.

"Oh, I do want my father!" sighed little Rose, one evening, when the children had rambled to the beach, hand in hand, watching the sunset.

"I wish he'd come home, like he used to, Rosey.

Wasn't it nice then of evenings?"

"Yes, it was; and it's so bad now!" answered the little one.

"It's like Brown Street again," sighed Philip: "but you can't remember that, Rosey."

"My Phil, I do hate public-houses; don't you?" "I wish they was all burnt!" said Phil, energetically.

"Touldn't we doe and ask farver to tome

home?"

"He wouldn't come for me, Rosey, dear."

"For me! eh, my Phil?-Eh?"-and Rose's bright eyes danced with delight-" if I asked him, would he?"

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"Oh, Rose! mother wouldn't have you go into a public-house for the world."

"But her would like father to tome home, Phil, eh? we would be so glad—" yes, Phil! yes!"

Pulling his hand, as she spoke, with a force her brother was not disposed to resist, they crossed the lane, passed the old church, and were soon in sight of "The Crichton."

But the little one's courage fell, as she faced the flaunting pile, with its many windows, where the gas-lights were beginning to glitter.

"Loo will tome with me, my Phil?" she said,

doubtfully, still holding to his hand.

"Yes, dear: but if father sees me—you know he does not love me like he does you, darling Roseyhe will be angry, and he won't come."

"Farver does what I ask, he does," said the

little creature, encouraging herself.

"See, Rosey, I'll wait in there, at the foot of the stairs, and if any one touches you, you call out. I'll not go without you, you know."

They stood at the side door. All seemed very quiet; but they heard the piano, and their father's

"I will doe," said Rose, resolutely; and Philip, standing at the foot, saw her pass swiftly and noiselessly up the stairs. With a panting heart the little creature, guided by the music, entered the room. There were few in it yet, and she espied her father at once. Running to him, she put her arms round him, and cried out in her excitement.

Astonished, her father ceased playing, and lifted her up.

"Why, Rosey! my pet, who sent you here?"

he said.
"I tame myself, I did," said the child, bashfully.

"I want loo, I do, my farver."

"Come of herself, did she? Bless her heart! she's the only one that cares for her father, she is!" And the man stood his child upon his knee, looking proudly at her, while she caressingly hid her face upon his shoulder.

"Eh! she is a real beauty!" said one.

"Got something of his look, too," said a woman; to which her companion demurred.

"That will be the child that Crump told us of; dances, he said, like a fairy."

"Eh! I would like to see her!"
"Will my pet dance for the lady?"

Her face was hidden in his whiskers, and she whispered—"I want loo, I do; I want loo to tome home with me."

"If my pet will dance for the gentlemen, father will come home."

The pet looked into his face, as seeking a confirmation of his promise, then got down from his knee, and putting back her hair behind her ears, stood ready, as if anxious to conclude her share of the bargain.

The piano sounded; the little feet began to move, at first slowly and softly, then quicker and quicker; in the excitement of the dance, the child forgot the place, the company, everything but the delight of her own movements and the sweet music.

The murmur increased; the doors on either side of the room opened: rough faces looked in; rough voices exclaimed and admired:—

"Why, she's just nothing but a doll!"
"See her hair! like gold it is for sure."

"Oh, the sweet creature!"

"You can't see her feet, they move so quick!"

"Where's she come from?"

"It's Steyne's child." And so on.

"Why!" said a huge dark man, rising from a bench in the next room. "that be the little wench as I nigh scared out of her wits, one night, looking into Steyne's garden. Eh, it be the same; a greadly wench, beant her?"

The person addressed returned no answer, but stood with his hands in his pockets, and cigar in his mouth, apparently intent upon the child's

performance.

A young man he was, his dress neither shabby nor good, though little worn; it suggested ideas of having been slept in: his hat was set rather on one side, over a profusion of hair, very black, very glossy, and very corkscrewy; his linen and hands had apparently been long oblivious of water, save that of a ring which glittered on his finger—all but his collar, which was painfully stiff and white. The pimply state of his countenance certainly warranted the presumption of a "crisis," though it might be doubted whether its nature were that belonging to a strictly hydropathic course.

"Not bad," he repeated to himself; for, perhaps

in virtue of his being a guest, in perpetuo, of "The Crichton," during the last week, he held aloof from the vulgar herd around him. "Now! where the plague are you shoving to?" (removing the eigar from his lips, and looking down.) "What do you know about dancing, that you break your neck after it, youngster?"

"I want my sister," said the boy he had spoken to, striving to enter between the little crowd.

"Oh you do, do you?" said a voice at his elbow; and Mr. Crichton, "Admirable," and ever on the alert, took him gently by the shoulder. "Now, my lad, you found your way up those stairs it seems—you'll find your way down as fast as you please. Now run along!"

"Ah! cut it," put in the young man: "publichouses ain't places for good little boys, you know.

Run home to your mother."

Philip attempted to resist, but the arm of the determined Richard was about him, and the next minute found him on the outside of the house; which he bitterly bewailed having allowed his little sister to enter.

"Yours, is she?" said he of the corkscrews, lounging up to Steyne. "Where'd she learn that queer dance? Nowhere? Ah! I see; natural genius and all that. Will you do it again my dear?"

No; Rose had fulfilled her share of the contract, and now claimed her father to redeem his promise, so urgently that they all laughed heartily.

"Here, you beauty; see, here's a lucky sixpence for you, if you'll dance again," said one.

"Ay, and here's a piece of ribbon to hang it round her neck," said one of the women.

"And I'll give her this pretty thing, for a kiss—see!" said another, holding up a shining brooch from her own dress.

The bribe was not to be resisted; the exhibition was repeated, and Richard himself looked on with an approving eye.

He of the ring nodded condescendingly, and patted the child's head: but her father drew her away, and took her on his knee.

"Let her sup," said a man, holding out a glass; but Steyne checked his hand ere it reached her.

"No; she hasn't learned it yet, and she's best without."

"Time enough," laughed he of the corkscrews; "that'll come by and by. Here, you'll not say no;" and he held out a glass of liquor he had just ordered, which Steyne took, with more relish than he had his remark.

"She'll have a cake though," added the young man; and he poured several into her lap, from a basket on the table.

Rose gathered them up and began to eat them, while her eyes were fixed upon the giver; attracted, perhaps, by the glitter of his ring, and other small etceteras of jewellery equally conspicuous.

Many and pressing were the offers of drink Stevne received and accepted; his popularity had evidently risen that night; and it was with quite an increase of importance that he prepared to go, despite protestations and entreaties. It is true it was not a busy night, and was besides getting late, as Richard Crichton quite obligingly bade him good-night. "And you can bring the little girl with you, Steyne, you know, when you like; she'll be out of harm's way; and my wife is very fond of children,—she might run in to her. Good-night. Good-night, poppet. Give me a kiss?—no!—Ah well! ta-ta!"

I am afraid, in the glory of her new treasures, kose had forgotten her brother, till she met him, half-way between the house and "The Crichton," when her exclamation of delight was interrupted by

his voice-

"Father! mother is so ill; please make haste! And may I go for the doctor? I know where he lives in Stillhaven."

"Yes, yes; run! What ails your mother?

There, go, make haste; I'll run on."

And with the child in his arms he did run, fast as ever he had in his life; for his soul chilled at the words.

Leaving Rose below, he hurried upstairs.

She lay on the bed, apparently just recovered from a faint; as Philip had found her, when, fearing his mother might be alarmed, he returned. A glass of water was at her side, which Steyne held to her lips, and, reviving a little, she opened her eyes and looked sadly at him.

"Oh, Harriette dear!" he cried, and took her hand. "What is the matter? You are ill, my poor girl—what shall I do?" And he began to

weep over her.

She soothed him, said faintly she should be better soon; but she did not weep, she pitied him. It has been said, "Pity is akin to Love." So nearly kin, as to make their union unpropitious!

In lamenting over his wife, the time passed till Philip returned: the doctor was out, could not possibly be there till morning. But the sufferer herself objected to his having been sent for, saying

she was "only weak."

That was all; only so weak that the mere act of attempting to rise in the morning sent her into a faint. The doctor came, saw at once the state of the case,—exhaustion, prostration, &c.; and pronounced the usual formula: "strengthening diet, rest, quiet, freedom from anxiety." He might as well have prescribed pounded diamonds and infusion

of pearls.

But if sweet faces and gentle words, if childish love and regret, and untiring service, have any healing virtue, there was a whole pharmacopæia at Hirdiethorn; even little Rose seemed to forget her peevish wilfulness, in helping to nurse "my dear mover." As for Philip, he came out so strong in all his various capacities, as even to astonish himself; while Steyne, who, as the phrase goes, had a good heart, and who had been shocked by his wife's illness, did not fail to bemoan and lament; and for two days never quitted the house; though whether to the benefit of the invalid may be doubted. The very small sum he had received that night, under the careful management of the boy, furnished them with food, and some better nourishment for the

invalid; but George missed his daily stimulant dreadfully; on the second evening the appetite was no longer to be withstood: he quitted his wife's sick pillow for "The Crichton," where he met a warm reception, as may be inferred from his not returning till one in the morning. But Harriette was better; the compulsory rest of body, and perhaps some temporary stimulant in the medicines, for a time recruited her wasted strength.

How Philip received little Rose's recital of her display, while she triumphantly exhibited her treasures, and told of cakes and kisses, we may imagine.

"Oh, Rosey dear! I am so sorry that ever I let you go; but father wouldn't have come for me; and that horrid Mr. Crichton turned me out, and wouldn't let me even come in."

"Did he, my Phil?" kissing and stroking his

head.

"But Rosey, darling, please don't wear that ugly brooch."

"Oh it in't ugly, my Phil!" cried Rose.

"Well, don't wear it, dear; because if mother knew of you being in the public-house, and dancing—oh! it would make her bad. Don't ever you go in again, dear; will you, Rosey, please? And don't tell mother till she's quite well."

"I won't tell my mother at all!" cried Rose, with the dawn of her sex's instinct; and going immediately to hide the dear sparkler, where in solitary enjoyment she might gaze upon it, secure

from Phil's hostile designs.

Touched by his father's evident concern at his mother's illness, never doubting but that he too would discourage Rose's appearance at the public-house, the boy was not sorry that it should be hidden from her; and resolved that no risk should be incurred of its repetition. How he longed to be able to earn, though it were ever such a trifle; but of that he had no chance: and he was the more reconciled to it that his assistance was needful to his mother at home.

For several nights a trifle brought by Steyne sufficed for their wants, and as soon as poor Harriette was sufficiently restored she once more applied herself to her labour; George as speedily relapsing into his old habits, and becoming every day more

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irritable and gloomy.

He returned earlier than usual one evening, and walked into the kitchen, where his wife was ironing. "I say, Harriette!—he began, in an angry voice: "when you do take up with this kind of thing, just be so good as to keep it to yourself, will you? I'm not going to be pointed at, for the husband of a washerwoman, I can tell you! Sly enough of you too!—you must have had plenty all this while, and never said a word. And that dirty fellow to throw it in my face that you was keeping me, washing his shirts, confound him!"

"George," said his wife, quietly, "will you tell me how we are to live? I had no needlework; I could not leave the children, to go out. We have had food to eat, and there is the rent for last

quarter nearly all made up."

"You never told me."

"No, you never asked: but it will be paid; I shall take it next week. I am sorry you have been annoyed about the washing, but it cannot be helped—we must live."

She went on with her work, and he sat down by the fire, still muttering—"A pretty pass to come to! to be told my wife keeps me, washing other

men's shirts."

Presently she came, and putting some things to the fire, she stood by him:—"George, wouldn't it be best to leave this place, altogether?—I believe we should do better in another; and, as the children are growing up, I might get teaching—"

" After washing men's shirts!"

She looked at him, pressed her lips tightly

together, and turned to her work.

"How are we to move, I should like to know?" he said, abruptly, a minute after—"what's to pay our rent, and the rest of it?"

"There is nothing else, that I know of—we owe nothing else; I thought some of the things—"

"The things mustn't be touched!—not a stick!
—mind that!—"

"Why George! what for ?-"

"Never mind; because they mustn't." And he

If the man could have known the pain, actual physical pain, his words cost her: even altered as, by drink, he was, he could hardly have used them. Even then she could have kneeled to him—have entreated, for their children's sake, to stop, ere it was too late—but that had all been done in past times, it was over now. She pressed her hand to her side, sat down a minute—then went on folding away her work, and calculating how she could possibly manage out of it to get a pair of shoes for little Rose.

She looked at them as they sat—Rose with her beads and flowers, Phil with his dear Ancient History—and said, "Thank God!"

That they were left her.

Crump came in at dusk, to fetch her parcel, and she regretted to him that her husband had been

annoved.

"Ay, it's that Tom Hinton," returned Crump; "he does love to have a hit at Steyne. But how he found it out beats me; for I never asked him, be sure; and he could ha' said it but to bother him."

"Serve him right, too!" said the good man to himself: "I'd ha' been on to him before now myself, if it hadn't been for hurting her. Eh, but she looks worse and worse; he must have a heart, he must! But there, Crichton has him under's thumb, somehow; that's certain!"

That day's receipts made up the rent, put a pair of shoes on the poor little feet which had been all but bare; but with that task her last strength was

expended.

"Philip," she said the next evening, "I must go to bed, my boy; and if Mr. Crump comes, thank him, but tell him mother can do no more. Mind Rose, dear, and get your tea; it is in the cupboard."

She would have no one sent for; she was not ill,

she said, "only weak."

Her boy brought her tea and toast; no hand of experienced cook or nurse could have prepared them better; it grieved her that she could not take them. Little Rose followed on tiptoe with flowers, her favourite "bue fower;" and whispered, "my Phil," might she stay? The sun set, its warm rays filled the room; twilight fell—little Rose went to bed; then, after much bidding, Philip said goodnight. Midnight came, and still alone the wakeful woman lay. Then came a step, in at the door, up the stairs, and stumbled at the top—

"Hey! holloa! what's this? Why, Philip, boy,

what are you doing here?"

"Oh! father, had I—oh, I'd fallen asleep. Mother is ill, father, and I thought she'd want me." "Ill, is she? Well, go to bed now, or you'll be

the next ill."

He did not enter the room any too softly, but

she did not seem to be disturbed.

"Hey! dear me! dear me!" sighed the man, commiserating himself, the object of so many trials. He was soon asleep; and did not awake till Philip and Rose came with mother's breakfast in the

morning.

Breakfasts, dinners, and suppers,—where they came from, during the weary time she lay "only weak," it would have puzzled any one to tell who had troubled to think about it. Philip could have told, so could Mr. Crump; of whom the quondam 'angel' about this period waxed suspicious, dealing in broad inuendoes, and to her gossips dilating upon the depth and general depravity of men; more especially such as all at once claimed for themselves the earnings of overhours "pocket money, indeed!"

Once in a while some neighbours would come in to inquire after Mrs. Steyne, to make her bed, or assist in some small matter; but she made so little complaint, and varied so much, that they thought little of her illness, she would soon get round; so

said her husband.

One evening Philip sat alone by her bedside—she had been worse the past day or two. "Where is Rose?" she asked—"she was not here last evening; you should not leave her alone, dear."

Philip muttered something about looking for her; he left the room, and went into the garden. He crept in some time after; his mother had dozed, and when she awoke again it was past Rose's bed-time.

The next evening the boy sat with his book upon the stairs, but he was not reading, when his mother knocked at the bedside.

"Come and sit with me, you and Rose," she

said; "come, both of you."

Philip came slowly; his mother asked again where was Rose?—No answer.

She raised herself, and looked at Philip; he was

"Philip, tell me, this instant—where is your sister?"

"Oh, mother! I couldn't tell you, I couldn't—father has taken her with him."

"Where !-where, child ?"

"To the public-house, mother; he takes her in the evenings—I couldn't tell you!—oh, mother, don't!"—

She had stepped out upon the floor, and was hurrying on her things; she had not left her bed for days; and she looked so pale and ghastly, that he trembled and cried out, putting his arms about

"In a public-house!—a public-house!"—she said, as with inspired strength she hurried down the stairs, and out of the house. Philip ran, crying with terror, but he could not keep up with her. As he gained the brow of the hill, she disappeared within the doors of "The Crichton."

(To be continued.)

HUMAN MORTALITY.

"In the midst of life we are in death." So says the Church of England, in her sublime and impressive service for the Burial of the Dead. A very prevalent notion exists that the passage we have quoted occurs in the Bible; but still, though it is not to be found in the sacred volume, daily occurrences prove to us that it is none the less true. The uncertainty of life is, in fact, one of the solemn truths which we are daily compelled to hear. Death attacks, without compunction, high and low, rich and poor, young and old, and with an apparently utter disregard to consequences. The death of the Prince Consort, for instance, which has spread such a gloom over the land, must have aroused the nation in an extraordinary degree to a consideration of the question of the uncertainty of life. In the prime of his days, in the full vigour of manhood, the husband of the mightiest monarch which this world knows, was struck down; and, before people had begun to think that he was seriously ill, the solemn tones of the great bell at St. Paul's announced, at midnight, with terrible and doleful significance, that Prince Albert was no more. There never was a case perhaps in history which more completely startled a nation into a recognition of the uncertainty of human life. Everybody was stunned, and it scarcely appeared possible that the comely and accomplished Prince who had been seen but a few days previously in robust health, could have gone to the grave. And yet, alas, it was too true !

This very uncertainty of human life, however, is one of its greatest blessings. Without it, life would be intolerable. This view of the case was, many years ago, put forward by the Rev. T. Binney, in his able and eloquent book, "Is it possible to make the best of both worlds?" The Rev. gentleman in alluding to this portion of his subject says:

—"I am fond of children. I think them the poetry of the world—the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes Often as they

bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think-if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but great grown-up men and women! How we should long for the sight of a little child! Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, and indurates the heart. . . It would be a terribe world, if it was not embellished by little childrenbut—it would be a far more terrible one if little children did not die. . . . Death, simply considered, having become the law by which man's residence here was to terminate; and humanity having become what entirely changed its character and circumstances—giving a new importance to the relationships of life, and impressing uncertainty, to say the least, on the future beyond it;—this being the case, to render life itself tolerable to man, it was necessary that the fixed, general law should be softened and modified by two others. That is to say, it was necessary that death should so occur, as not to be of the nature of a distinct positive, and public revelation of the precise future into which each individual passed; and that men should live utterly uncertain as to when they were to die. The positive character of the original law being admitted, anything that would modify it in these two respects, would be of the nature of benevolent relief. This relief is accorded to us. The first is provided by death happening alike to all; and the second, by its occurring at all ages. . . . The same principle applies to premature death. All of you can see, that a general law, terminating life on a precise day, would be painful and intolerable; it would poison life from first to last, and it might provoke and exasperate licence and lust. It is important both for happiness and virtue, that no one should know when he is to die. This object, however, can only be secured by death happening at every moment throughout the entire period allotted to man. . . . On this account it is, that infants and children die; that youths and maidens die; that the young man splendidly endowed, the young woman beautiful and accomplished, die; the bride in her day of tremulous delight, the mother in the hour of her new joy, the strong man in the glory of his strength -on this account they die. They die, that all who live may live on under the blessed consciousness that they know not when they are to die. The whole race reaps the benefit of premature mortality. The glow and brightness of all life is connected with the graves and sepulchres of the young. Those who die early or in the midst of their days, enjoy the advantage while they live. But the law would be infringed and would be contradictory and unnatural, if parents were to be sure that no child could possibly die till it was a day old, or a month, or a year, or two years, or ten; to be thoroughly kind the law must be carried out to its farthest extent, and come into play from the very first mo-ment of possible vitality. Hence it is that infants die;-they die through the working of a most

benevolent secondary law, brought in to break the rigour of the first! And they die for the benefit of the race. Their lives are taken, for the sake of securing the happiness of the world. Let a halo of glory, then, seem to encircle that fair brow, the brow of that little babe, lying cold and dead there on the lap of its mother. Poor mother! thy sorrow is great! Weep away; let the hot tears gush out; it is not time to speak to thee now. But very soon thou wilt come to understand how all thy life thou hast been reaping advantages, that came to thee by the deaths of the infants of others, and thou wilt learn to acquiesce in what is really the result of one of the most benevolent of God's arrangements. The death of thy child, as a human being, is from sin; but his death, as a child, is because he is one of the chosen of the race, whose lot and mission are not to live to do and to enjoy, but simply to die, but to die for the benefit of the whole species, the world over !"

The views thus eloquently declaimed, and which we have been obliged reluctantly to curtail, need no apology for our reproducing them. They will

bear thinking upon over and over again.

There is, however, a further law to which Mr. Binney does not refer: -viz., that, though there is an utter uncertainty as to the duration of any individual life, there is, neverthless, a remarkable uniformity with respect to the average duration of human lives, taken in the mass. It is from a recognition of this law that insurance offices are enabled to undertake to pay specified sums on each individual case, no matter whether the death occurs soon or late. A little reflection will soon convince anybody as to the possibility of this. If we all have our "exits and our entrances," it is obvious that these must be regulated by some law, whose details, probably, we may not be able to trace, but which, nevertheless, is inflexible. It is, at least, certain that all of us must die, at some time or other, and furthermore, that the deaths do not all happen at any one particular age of life. There must be a gradation of ages to give society any vitality at all. And this, Providence in its wisdom accomplishes by taking, in what appears to us an indiscriminate manner, a certain number of lives at each age, and supplying the gaps thus caused by an accession of new births, from year to year. Destruction and reproduction constitute, in fact, one of the fundamental laws of the universe.

The first real attempt to construct a "Life Table," was made by the celebrated Astronomer Royal—Halley, and the motive which prompted him to it was a curious one. The Royal Society, established in 1660, went on swimmingly for a time, but at length the publication of their "Transactions" was suspended in consequence of a dearth both of subjects and writers. After a lapse of some years the recommencement of a regular publication of the "Transactions," was determined upon, and Halley, with a view to secure the success of the experiment, undertook, at a meeting of the Council, in 1692, to himself supply five sheets in twenty! One of the earliest results of this promise was the

publication of "An Estimate of the Degrees of the Mortality of Mankind drawn from curious Tables of the Births and Funerals at the City of Breslau; with an attempt to ascertain the price of Annuities upon Lives." This Table laid the foundation of the present system of Life Assurance. Halley had, it is true, been anticipated in some degree by Graunt, in his quaint work entitled "Observations on the Bills of Mortality (1662-1676)" and in which a sketch was given of a Life Table. But the first Table systematically constructed was unquestionably that of Halley. Since his day, numerous other contributors have added to our stock of information, by the computation of additional Tables drawn from subsequent observations, at various times and in various places. Among the most noted of these are the "Northampton Table," by Dr. Price, founded upon observations made at Northampton; the "Carlisle Table," of Mr. Milne, from observations made at Carlisle; the "Equitable Experience," which gives the results of the mortality among the members of that office; the "Experience," founded upon the experience of seventeen Life Offices; and Mr. Finlaison's Tables founded upon the mortality experienced among the "Government Annuitants." All these, however, deal with limited numbers, inasmuch as the observations only extend over a limited field; and do not necessarily give a correct return of the mortality of people generally. The first real attempt at the construction of a National Life Table, based upon the experience of the whole kingdom, was made by Dr. Farr, of the General Register Office, Somerset House, whose First English Life Table appeared in 1843, in the Fifth Annual Report of the Registrar-General. This Table was amplified and extended in a valuable paper by the same author, in the following year, in a masterly appendix to the Registrar-General's Sixth Annual Report. The Twelfth Annual Report supplied the public with a Second English Life Table founded upon more recent and more complete observations; and after the present census is concluded, we may expect in due time a Third English Table. The results of the first and second Tables strikingly confirm each other, and we may, therefore, reasonably conclude that we have now something like a correct index of the rate of mortality prevailing in England.

The mode of constructing a Table of Mortality may be thus explained:—An even number, say 100,000, as in the English Life Table, is taken as a starting point, representing so many children just born. The numbers dying year by year at the various ages out of this number are noted down, until the list has been exhausted, and then the ingredients for a table of mortality are complete. The English Life Table extends from birth to 107 years of age, (the oldest age coming under observation during the period comprehended in its construction,) and the following Table will give a specimen of the mode of arrangement. We can only spare space for intervals of ten years, but the complete Table gives the figures for every year of

life.

Age or Birthday.	Born and Living at each Age.	The Dying in next year of Age
0	100,000	14,631
10	70,612	392
20	66,061	537
30	60,333	617
40	53,824	691
50	46,620	752
60	37,998	1,121
70	24,532	1,560
80	9,382	1,263
90	1,150	308
100	14	7

It will thus be seen that out of 100,000 children born, 14,631 die in the first year of their existence. By the time ten years have elapsed their numbers have been diminished by death to 70,612, and out of this number 392 die in the following year. fifty the numbers are still further reduced to 46,620, and out of this smaller number the deaths in the following year amount to 752. At 100 only fourteen are left, and of these, half are cut off in the year following. The number from 100 to 107 are too small to form any guide, and therefore we have left off at 100. The numbers dying in the first year certainly looks startling, but our readers will bear in mind the remarks of Mr. Binney in the early part of this paper, and not be needlessly "They have died for the benefit of the alarmed. race." From the age of ten upwards it will be seen that the number of deaths in proportion to the number exposed to risk increases at each decennial interval, and this everybody instinctively knows to be a law of nature even without an Actuary's Tables.

A Table such as the above forms the basis of all the monetary and other calculations which are afterwards made upon life contingencies. The Table which most frequently comes before the public is that showing the "Expectation of Life," which represents the "Average future Lifetime of individuals living at a certain age." A table of these expectations both for males and females is here taken from the first English Life Table, and given as before for intervals of ten years:—

AGE.	Expectation.	
	Males.	Females
0	40.17	42.16
10	47.08	47.81
20	39.88	40.80
30	33.13	34.24
40	26.57	27.72
50	20.03	21.07
60	13.59	14.39
70	8.52	9 01
80	4.94	5.19
90	2.73	2.83
100	1.51	1.54

That is to say, the average future lifetime of children just born is 40·17 years for males, and 42·16 for females. At 40 it is 26·57 years for males, and 27·72 for females. And so of the other cases quoted. The ladies, it will be seen, have the best of it from first to last.

A Table such as this, however, is not used in the computation of the premiums for Life Assurance, for in the latter case the interest of money comes into play; whereas in the above Table, every year of life is regarded as of equal value, no matter whether it is the time present or fifty or a hundred years to come. When the element of interest, however, is introduced, it is obvious that £1 to be received to-day is of greater value than £1 to be received ten years hence; and this is taken into account in assessing the premiums. The Table forming the basis of the monetary calculations is that which we quoted first. And the principle of the process may be shortly explained thus: -Supposing the whole 53,824 persons living at the age of 40 were to insure their lives at an annual premium of £1, the total amount of premiums for the past year would of course amount to £53,824. During the year following, 691 persons would, however, die, and the office would not only lose the £691 which these parties would have paid had they lived to the second year, but also the loss of one year's interest upon the contributions of the 53,133 arriving to the age of 41. By the time the age of 50 is reached, the Table shows us that there are only 46,620 subscribers left, and as their subscriptions for that year are not paid till ten years from the date of entry, the nominal value of £46,620 must be discounted for ten years at compound interest, at the rate per cent. used in the computation of the Tables—usually three per cent. This process, carried out from year to year during the entire extent of the Table, and the results summed up, gives the total present value of all the sums receivable from 53,824 original subscribers, and the average amount assurable by annual payments of £1 each is then easily obtained. This, of course, is irrespective of expenses, &c., for which and for bonuses a margin of about twenty per cent. is usually added to the premium. Numerous subsidiary Tables for facilitating these computations have been published with regard to the principal Life Tables in use, but the details would be uninteresting to the general reader.

It will now be seen how an office can for a small sum per annum, paid to it in the shape of premium, guarantee to pay a comparatively large sum out on the death of the party assured, even should death occur during the very first year. And this ascertained law affords to surviving families, and others, a pecuniary mitigation at least of the ills resulting from premature mortality. It would be well if the general public availed itself more extensively of its benefits.

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Corn is cleaned with wind and the soul with chastenings.

LUNARIA SAXIFRAGE.

TEMPER AND TRIUMPH.

"WELL, Nurse," said Squire Saxifrage, "what news? How's your lady?"

"Very low, Sir; you have a little daughter, a beautiful little baby, but its mother is, we fear, sinking fast."

The squire, who loved his wife next to his day's sport, hunters, and a good glass of old port wine, started up, and hurried to his wife's bedroom, where the stillness felt to him insupportably painful, and as foreboding some calamity. "Ella, dear love, are you so very ill?" he said, tenderly stooping over her, and kissing her brow, clammy cold with the dew of death. She could not answer, she looked a look of recognition, but he had come too late! She died-she never saw her child. Her husband wept, looked sad, and for a couple of weeks stayed at home, sending for his baby every day after dinner, when he pleased Nurse by admiring her charge, and sighed, as he remembered "Ella," and how grieved she was when her first-born, her son Edward, died.

Dewsbury Castle, the home of our heroine, was all that could be desired, and as the little Lunaria was carried by Nurse in the splendid park, and laid on a warm rug, under the shelter of the noble oak trees, soothed to sleep by the cawing in the rookery behind the venerable and magnificent ivycovered castle, many ideas of grandeur and splendour for her nursling passed through the mind of

the old woman.

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The christening was attended by all the neighbouring gentry, and the child grew up, in every sense of the word, a spoiled heiress. Her father admired her, and spoke of her beauty and talents, before her. The servants idolized her, and she rode 10 admiration by the age of ten, and was a good shot by twelve. She had a clever tutor, with whom she learned from attachment, but, poor child! her will was a law, and woe be to any who contradicted her. Being much in the open air, she was healthy, so she was not cross-tempered; she had a bright, kind smile and soft word for all, but fits of passion, if thwarted in the merest trifles, destroyed the beauty, alike of body and mind. She was a lovely girl, and had she been judiciously reared, few could have equalled her in loveliness of disposition. Her father laughed, when her dark eye kindled with rage, and her proud pouting lips gave expression to words she had learned from himself. Poor Lunaria! she was as wild and as untamed as the Arab colt; yet, as even it, when caught, subdued and domesticated, has a warm, loving, grateful heart; we hope, yet, something better for our heroine than to grow up like the wild heather of the moors. Once or twice she had suffered so acutely after her fits of rage, that even Nature taught her to subdue her temper a little. A pet bird would not drink when Lunaria held the crystal fount to its mouth; angry, she seized the little warbler, and too rudely making

it immerse its head in the water, it gasped, and closing its bright eyes died in her hand. How she wept! how she hated herself! she could not be comforted; she would not eat, and refused to see even her tutor, but sat all the evening on a low seat, sobbing, and with her little favourite clasped to her breast, fell asleep, and softening tears bedewed her pillow. Again, a peasant child displeased her, and she struck the little offender; the child sickened and died, and, although her blow in no way injured the child, Lunaria could not forgive herself, and for months the sight of the dying child smote her heart continually. She could not own her fault, seek forgiveness, and enjoy sweet peace of mind; pride ruled over her, and yet daily she carried fruit, flowers, and every luxury to the peasant's child; but when the little invalid thanked her, Lunaria felt self-reproach, and she could not pardon her own sin. She knew little of what is called religion; she repeated her prayers and her catechism, all perfectly. She went to the parish church once every Sunday, and as she increased in beauty every year, she was not displeased at the gaze of admiration as she seated herself in the family pew, the sole representative of the ancient house of Dewsbury. She loved her father, but could not respect him, and yet she had a warm affection for her horses, dogs, and old favourite servants, and last, though not least, her tutor. She was as happy as her nature would allow her. She had no anxious fears, no hours of sickness, little sorrow; she had no wish ungratified: naturally clever, she liked her lessons, and, as she was never allowed to study but when she wished, her books and tutor were alike a recreation and companionship. She rarely got angry with her teachers, as "Knowledge is power." She felt gratitude and respect for those who knew more than herself, and, as her young governess sang some plaintive airs, Lunaria, ashamed of such womanly weakness, would turn away to conceal the tears that would flow from these dark (and but too often angry) eyes. Thus passed our heroine's childhood, but she attached herself to none. Her mind was too masculine, and yet her soft, sweet voice, bespoke the flood of tenderness within-pent up by an invulnerable pride.

CHAPTER II.

HER father's associates were not of a character to influence his child-elderly men, sportsmen, like himself. She was admired by them in the huntingfield, as a first-rate huntress, a daughter worthy of such a father! Lunaria was no more gratified by their approbation than if they praised her horse or hounds; having no rival, she knew no vanity, and having been flattered from infancy, it all fell harmless. How different from the child of poverty and adoption, unloved and never admired; its childhood blighted by coldness and constant fault-finding; its eyes dimmed with unshed tears; its little heart withered in the bud! How the first voice of sympathy wins the heart, and the first word of love enchants, e'en enslaves the soul! Ah! that parents,-above all, mothers or female guardians, -knew the misery that follows such coldness on their part. An unmeaning word of flattery, a kiss, given from self-gratification, win the orphan maiden's heat, and unites her for life to one totally unworthy of her. In the same way, our heart bleeds for the young milliner, shop-girl, and domestic servant, placed to earn their bread in the most chilling and selfish atmosphere, where their finely-moulded form and girlish beauty is but regarded as a piece of machinery, and a cold calculation made of how much labour it can endure. The house-reared maiden of our British Isles basking in the loving smiles of her parents, accustomed to the caresses of little brothers and sisters; used to the honied, harmless flattery of "Bonnie Nelly," "Pawky Lassie," "Our braw Bairn "-ah! to them the soft words of seductive blandishment fall unheeded, no blush of pleasure mounts to the cheek of the happy girl, her heart is filled, and only true worth and genuine attachment can find a welcome in that maiden's heart or in her father's home; but, unfortunately, few can afford to keep at home their grown-up daughters, and the hard-worked mothers have not studied their characters or prepared them for coming trials. They are pure-minded themselves, these excellent, but ignorant women, and they send their young daughters to the edge of the headlong steep, without an arm outstretched to save, or a voice of warning to protect them; and if their foot slips, and they fall, how bitter, how unforgiving are these parents! The unhappy girl is driven to despair, sometimes tempted to destroy herself, or, what is more common, finding herself homeless, she resigns herself to a life of infamy and an early grave. Who would have thought nineteen summers back, as she lay nestling in her mother's bosom, that for want of the prodigal's welcome she was thus lost!

We must return to Lunaria. Her father had, by reckless extravagance and horse-racing, run through his means, involved his estate, and although of a character rarely to look forward, still he wished Lunaria to marry well and soon. So, he invited many young men, and even young noblemen of wealth and respectability, and soon was charmed to betroth his daughter to Lord Ellerton, a jovial, fine young fellow, who loved his sport, his glass, and had no objections to a spirited and handsome

wife.

CHAPTER III.

LUNARIA and he never knew one day of peace; they quarrelled fearfully, but laughed and smiled immediately afterwards. April showers and sunshine. Her father felt sometimes a little nervous, as he feared Harry's love would not stand this long; but as he had never taught his child one moment's self-control, she could not, even to gain a coronet, act the hypocrite. So one day Harry Ellerton had irritated her beyond endurance, and her favourite

Earl, he kicked it, and it howled and ran to its mistress. She, in a passion, reproached him violently, and as he smiled at her passion, she struck him. He rose, bowed, and left Dewsbury for ever, wrote to her father, saying he could not marry a young tigress, however lovely; and renounced the engagement. This had no effect upon Lunaria, except that her father grew colder to her, and lectured her upon the necessity of appearing more gentle and ladylike. She answered haughtily, and left her parent's presence ere a burst of passionate

reproach assailed him.

The castle was full of strangers, chiefly sportsmen, and Lunaria appeared in the hunting-field, angry with all the world, because the only one she loved was dissatisfied with her; she was reckless, she rode more fearlessly than usual, took leaps not even the most daring ventured upon, and was finally thrown, and lay senseless. Her father's agony was intense, he felt as a dagger every word he had said to his child!! all he had on earth. He raved, he cursed, he tore his hair, but could do nothing. Gently she was raised by stranger hands, gently water bathed her insensible brow, and a flask of brandy was put to her pallid lips; no returning consciousness. She was carried to the castle by several of the young men, and sad was the return. Her horse, led by the groom, felt he was in disgrace, and drooped his proud neck, and slow and faltering was his step. The father, trembling, leaned upon a friend's arm, and seemed too much grieved to speak. The old nurse wrung her hands, and beckoned to the young men to carry their precious burthen to her chamber. How gay it seemed!—her birds singing, her flowers blooming, the cheerful fire, and elegance of her apartment, all now seemed a mockery. Her little Italian greyhound saw in the mournful faces of all, that there was cause for grief; a low whine, and the little creature stood aloof and watched his kind mistress being laid upon her luxuriant couch, as unconscious, and meanwhile as lifeless, as the marble statues which surrounded her: for Lunaria, with all her faults and irregular course of education, loved the fine arts; her room was filled with paintings by the first masters. "Cuyp" with his charming moonlight skies, and also his warm sunny atmosphere; "Both" with his tall trees, rich in light, and varied foliage, with the sun's rays gilding the tufts of leaves and plants, and enhancing the charms of the scene. Some fine "Claudes," in which you gaze with admiration at the colossal ruins of the ancient temples, also his fine Italian sea-ports, under the aspect of a glowing sunset. Being fond of horses and hunting, a few of "Wouvermans'," representing animated scenes and hunters mounted on their spirited horses. Guido's "Penitent Magdalen," Teniers' "Flight into Egypt," Greuze's lovely "Female "Mourner," Raffaelle's "Holy Group," so full of sweet expression, and opposite her couch is Greuze's "Domestic Felicity," which so happily expresses the sentiment of affection and pleasure, and many others.

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But Lunaria is hovering between life and death. her cousin, an eminent barrister, had arrived some days before at the Castle, but she had been in too bad humour to do more than receive him with even more than her usual hauteur. Young Saxifrage rode merely as a gentlemen; he had devoted his whole time to his profession, and had distinguished himself through life. He was an earnest student, had rarely spent an hour for his own amusement, and been but little in the society of ladies; his family were consumptive, had all died except his mother, and for her he thus toiled that she might be proud of her son. She noticed lately he had a slight cough, imperceptible but to the quick anxious ear of a mother, and she urged him to accept his uncle's invitations, given in every letter, to come and get strong at Dewsbury. His calm judgment and gentle manner had won all for his cousin. He now left her to be undressed, and rode one of the swiftest hunters for a good surgeon, for he feared Lunaria had received concussion of the brain. Many hours of intense anxiety for the watchers, ere Edmund returned with an experienced and skilful surgeon. After examination, and using means which by slow degrees restored consciousness, the surgeon was of opinion that the fall had been broken by the ribs coming in contact with a mass of stones; several were broken, but this had saved from injury the vital organs of the head. Recovery was now hopefully anticipated, but the moans of the poor girl showed how very much she suffered. Opiates were given to produce sleep and ease from pain, and the surgeon remained for several days, till the fractured bones reunited. In a few weeks all danger was past, but quiet and rest of mind were absolutely essential. The Squire returned to his usual avocations in excellent spirits, that all was right with his beautiful daughter, and for her it was left to endure the weary hours of weakness and languor, doubly bitter to an amazon like our heroine.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was one who had never left her, but to snatch a few hours of sleep, and as she could bear no other arm to lift her, no other voice could soothe her. He alone could administer the drugs. He alone, by a kind but determined manner, controlled the restless irritability of fever,—Edmund had been the gentle nurse, and as he now sat at a little table near her bed, his high pale brow resting on his white hand, and the clustering soft brown curls straying wantonly over his cheek and fingers,

"Do you weary, dear cousin," he said, approaching Lunaria, her dark eyes filled with tears.

"No; but I was thinking how nobly you have acted, and how you must despise me."

" No, dear Lunaria, I have acted towards you as my heart dictated, and I am more than repaid by seeing the rose return to your cheek. But," said the generous young man, (as her dark eyes again filled to overflowing,) "I must resume my authority of nurse, and forbid all exciting conversation."

"But Edmund, will you forgive me all?" "Yes, dear!" and he kissed her little hand.

"And will you advise me how to lead a different life for the future?—You often thought I was asleep when you prayed at my bedside, and asked blessings for me; and will you do so now, and often? and when able I will tell you my faults, my fearful temper, my pride, my rebellious spirit when differed from, my impatient, unloving and selfish nature."

"Dear cousin, what a catalogue!" as the girl seemed relieved when all was out. "Unloving! no my cousin, how could you delight in such a scene as that, if your own heart did not echo the senti-ment?" and Edmund pointed to the "Greuze" on which so often he had seen her eyes rest with pleasure,—a cottage scene of love and joy at the

return of an affectionate father.

"You have faults, my dear cousin, who has not? but you are responsible for great talent, fine tastes, and many admirable qualities. You are young, and can far more than redeem the past. You have a vigour of mind and powers of mind that rightly directed will make you a great woman; and if by prayer and effort on your own part to subdue all that is evil, you succeed, you will be a good woman," and Edmund ventured to look up at his cousin, half afraid how her pride would stand this test, so severe even to the humble, of hearing their faults. Her countenance was truly that of repose, beaming with dignity and loveliness, and mingled with penitence and devotion. Edmund knelt beside his cousin, her hand in his, and prayed. He then, in his own low musical voice, (which had so often lulled her to sleep,) read some Psalms, and kissing her now untroubled brow, arranged her pillows, gave her a little nourishment, and went to write to his mother while she slept. His letter will express his sentiments better than by narrating them.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—Having sent you a bulletin daily of my cousin's health, you will be glad to hear she is to have a bit of chicken to-day, and to be upon her sofa, and to walk once or twice through the room. She is a dear girl, when one knows her; her very expression alters to those she loves. I thought my two first days at Dewsbury purgatory; but I saw her to disadvantages, she was vexed, and then this sad accident; but the three months passed at her bedside seem but a week—we are so happy!!! She is very clever, a strong masculine mind, you almost forget she is a woman, till her soft voice, and a feeling that thrills through me, reminds me she is beautiful as well as gifted. Her faults are all those of education; what a miracle that she is so ladylike, so refined, and so accomplished. She owes much, indeed everything, to her teachers. My uncle is the soul of honour: he told me last night he is a ruined man, deeply involved, and at his death will not be worth a farthing; that this was his reason for urging his daughter to marry the wild young earl. She has of her mother's money £5,000 on her marriage day, and from him nothing. I saw his motive for telling me: he saw that I was deeply interested in my cousin, and he feared I wished the family estate. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word, and I love my poor uncle; but grieve to see him wasting life in hunting, horse-racing, and drinking. I grieve to say he rarely goes to bed sober; no constitution can long stand it. He says I have saved Lunaria's life; so, as soon as she recovers, (if you consent,) my own dear mother, I will ask her hand from her father, and bring you a daughter with a mind as beautiful as her face and figure. She is lovely and amiable. My cough is better, and my spirits quite light. I only need my angel-mother with us to be QUITE happy. - Your affectionate son, "EDMUND SAXIFRAGE.

"P.S.-I know you disapprove of cousins marrying, but you will not make any objection. WE are in LOVE, so cannot hear reason, dearest of mothers.—E. S.

"P.S.—Again—Lunaria is asleep, or would say something to you. Yesterday she said, 'How I love our mother!'

CHAPTER V.

THANKS to her healthy training, having run wild like a young colt for many years, our heroine regained her health and strength with great rapidity, and enjoyed a drive with her cousin Edmund in the pony carriage. Six months of suffering and weakness had altered Lunaria entirely, she had grown into a gentle, loving woman; and when grieved, and her face flushes with passion, she now controls herself; and although for a time the conflict raged within, and pained her better judgment, thanks to Edmund, who ruled her by love, she knew where to seek for guidance, and the Spirit's help, which alone gives enduring peace. Thus it was not Edmund on whom she had learned to rest; he knew better; he taught her to rest on the Rock that never fails! whose support endureth for ever!

To please the Squire, there was a grand wedding; and a carriage and four bore the really happy pair to the Lakes of Cumberland, and then they went to Italy, as Edmund's doctor had advised this for him; but first they visited Edmund's mother, a real English lady, still beautiful, in the autumn of her life, with a heart so kind, that Lunaria, who had never known a mother's kiss, or seen a mother's smile, clung to her, and shed, along with Edmund, soft, sweet tears, on her mother's bosom. Would that there were more mothers-in-law like Edmund's gentle mother. How much more happiness would be in store for us all! Why do mothers-in-law and their sons' wives so seldom agree? The "love"

is wanting.

Lunaria and Edmund spent one happy year abroad, basking in sunshine, and in each other's love. A little boy was welcomed, and its fond mother scarcely knew an ailment. She nursed and loved her boy; named him Edmund the Second; but ere long he sickened and died. Another, and it, too, died; and faneying the climate of Italy was too relaxing, ere her third was born she hastened home, and presented to grandmamma, in her sweet English cottage, a little rosebud, a sweet girl, called "Ella," after Lunaria's mother. It, too, sickened and died. Cousins' children are rarely elever or healthy: these sweet, winning, precious buds were early and in mercy called hence. Their parents mourned and wept; but better thus, than to see them grow up weak in mind, or debilitated in body, enduring a life of suffering, and a living grief to all who love them.

Edmund's mother died in her daughter's arms. and she was comforted by Edmund. How he admired his wife! She had been tried in the furnace of affliction and was purified. Her character was loveliness itself! But a heavier grief yet awaited her. Edmund's health now became so alarmingly bad that his wife never left his side day or night; and she was summoned to Dewsbury Castle if she wished to see her father in life—a fit of apoplexy. and little or no hope of his recovery. Truly our heroine was in the deep waters, but she never broke down; the Arm she had sought years before, the Rock on which she leaned, now sustained her, and she was sustained, and enabled to bear all. Her parent died, and left her his blessing; he had no more. She was so paralysed with grief she never shed a tear! All her little ones, their grandmamma, her own father, and now her cousin Edmund, her husband!—Alas! alas! she could not weep; as long as she could toil, lift him, give him ease, read to him, pray for him, think of him, and HOPE he might be spared—she lived in him! Each pain he felt, so did she, even more acutely; each restless night she shared, till, at last, she could not sleep: her head swam; she knew nothing but to murmur soft words of comfort in his dying ears, to hold his hand, to pray, low, soft, sweet prayers for him. And all is over! Edmund, her husband, died! Her chest heaved more than his; what agony! Verily she tasted death!-

CHAPTER VI.

ALL is now over! the days of intense mental pain, and nights of starting sleeplessness-waking with words of kindness and comfort on the lips, when your leved one is not there to hear it—the agony of the last day and hours beside the coffinthe farewell—the sound of the hearse, and the suffering of seeing him borne away by unfeeling hirelings. Weeks passed of suffocating, sickening sorrow. But the faithful in adversity, the good "Veronica," never left her mistress. She had been under-nurse to the sweet babes, and was devotedly attached to her mistress. She was niece to Lunaria's nurse, and had been trained to love the heiress of Dewsbury-so, like the sweet flower whose name she bore, she clung to her in her adversity.

For some months Lunaria could not look forward; but, as returning health and energy were granted, she durst not bury her talents in the earth, and bethought herself of her path of duty. After consideration and prayer she summoned their

family doctor. "And now, dear sir, you remember a promise you made me of recommending me as a sick nurse." The doctor looked distressed.

"Surely, my dear madam, this is not required." " Ah! no, Doctor," said she, seeing the mistake; "I am rich in money, but have no ties, no home duties, and I should pine to death; I cannot live for myself, or alone. I wish to be a Sister of Charity, but to live in England, and try to be of use to the poor, in hospitals, almshouses, and in cases where you think I could be useful to help to nurse the poor of my own class, who find hired nurses so expensive, or so unfeeling. It is for this I claim the fulfilment of your promise."

"It is," said the doctor, "an arduous under-

taking, but admirable."

The doctor, a clear-headed practical man, stated to her all the annoyances and discomforts she must meet with: "the difference of nursing from attachment, and from a sense of benevolence and duty;" and having prepared her for the worst, told her he thought "her resolve a noble one, and he knew no lady of refinement and education so well suited for a nurse."

"And, Doctor, you will meet me at the Infirmary,

and introduce me in my new character?"

"I will; we understand each other. There is a ward of convalescents will suit you for a beginning. They are too weak to read, many too ignorant, and the hours hang so heavy you will be very welcome."

"Agreed," said Lunaria; "my best thanks for your kind help. I hope to be of some comfort to other sufferers;" and she sadly smiled, and pressed

the doctor's hand.

"But, dear Lady, you are so far from the town,

and all abodes of poverty."

"I will easily arrange that; my faithful 'Veronica' will not be induced to leave me. I intend having no home, but taking up my quarters at an hotel, near my work, where my maid, my dog, my birds, and many precious memorials of my loved ones, may be my solace in the quiet evenings, after my day has been spent in usefulness."

The doctor was overcome.

"What a vigorous mind, after such years of trial! Most ladies would selfishly indulge their grief, or strive to forget it by mingling in scenes of amusement and gaiety."

"But, Doctor, I am a working animal, and could not bear the hours of self-reproach if I wasted my

still young life in uselessness."

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The doctor saw her mind was made up, so with a hearty "God bless you, dear Lady, and prosper

you in this good work," he left her.

This was the most sad and lonely night Lunaria ever had; her misspent life rose up against her; her father's sad and reckless manner of living, then her infants' dying, and her husband's sufterings-how religion alone enabled him to bear the constitutional irritability over which he grieved, as his poor wife suffered from it. She felt as though riveted to that bedside, to suffer over again the closing scene. She sees the dear one's cheek crimson from hectic fever the cough, the rapid pulse, the failing strength, the bright, but sunken eyes. She can endure it no longer; it is the last night in her home, and her strong mind is overpowered by her love and woman's tenderness! also years of suffering had shaken her own strength more than she was aware of. She knelt in prayer, and pouring out her sorrows as well as sins to Him who alone can absolve, she felt relieved. She then pleaded with our Heavenly Advocate to be washed

from all her past errors, and to give her the Comforter she so much required. She prayed for guidance to act aright henceforward, and that the holy angels would be with her, a homeless wanderer, a bereaved widow. A low sob burst from her agonized heart, and Veronica, who was in the next room, heard it; and as she reached her mistress, she found nature had been too long tried, and she had fainted. It was morning. Lunaria had spent the last night under her own roof, in prayers and penitence. Her kind maid, by applying warmth and cordials, revived her, and having put her to bed, soothed her beloved mistress to sleep.

Veronica had been adopted in childhood to tend the flowers and feed the birds of the young heiress; it was a proud day for the faithful young girl, when she was advanced to be under-nurse to the infant Saxifrages. How fondly she nursed these lovely, precious babes! how bitterly she wept when they suffered and died! and to-night she had cried herself to sleep; and resting on her pillow were the pictures of her nurslings—the fair-haired blueeyed "Edmund;" "Henry," with his mother's dark eyes, but the transparent delicacy and consumptive look of the father; and the lovely little "Ella," whose unnatural brilliancy of eye, narrow chest, and long slender fingers, marked this dear little one, as well as her brothers, as an early victim to the hereditary disease of her family. At the appointed hour our heroine met the doctor at the infirmary, none could have guessed her night of suffering; except that she was very pale, but calm, and had not her lip slightly quivered, not even the doctor could judge of the inward struggle. She gave her bonnet and cloak to Veronica, and followed the doctor, her basket on her arm, filled with any picture, toy, or books she thought would amuse. The doctor introduced her to the nurses, as "a kind lady who wished to sit with the sick for a little, to read or chat to them;" and our heroine took refuge beside a very young man, who seemed recovering from some severe ailment—so pale, so worn, so depressed.

"You have been very ill?" said she, in her own peculiarly low soft voice, and soon she forgot all but "Tom Millar." He had been a neglected child, and had run away from a drunken father and harsh stepmother, and been an unhappy cabin boy; the only face he had any warm remembrance of, was a kind lady, who, in crossing the Channel, remembered him, and gave a soft kind look, and a little book, when she put a sixpence into his hand. And so he did not fear Lunaria, but was comforted by her kind sympathy. Nurse declared, "Tom was a new

man."

In the next bed was a sort of idiot: he could not say even a prayer, and yet seemed so willing to hear, so grateful to get his sad murmurs spoken; this was a case of duty, so he was patiently heard, and a child's toy given with a kind word and a few lozenges. The next was an aged saint; how sweet to hear his pious breathings, his resignation to die soon, his faith in what his Saviour had done, his willingness to leave all in God's hands! Our

heroine felt it a privilege to listen to him, promised to listen to him again soon, and giving him a few shillings to purchase any little luxury he wished, pressed his hand, and turned to another,—a young man who, Lunaria saw, could not long be in this world. He had lost a leg some months ago, and consumption had begun in his system: the flushed cheek, hard cough, and expectoration,-alas! this was an interesting and but too familiar case to her, she spoke so gently, and her eyes filled with tears; the invalid accustomed to be looked upon as a "case," was surprised, and she asked, if he had long been ill, and gently drew from him his story, spoke comfortably to him, and on his saying he intended going out, as he was pronounced "incurable," Lunaria marked down his address, gave him some cough lozenges, and some black currant jelly, and said, "she would come to see him and his wife and baby soon, in his own home. He was Scotch, he could not say a word of thanks, but as she took his emaciated hand, he pressed it for an instant, and tried to speak; a painful cough followed, and "Willy's" eyes never ceased to follow her, till she left the ward. It was six o'clock, and she felt tired, and found her faithful maid at the exact hour, with her bonnet and cloak, waiting to escort her (not home but) to her hotel, where Lunaria retired early to rest, and slept more soundly than for many months. She arose, refreshed, with her mind filled with her patients, and Veronica remarked her dear lady's step was firmer, and she seemed less sad, since she began to work. We are created to be of use to others, and it is a fact, that, next to being wicked, to be IDLE is the most unhappy lot. Our heroine to-day asked for the woman's ward, and a surly nurse came forward. Lunaria paid her no attention; and soon was so engrossed with a sweet child suffering from scrofula, that she forget nurse's bad temper. Poor body, she poured some boiling water over her hand, and her moans brought Mrs. Saxifrage to her side, who promptly applied wadding and warmth, and the crabbed body felt relieved, and said as the lady left, "They are not quite useless these lady-nurses after all, but the gentry should keep their own places." Many coarse taunts were uttered by the nurses, who feared Lunaria was a "spy," to see that they did not rob the sick of their nourishment and wine. But soon they saw the lady-nurse never interfered with them, but soothed the suffering, and allowed them time to sleep in their chair, or gossip, as they liked; they found her useful, and soon welcomed her good-humouredly.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. SAXIFRAGE, as she was now well known as, had passed two years in the infirmary, and been as happy as in her sad lonely state she could be; she often followed the convalescents when they left the infirmary so weak they were unfit to work, and the change from the good diet, good nursing, and quiet rest, to their noisy, comfortless homes, with no fire and little food, was to the kind lady

heartstriking. What a pity, she often thought, that a fund could not be raised for this purpose—that an allowance per week should be given to the poor patients till their health was sufficiently renewed to enable them to resume work. Here her faithful "Veronica" was invaluable; she followed her mistress's footsteps, and daily visited certain houses with just the proportion of nourishment and wine for the day, for how sad it is the want of economy or provident care among the very poor; also the prevailing disease of intemperance, that robs the very couch of the sick husband or wife, even steals the clothing of the family to satisfy the cravings of the drunkard; but in the Alms Houses much annoyance awaited our heroine: she saw the poor paupers suffering from cold and insufficient clothing, and joyfully she promised many comforts to them, and Veronica and she arrived the next day laden with good things; but the matron would not permit them to be given, and hard was the trial to our heroine's temper as she heard the refusal seconded by the governor; had she yielded to her temper, in a passion, she would have left the house for ever, but she felt so acutely for the distress of the poor, they doubly required her to console them, so she told "Veronica" to take the warm clothing to some of her other poor friends, and saying to the matron her reasons were good, although her position of being obliged to be so strict was painful—calm and somewhat saddened she had to explain to the disappointed poor and sick that she dared not act against the rules of the House. Their patience in so bitter a trial was a silent rebuke to Lunaria: she gave all that was permitted, a little tea or jelly or a trifle of money; and how her presence was hailed, she was the light of the poor-house, the sunbeam of their hearts. She listened, and pitied each one, and whenever it was practicable alleviated their sufferings. There were two sweet children she soon loved, both were the victims of their fathers' intemperancesweet Maggies! lovely angels! a few months and they were safely housed in Paradise. Sometimes as the eldest slept, Lunaria gazed at her calm, placid expression, so guileless, she knew no sin but the original evil; and the blood of Christ, in which she trusted, had washed her "whiter than snow;" when she woke, a sweet, pleased smile rewarded "Mrs. Saxy," as the children called her, and a toy a few beads or a doll charmed the sweet sufferers—they slept next to each other, and dearly they loved each other! many an hour Mrs. Saxy sat between their tiny beds, telling them "of little Samuel being called," of our Saviour loving little children, and taking them in His arms and blessing them. She then taught the eldest a little prayer, and told her to teach it to "wee Maggie. These children were Scotch, and then some cooling fruit, or tempting cake, and a kind "good-night" and left her rosebuds. Sometimes she visited the insane, and although rather nervous she knew there was a wide field here for usefulness, yet it required years of training and moral courage, so she generally gave a present of a cheerful musical in-

strument, or a fine soothing picture; also toys for the idiots, and money to add to the comfort of the sick. To some she became attached; and all loved and respected Mrs. Saxifrage. The blind knew her step, and delighted in the music of her voice: and as she read to them on certain days of the week, they crowded round her, and blessed her. These hours of working usefulness were happiness to our heroine, her heart was in another world with all she loved, and now the children of affliction were her family, and her maternal bosom was the resting-place of the sad, sick, or sorrowful. Many a penitent Magdalene, who was hardened and silent when the matron (a good, but narrow-minded, bigoted Christian) lectured them upon being humbled, wept tears of real genuine repentance upon Lunaria's bosom, as often she lingered till midnight, as they poured forth their story of sin and sorrow, and she pointed out to them the Saviour who died for sinners, and who rejected none. "Come unto me,"—often these comforting words were the last heard by the dying penitents. So totally did Lunaria live for others, so deeply interested in their happiness, or rather in striving to alleviate the miseries of others, that for twelve hours she forgot to take food, and fell down between the poor-house and her hotel in a fainting fit. Poor Veronica blamed herself, and ever afterwards, if her mistress did not return, she was in attendance at the hour with proper nourishment for her dear lady. Who could have thought the change produced by sanctified affliction upon the heiress of Dewsbury, "forgetfulness of self," was now the most lovely trait in her character? The health of our heroine was beginning to suffer from the long hours of confinement in the poor-house; and Veronica, seeing her Lady's food often went away untasted, proposed to her a day or two of perfect rest, and fresh pure air. So she agreed to be lazy for a little, and was lying on the sofa reading an Italian poem, when her good friend the doctor walked in.

CHAPTER VIII.

"GLAD to see you taking a little rest; but ah!" said he, "you do not look as well as I wish, and I fear to present my petition lest it should injure you."

"What is it?" said Lunaria, starting up, "I am well, only my good Veronica was not pleased with my appetite. There is nothing I wish more earnestly than ever to be useful. Doctor, I like my work."

The doctor, as usual when with this superior creature, had to pause and clear his throat.

"It is, dear Lady, the saddest case I ever have known in all my practice, and you alone are capable of assisting me."

Lunaria's dark eyes beamed with joy, then drooping her proud form, she murmured, "O God, help me, and make me useful and humble." She looked up, her eyes full of tears.

The doctor continued, "She is a lady of about thirty, and married not many years ago the handsome, wealthy, and dashing Lord Ellerton. She

was the daughter of a peer, and so lovely, she was often mobbed in London, and theatres or public places crowded, merely to see her; she was vain and proud, and reared by a worldly-minded mother, who, as the ill-natured world said, (or I would rather call it the disappointed fortune-hunting mothers said), caught the young earl. Well, they were married, and during a few weeks all went on well; but soon his selfishness and idle conduct annoyed his lovely petted bride, and her exacting demands upon his attentions he would not be troubled with; this caused little quarrels, pouts and sneers, and the young couple became fashionably indifferent; rarely met, except in society, as neither had much heart, or knew the meaning of true love. Their mutual indifference was in their circle a matter of course, the tenor of their lives went on smoothly, each allowed the other to follow the bent of their own inclinations; and it was only at times that Lady Ellerton felt keenly the utter heartlessness and misery of such a life. When her little daughter was born, and its father away from home, when weak and depressed, she asked nurse 'if his lordship had returned,' and she hesitated, and at last said, 'he had hastily dressed for dinner and went out on hearing that Lady Ellerton was asleep.

"And did he see baby?"

"No, my Lady. These were trials, my dear Mrs. Saxifrage, but we cannot change a character, such as Henry Ellerton's, by even so important an

such as Henry Ellerton's, by even so important an event as the birth of his first-born. A few years and he was the father of twin sons, and, strange to say, neither parents cared about the unfortunate children. The lovely mother was so fond of admiration, she seldom saw her children, felt it quite a punishment when they were unwell at any time; and during my visit she was from courtesy obliged to be with us for a little. I looked at her, as a lovely picture, but would have preferred it upon canvas, to free the soul from responsibility. She had no love, no fondness, but for self. She delighted in adorning her symmetrical form, and never was satisfied unless she was the acknowledged belle of the season, and sometimes piqued her husband into paying her outward attention to prevent others from doing so. Sometimes she coquetted so as to enrage Lord Ellerton, and the home scenes were shocking!! But to do justice to the lovely wife, she had no attachment on earth, she had never seen or known any feeling but vanity!! A French governess from six years old had taught her to coquette, her parents deceived each other and the world; they were struggling to keep up a position of rank and importance, and were ruined, her father by gambling, her mother, a thorough woman of the world, who sold her child to the best bidder. Her two other daughters were also victims. One died of a broken heart, from her husband's neglect, as she had an affectionate nature; the other has habits which degrade the lowest of her sex; but all was owing to the mother's neglect and bad example.

"But I tire you," said the Doctor, "only to do good you must know all, and yet I fear you will

hardly venture to go to London after hearing all this. To finish my long story, Caroline and her lord and master had a violent quarrel, and as he had been drinking pretty freely, he was very abusive, his wife hurriedly and very angrily left the room, and by accident struck her cheek against the edge of the door a very severe blow. In a few days I was sent for, as I knew the constitution of her family, and she also had the best advice in London; but never again will that lovely face be admired, never again will it resume its hue of health; for long it gave no great uneasiness, but to get it well, so as to allow the poor lady to return to her scenes of gaiety, alas! we found it impossible. We could not tell her. I told her mother the fatal truth; she expressed her regret just as if it were a stranger, indeed seemed to feel the world hearing of it as far more painful than her daughter's sufferings. I literally loathed that woman, my heart bled for Lady Ellerton, and I passed a sleepless night and wept for her, till, like the sun's rays piercing through thick darkness, dear Mrs. Saxifrage, I thought of you. But if it is too much mental anxiety, do not go, for I see your own health has already suffered."

"No, not much, my kind friend; but is there no hope? surely it is not that most dreadful of all

diseases-cancer."

"We have every reason to believe so. It is owing to an hereditary disposition, and some months will likely terminate her sufferings. She already has hectic fever; but her mind is in such an unhappy state, and to me it is intolerable agony how to answer her daily question, 'When shall my poor face be well?'

"Dear me," said the Doctor, "it is past eleven

"And the children, are they alone?"

"Yes," said the Doctor, "the girl, Kennedia, is not nearly so beautiful as her mother, but has great talent and energy of character, and although she has been left to the mercy of servants, yet a sensible day governess whom I recommended has, I trust, been of great use to her. The baby boys are now four years old, and one is lame from an accident; the servant would never own how it happened. He is a cold stiff child, having suffered unpitied, and never known a mother's love. The other, Hubert, is a most engaging boy, but selfwilled and violent, kicks and strikes all round him. His father is proud of his beauty, but cares not for the other two. You will like Kennedia, she has the mother's splendid eyes and winning smile, but a larger head and finely-developed brow, and the little nez retroussé, which indicates talent, combined with internal strength. She is a dear child, and, if well trained, she must become a noble woman. I am glad she is not like her mother."

"My mind is made up," said Lunaria, "and when shall we go? for you must introduce your

nurse."

"I must be off by the express train at ten to-morrow, but you will require time to pack."

" Not at all; I can get anything in London, and

my faithful Veronica will follow me in a few days and live near me."

"Thanks and blessings, dear Lady: what a relief to my mind! Poor Lady Caroline, she will have one friend to the end!"

CHAPTER IX.

By an early hour our heroine was ready. Her rich widow's dress, braided ebon locks and snowy border, well became the almost stern beauty of that countenance; and as her gentle maid assisted her mistress, and said—

"Dear Lady, you are like yourself to-day," and ever and anon wiping her eyes. "And when shall we follow you? You will be so tired to-night, and no one to assist you;" and the faithful, warm-

hearted girl burst into tears.

"Veronica, Veronica! you quite spoil me, and

make a child of your old lady."

So saying, she clasped to her heart her weeping maid, and calling "Coming! ready!" as the punc-

tual doctor entered.

It was late in the afternoon when they arrived at Hyde Park, and Lunaria had told the doctor that she could not see Lord Ellerton, and must be called "Nurse," or "Sister Ella;" "that was my mother's name, and Harry does not know it. I must leave the room ere he enters."

"Dear Lady, I will remember you are 'Sister Ella,' and Lord Ellerton rarely visits that room, except when sent for; and, poor lady, only once she asked him, when her sister was troublesome,

and she wished to get her away."

They reached the handsome park, and the doctor

"I think it best to introduce you to-night, at once, and then you will have at your hotel one good night's rest ere you begin your work."

Our heroine trembled, as the door-bell rang, and she feared to meet her former lover. The doctor to

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pressed her arm kindly, and whispered-

"Courage, dear Lady; for her sake bear up! Once to see her, you will feel what true 'philanthropy' is! You have a noble spirit. Will you remain in this room, till I go and tell her of our arrival?"

Lunaria seated herself on a couch in the small but luxurious room; indeed, everything in the house told of the wealth of the inhabitants. Mirrors, velvet curtains, and ornaments, reminded Lunaria of "home." She was glancing at the Book of Beauty, as it lay on the table open, when her friend appeared.

"She is quite charmed to see you, but thinks she will not long require a nurse. Poor lady, it

is sad to hear her."

They entered the invalid's room, and so courte-

ously she said-

"I feel it so good of you to come and help to spend my time in this dull sick room. I know we shall soon be friends. 'Sister Ella' is as beautiful as her name. Doctor, you did not tell me of her beauty, although Sister Ella's good qualities have been much spoken of;" and so, gracefully, she took Lunaria's hand, and asked her to be seated beside her bed. "I am weak and lazy to-day, but shall soon be well. Doctor, shall I not?"

"If my wishes, dear Lady, would cure you, you would not suffer one moment. But now shall I leave you, or shall I take 'Sister Ella' to her hotel for this night, and she will return to-morrow, if

you invite her?"

"Ob, no!" said the spoilt Beauty. "She will stay. You will not leave me. I like you already, and you shall have a comfortable room all to yourself, and my maid will wait upon you till your own comes. You will not refuse me. Doctor, speak for me; persuade her to remain."

"With pleasure I will stay," said the unselfish Lunaria. "I will remain this evening, and for a few

nights, if you wish me."

The doctor looked his grateful thanks, and pressing Lunaria's hand, said "God bless and reward you," bowed to Lady Ellerton, and said—

"At what hour shall I meet Dr. — to-morrow?"

"At twelve."

The kind doctor said, "Good-by" and left the two ladies.

Lady Caroline summoned her maid to show the lady to her room, and ordered refreshment. Lunaria soon returned, and found Lady Ellerton restless and excited.

"Come and talk to me. Oh! how I tire now with this horrid sore face. Look at it, and you can tell me daily if it gets better. And how came you to be so kind as come to nurse me? Are you tired of the world already? so young and so attractive."

She chatted on, partly from curiosity, partly from feverishness. Lunaria seated herself near her, and told her about her husband's death, and her sweet children, and that having no near relations, she felt less unhappy when of use to others, than sitting grieving alone.

"True," said Lady Caroline. "How tired I am! Can you make my pillows better. Put your hand there. Now give me that medicine, and read a little bit of Byron's 'Corsair,' and, perhaps, I

may sleep."

Lunaria did all she asked, and in two hours the lady slept. The night nurse came in, and whispered to the "Sister" that—"My lady would sleep for the night, and she had better retire." So Lunaria went to bed, hungry and tired, and did not like to ring for tea at that late hour. She left her dress, everything, lying on the sofa, and after commending herself, Lady Caroline, and all in the house, to God, she fell sound asleep. She heard a gentle tap at her door very early. About four she rose, and nurse said—

Her Lady was not so well, and wanted her to come. "She wishes you to see her face dressed, and it is always more uneasy when she awakes."

So Lunaria hurried on her dressing-gown of black wadded silk, a large Indian shawl, and putting her feet into her fur-lined slippers, did not

cause a moment's unnecessary delay. Her sweet voice had an immediate effect in calming the hysteric fit of the poor lady. The nurse had been cross at being awoke so early, and the sweet kind voice of Lunaria fell as balm on her ruffled, aggrieved temperand spirit. "Sister" Ella supported her in her arms, rested her flushed cheek on her kindly breast, and asked if she had had any nourishment since she awoke. She then rang for the maid, and ordered what was best, and told the nurse she was not required, as she had had a long sleep and would need no more. The poor face was dressed, and Lady Ellerton lay calmly till the nurse left, then she felt the blessing of sympathy, and poured out her griefs with childish eagerness, -how "Nurse was so rough, and how difficult it was to waken her." Well did Lunaria know the truth of it all, and to a Peeress's grandchild to suffer from the temper and selfishness of a menial!! How bitter! Lunaria felt for her, and kindly telling her nurse was ignorant and beneath her notice, changed the subject.

"You must, dear Sister Ella see my jewels, they are most beautiful. Lilene, bring my jewel case;

it will amuse us."

Lunaria sighed, but cheerfully took them from the sulky maid, who seemed afraid the lady nurse would appropriate some of them.

"Your Ladyship will not require your maid when I am here; she may go to bed, n'est-ce pas?"

"Yes, Lilene, you may go till we ring;" and the ladies were left alone. After admiring the ornaments, and hearing of the balls, and parties and conquests; the last all new to our heroine, who had never been seen in public; the lady was exhausted and tears dropped upon the pearls and diamonds, as her strength gave way, and her face pained her. She looked up, and Lunaria's tears fell fast. "Sister Ella, you weep for me, what an angel's heart you have; dear sister I love you, I never felt love before! surely it means 'sympathetic affection.'" She twined her arms around Lunaria, and "begged her never to leave her."

Lady Caroline fell asleep in Lunaria's arms and poor Mrs. Saxifrage felt the torture of hunger, and nearly lost consciousness as her head drooped on the soft richly-adorned pillows beside her. Gently she laid her Lady down, and went to the table where she thankfully took some cold tea and bread Lady Caroline had left. She then felt refreshed, and wrapping herself in a large fur cloak she brought with her, she prayed for Lady Caroline and for herself, and, on a sofa near her, fell into a troubled sleep. It was far on in the day ere the poor lady awoke, so fretful, so unhappy. Lunaria's eyes were pained with unshed tears. After she was ready to see her doctors her mother called, and Sister Ella hurried away to get refreshed and dressed, and she came in as the loud haughty tone said,

"I must go; we must secure a box early, as the house will be crowded. How are the children? Sad pity that lameness of Henry's spoils him for

Lunaria saw the tall figure of the handsomely attired unfeeling monster, as she left the room

kissing her hand to her sick and tortured child. She could not restrain her feelings. "Never mind, dearest, these words mean nothing; she has never known sorrow or sickness, and does not intend to wound." She comforted her, and telling her how much her doctor felt for her, Lady Caroline (who was a grown-up baby) was soothed and pleased.

The doctors came: one, cold and unfeeling, prescribed additional opiates, and left without leaving one drop of comfort behind. Lunaria's friend, after the consultation, returned and said, "You were ill, dear Lady, through the night you had got chilled during sleep, and been too long without nourishment; I fear the night nurse is not what she should be, we will dismiss her.

""Oh," said Sister Ella, "Veronica would come and

be so attentive and useful."

What a sweet name! is that your maid: is she a good one?

"I think so," said Luparia, blushing; she is kind,

truthful and trustworthy."

"Then Veronica we must have," said the impulsive young creature. "When can she be here?"
"In two days. I will write without delay."

The doctor gave some professional advice and left them, promising to call early next day, or in the evening if he could. A few days passed in this way, no improvement in the face, but much in the comfort of the patient. Lunaria took her for a little drive, and the exercise made her sleep, and helped to pass more easily the hours of suffering. Veronica was soon a great favourite, her manner was so calm and gentle, yet every look expressed sympathy, and a respectful feeling; yet so tenderly touched the lady, never shaking the sick room or by noise agitating the nervous invalid; she or her mistress never now left the Lady Ellerton.

CHAPTER X.

"How can you bear to sit here day after day so contentedly, Sister Ella?" said Lady Caroline.

"It is the will of my heavenly Father, and also my pleasure. I could not now be happy away from you, during illness."

"And how did you get this calm, contented dis-

position?"

"Through suffering."

"And I am sure I suffer," said the poor lady; "and I grow more irritable every day."

"So would I, of myself."

"How then can I be less so?"

" By asking God's help.'

" How?"

"In prayer."

"No one ever taught me. I do not remember

any but the Lord's Prayer."

Gentle Lunaria sank on her knees beside her bed, and said first, the Lord's Prayer, then a little prayer Edward first taught her, and then rose, kissed Lady Ellerton, and sat beside her bathing her face and hands with rose-water, to refresh her.

"Read to me, Sister Ella, something that made you good, for I feel sadly miserable, and my face

is so long in getting better;—sometimes I fear it will never be well;—and what will become of me? Did your husband and children fear to die, Sister?".

"No; he had for long made his happiness secure. His mansion was ready for him, and he loved his Saviour, and even wished to go to Him."

"Is that possible? how could he love one he

never saw?"

"For what He had done for him. He gave His life to save him, and you, dear Lady Caroline, and me. You remember I read the story to you a few

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"Oh yes! and how he wept at the grave of Lazarus, and raised him up. A beautiful story. I wish he would cure me. Perhaps the air of Richmond may do me good. I care for nothing but to get there quickly. I am so tired of London; I hate it!"

"Well, my Edward felt that longing to be in a bright, happy, loving world, free from weakness and pain. He felt for this world as you now do for

London."

"But how could be care to leave everybody and go to an unknown place? It is unnatural."

"We can never of ourselves feel as he did; but God, who created the world by a miracle, can in like manner change our hearts, and if we pray earnestly and strive to act as God approves, He makes us like his Word, Himself, his Son, and his Blessed Spirit, and then we gradually like his home—Heaven! I will read to you what a beautiful home it is; and no illness there! All is love and kindness; nay, it even says,—'God himself shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.'"

Lunaria then read aloud the last chapter of Revelation, and Lady Caroline did not speak for some time. She thought she slept; and the doctor was announced. Lunaria put her finger to her lip as he entered. He whispered softly, "Could you leave Veronica here for a little, and come to the nursery? Henry is unwell, and so irritable; none can please him, not even his kind little sister."

"I am awake, Doctor, and am glad to see you. Oh, yes, dear Ella! Poor child, he has his own griefs. Veronica will stay beside me; and, Doctor, you will take Sister Ella among the little

rebels.

Confusion reigned in the nursery. Toys strewed over the floor—and not one whole—a handsome noisy boy, the image of his father, rode on a hobby-horse, striking it most unmercifully, shouting "Tally-ho! boys!" as loud as he could roar. Harry lay on a little bed, as pale as the sheet, and so fretful and prematurely old and anxious a face, its expression so unlovely—destroyed features that were fault-less, even exquisitely beautiful. His brow never seemed to unbend; and when the doctor kindly said,—"My Lord, I have brought a kind lady to see you," he answered so coldly, and his childish lip curled as he replied—"I want no one, Sir; I prefer being alone."

[To be continued.]

LEAVES FROM AN OXFORD PORTFOLIO. LEAF VIII.—COBB.

LEAVING the regular succession of events, and taking a leaf at random out of my portfolio, I came suddenly upon Cobb. From Tennyson to Cobb! Forgive me, Shade of Cobb (Cobb has only become a "Shade" as far as his Oxford life is concerned) - forgive me, pale ghost of the queerest of Oxford men, if, for but one moment, the thought of that famous step from the sublime to the ridiculous pass through my mind! I check the thought at once, remembering that thou, too, art, in thy way, sublime. Genius flashed in thy eccentricities; a great mind in thy comicalities. Thine was no beaten path of everyday absurdity, a lone star wert thou, solitary in thy shining; or rather a comet, flashing into the midst of my circle of planets, spreading amaze in the mind of all; and, after three years, darting away to startle some other gazers! Robin Redbreastlike, I come, with this big leaf in my bill, and drop it over you for a last covering, where you lie, under the shade of your oak, in the forest-depths of my heart. But hold,—a truce to sentiment; but now you were a star-then a comet-and, in the twinkling of a sentence, a babe in the wood!

This leaf, then, shall recall Cobb to my mind's eye. Methinks I see him now. "'Tis good to be merry and wise:" he was much of the former, and, in one short companionship, I may, I think, say that I did endeavour to instil a little of the latter quality into his mind, as best I might. I had, and have, a kind corner in my heart for him. I thought, besides, that 'twas better for him-even if he would not learn much, to think—even if he shirked our times of quiet and our serious, but happier hours; yet still to be of our little band in our amusements and times of unbending. An influence for good, I do think, was there brought to bear on him; a sort of atmosphere that was, at least, pure and wholesome, if not above the cloud region that lies nearest to our earth. It was not without use; it seemed to us, to show a youth inclined for merriment and gladness, that for these, so long as they were innocent, he need not seek vicious companions. That a proper enjoyment of the spring-time of this life was quite compatible with the preparation for a better. That a certain liberty was admissible, and might well exist, within the bounds of license. That to be an avowed servant of the Kindest and Best of Masters, need not be to be gloomy, miserable, and morose. That, in fine, there are plenty of trees in the garden, of which we may freely eat, if but we leave that one alone, around which the Serpent is twined.

But our companionship lasted not long. The profligate and vicious Set in the College had not taken notice of the poor fellow when he came up. His eccentricities had puzzled them, and these broke through some of the rigid rules of Oxford etiquette, in his Freshman's Term. So, although he had money, generally, the sure passport to

their society,—they left him alone the first year. After that, alas! they decoyed him away; I am sure they did him much harm, I know not how But a time of illness, which rid him of those summer friends, and made him seek back to us again, a little undeceived him as to their sincerity. And we took care not to lose sight of him, nor to abandon him altogether to evil influence. It is a cruel mistake, when any of those within our sphere drift away into dangerous seas, to cut, at once, the one cable that alone attached them to the haven they left, and that might, perhaps, at last have drawn them back, even though wrecked. But now they must founder, without an effort, without a hope, without a friend,—desolate, abandoned. "Serve him right!" Hush! That word became not a sinner's lips. Perhaps the same circumstances would not have found you so immaculate.

"If he had been as you, and you as he, You might have slipped like him; but he, like you, Might not have been so stern."

"How would you be,

If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made."

And, Cobb, poor fellow, in his after difficulties, would, as I say, come back to his old friends. "You and Hilton," he would often say to me, "are the only real friends I ever have made here." And at that time I have had many a quiet talk with him in his room, no one else coming near him, except Hilton. I see him now, shading his eyes with his hand; while I sat, with heart that yearned for him, and seemed to give eloquence to my tongue, trying to make him think of things too long neglected, and amid his butterfly life to remind him that the winter must come. It required tact to leave nothing unsaid that should have been said; and yet not to overdose and disgust him, by unskilful treatment. Much need, I found,—and still find, in the endeavour to carry on the warfare,—to cry to the Wise for wisdom, to the Strong, for strength. Poor old Cobb! 'tis long since I saw you. Do you recall those old days, as I do? Have those old conversations quite faded from your mind? Time has fled by since we met, and eternity is some stages nearer. Have you started in the race, or are you still loitering at the post? You were merrier far when we first met than when we parted. "Where be now your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?" Fires that are only of earth's lighting may dance and flash, but they soon go out, and such a cold dull look comes over the hearth. Happiness that depends only on the pulse of youth, passes away with its every beat. Turn, O taster of the world's sweet cup, before you cloy of it, even before, the bitter dregs are reached,-turn to that fountain of living water, that river of peace, whose streams refresh to the last, and are never dry!

But my leaf, which thought to dance in the morning of our first acquaintance, has, instead,

sunk into a pensive meditative stillness, in the gathering dusk of its setting-sun. Something of gloom has gathered about the landscape, and the moon has arisen, when I thought to have walked out into the sun. Yet 'tis well. It may show that our acquaintance was not all merely thoughtless merriment. It may serve to prevent the lighter part of my pages from being misunderstood. "'Tis good to be merry and wise." From that point I started, and I have only reversed the order of the verse. Take a leaf, and hold it in the sun; there is a parting in the midst, and half lies in shadow, and half in light. My leaf (Proteus-leaves are these, for I choose to assume for them all the meanings of the word "Leaf," and love to ring the changes on it). This Leaf VIII., I say, has here its division, and passes from the shadow of our last Oxford year, to the sunshine of the first.

For I am going to detail some of the freaks and quaint doings of our friend Cobb; at least, as I said, amusing my own memory with the recollection of him in those days of innocent, though extra-

vagant, whimsicalities and fun.

He was in residence one Term before myself. When I came up I heard of him; -not before I saw him, for, as I said in an early Leaf, he was my very first caller. But accounts reached me of how, failing in his endeavour to obtain permission to remove the bars outside his window, he had covered them with gilding; -how he had astonished the University by lounging at the gate of the Quad., in a green dressing-gown, scarlet Fez cap, and long clay pipe; and that in Lecture-hours, when the cap and gown is the fitting and necessary attire. This was on the second morning of his residence; and when one of the Tutors (unknown to him) accosted him with some astonishment, he bowed, with stiff dignity, and remarked, "Sir, I have not the pleasure of knowing you." "Never mind that, Mr. Cobb," the Tutor somewhat warmly remarked. "You will know me well enough some day; in the meanwhile, I must strongly advise you to change, or, at least, to confine that extravagant and atrocious costume to your room, before the Vice-President comes into the College." "You see, Springton," said Cobb to me, when we were talking of this afterwards, "there was strong sense in the advice itself, though couched in unbecoming language. Atrocious, indeed! It was lovely-it was unique! But then the poor fellow hasn't the least eye for colour; and that's not his fault, you know." "I met him again in the Quad., and he again interfered with my enjoyment. I was leaning quietly against the wall, enjoying the sun, like a tomato, or a chrysanthemum,-in cap and gown, this time. I was smoking a pipe-my usual pipe, you know-and thinking how those poor fellows would be bored, who were trotting so sedately in to his Virgil Lecture. Suddenly, out pops my friend, and instead of rowing me for not coming into his Lecture, he falls foul of my pipe, touching a man, you know, in his most sensitive point. "Mr. Cobb, what a ridiculously long pipe that is! I never saw such a

pipe. Can't you smoke reasonable pipes, if you must smoke at all?" I couldn't help warming a little at this. "Sir," I said, " I give a ha'penny a-piece for my pipes,-and they're all of a length." His ignorance was exposed, his argument overthrown, -by induction; and he quietly went off to bore his victims in the Lecture-room. Meanwhile, I amused myself by turning all those notices, you know, that the Bull-dogs leave outside his door, into boats, and arranging them on the window sill; quite a little fleet they made, I assure you, by the

time I had done.

One evening I was sitting with my Wadham brother, playing a quiet game of chess; the window was open, and the door, yet the candles between them never fluttered, so hot and still was the night. My chessly-minded brother, deeply was he intent on the game. He played - and plays, chess with whomsoever will,-and with whomsoever won't, too. There is no escaping him. Incautious stranger, beware! Once admit that you do play, however little, and your doom is sealed; out comes the inevitable board, down you sit to the little table, hour after hour passes, yet you still play on. Night comes, the candles burn down to the socket, they are replaced by new ones, but you still play on. One clock tells another clock, somewhat timidly, that 'tis twelve; that other clears its throat, and announces the fact boldly; the town clock booms it, and the church clock clangs it; but you play on still. The small hours come; other happier beings sleep sweetly in their beds; the flowers are folded and at rest; even the nightingale seldom sings, but on you go, inexorably doomed to play. Take warning, if you meet this brother of mine, total abstinence is the only resort. "Do you play at chess?" Directly the question is asked, fire out, "Not in the least, my dear Sir. I don't know a move. I hate the game." Even then he will likely want to teach you, but verb. sap. sat. His brain, if examined, would surely be found a kind of shepherd's plaid pattern. His favourite flower must be the chequered Pritillary. Knights and Bishops must seem to him the most enviable of dignitaries. Rooks, doubtless, are his ideal birds. Even a Pawn-broker must seem to him a happy being. His coat of arms should be chess problems quartered with three knights gules. His crest an opponent rampant, or, perhaps, a Chess-shire cat; or a Policeman, with the motto, "Move on!" His future mate he will probably always find a check—until she becomes stale. I have actually heard him play at chess viva roce, with some poor victim, without any chessmen in sight, on the platform of a station, while waiting for a train. Nor, if alone, is he at a loss. Problems are the fuel for that insatiable furnace. Gambits fill up the chinks, and celebrated games the large intervals. Poor old Jem! Forgive my rhapsody on your "cacoethes chessendi!" Play on soberly, solemnly, interminably! Work on the treadmill of ceaseless games, sit in the stocks of impossible problems, wait in your room, a very arch-lion, watching for the unwary to fall into your trap. Many a game have we played, in the old

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days, with chequered fortune; and the grand old game has, to me, too, been dear. And I only wish that you were now in the room, solemnly deep in some Merrimac and Monitor conflict; yet still ready for a game, if any one will be seduced to play. Often may I see you deep in the study, so it be in my sunny room in the summer evening, with the window open to the sunset; and the little wife at the piano; the Parish Round being con-

cluded, and the day's work done.

But pardon, O reader, this unpardonable digres-We sat, I said, at chess: the strife was hot, the game was doubtful. But it ended not that night. (I merely remark, in passing, that my brother remembered the position of every piece, triumphantly set the board a week after, just as we had left it, and overcoming my brain with the shock, beat me ere it had recovered.) In came Cobb, settled himself on his usual chair, produced his usual pipe, and vehemently protested against chess. "I say, you Wadham fellow, I'll report you to the Society for the promotion-prevention, I mean, of incurable nuisances; you're more like the 'Ancient Mariner'—that party, you know, with the sandy ribs and the glittering eye—than an ordinary decent Oxford man. If you were paid for doing it, I should only call it harmless insanity; but, being a matter of choice, it's dangerous madness. Steady, my dear fellow, don't be violent, it's much more painful for me to correct you than for you to be corrected. So my aunt used to tell me, when I was a little boy; I used always to think I should be quite ready to change about. Now do put away that board, and let us be sociable. Let's talk about rational subjects, I'll tell you what I've been about this afternoon. You know that den-looking place in the Broad, where the Proctors and Bull-dogs enter at certain or uncertain periods or hours in the day? I went to the ironmonger's this morning, and purchased a strong padlock and chain. I told him it was to secure two rabid and dangerous animals. I watched at the end of the Broad till they came, stepping along all gingerly, one after another, like a war party of Sioux Indians. I saw the last well in; -then I slip round; -whip on the chain, secure the padlock, and throw away the key. Then I strolled leisurely on, just lighting a weed as I walked; crossed the road, and got into Tomkins's rooms; opposite said den. It was a time of deep and dreamy delight. I smoked two weeds, and felt quite sentimental,—sort of lotos eater feeling, you know; -I put my legs up at the window, and brought the point of my toes to bear, like the sight of a rifle, on the spot,—the hole, I may say, where the mice had gone down. Suddenly the door is thrown open, and the Indian march is resumed. They were on the war path. If they hadn't buried their own pipes, they wanted to stop everybody else's. An obsequious Bull-dog darts forward to the gate,— I do assure you, my dear fellow, the result quite equalled my expectations; nay, even surpassed my hopes. They did look such a happy family! I have been to the Zoological Gardens, and that was nothing to it. For half an hour did they lay their

heads together behind those bars; and, really, my dear fellow, I never enjoyed cigars more deeply—I may say, more rationally, than I did the three I smoked on that occasion. At last they bribed some low-minded boy to run for a locksmith, and the family party were released. You should have seen my friend the Bull-dog, he bolts out first of all, and stares eagerly up and down the street, as though he expected that the originator of so brilliant an idea would have remained, in the most obliging manner, quite regardless of his dinner, a whole hour on the spot, on purpose to be caught and rusticated! So kind of him! Such an unexpected delight to me! I really ought to call to-morrow, though, to ask if the Proctors caught cold. I am afraid they sat down to tepid meat when their deferred round was concluded. Now, old fellow, (to Jem,) I'm your man for a game of chess,-virtue shall be rewarded. I've ordered Thomas to bring me a couple of jellies up here."

And really he made my brother, who began carelessly, look to his weapons, and made no bad fight of it. Only, all the while he was playing, he was making such an intolerable noise, or rather such a vocabulary of noises, that a letter which I was endeavouring to write, stood a poor chance. "My dear Cobb," I said, "do moderate your knowledge of the cries of animals. You are a whole course of Natural History bound into one volume; one can't stand a representative of the entire Zoological Gardens in a College room."

"Pray, my dear Jack," replied Cobb, "which animal in the Zoological Gardens is most brought

to your mind by my humble efforts?"

"Well," I said, "on reflection, and on the whole—perhaps you seem most at home in the

imitation of the onager, or wild ass."

This was too much for my friend, he drew his legs from my chair, with stern dignity, apologized to my brother for breaking off the game, (the next move was inevitable mate,) "owing to the scurrilous and ribald conduct of a near relative of his, in whose rooms he could make no further stay."

So he went off to his own rooms, and we heard him, in the distance, beginning his round of tunes on the French horn, which he could just torture

into something like the air required.

"I always play 'em all through every night at ten o'clock. The Vice would put that disagreeable and low-minded Freshman into the room above me; a fellow, you know, who doesn't use soap, who carries a cotton umbrella about the size and cut of an Arab tent, and who walks up and down his room, from eight to twelve, snapping his fingers, and growling in a low tone all the while; I'm an amiable fellow, you know, but I can't stand that. So I want to make it desirable for him to change his rooms on the first opportunity; I just play my little programme through every night, at the same hour exactly. And I always end with the National Anthem; I think you heard my little variations?"

"Indeed I did," I said, "and I shudder even now at the recollection."

"All prejudice, Springton, miserable prejudice. You will stick only to those old buffers, Handel, and so on, and deny talent to everybody else. But the world can't stand still for you, you know."

Enough, for the present paper, of Cobb. that so vast a subject is exhausted — only that there is danger lest the reader should be. At another time I propose to give the details of an amateur concert, got up by that worthy, and performed in his rooms, glancing, also, at other sayings and doings, that, but for these Leaves, would be lost to biography. Is this Leaf too light and idle, O more quiet reader, too like those thin and slight leaves in the Sibyl's cave, that the least wind sufficed to blow away, and that were not held of enough importance by the arranger to be gathered up and set out again? Does not the collecting old reminiscences of a hair-brained Oxford companion, befit, in your mind, the leisure of my graver hours? Well, you may be right; but I love to watch the comical tricks of a kitten; and this was only a human one. We grow up into old grave cats, you know, very soon; and doze sedately before the fire, yet need not we utter an angry "miow," and flirt our tail away in a pet, if any merry kitten remembrances come, with a roll and a bound, to disturb our dignity; may we not lay aside, compassionately, patronizingly, our weight of years, and just have a quarter of an hour's run with those impudent memories? Only a quarter of an hour, and then we can withdraw our tail from the playful grasp, "meâ caudâ me involvo," and settle down into gravity and dignity again.

These Leaves will come at random, now a grave picture; now a rural one; now a College sketch; and here and there a group of lighter material, but still drawn from the life. Photographs are (happily) in vogue just now. Well, you must see the inside of the Debating Room at Oxford; and several more of the Lions, ere I shut up my collection. And you have had one photograph, already, of the Prince of Wales in a military costume. Now I was at Oxford with His Royal Highness, though I cannot number him among my band of Oxford friends. Who knows but one of my Leaves may turn up, with another portrait of that august personage, but in his Oxford costume, of

cap and gown?

V. I. R.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR

OF FACT AND RUMOUR.

The time for adverse criticism, fault-finding, or depreciation, is past, so far as concerns the great topic of the season. The Great Exhibition is a fact, completed, established, recognised. The most graceful part henceforth to play is that of silence, where praise cannot be conscientiously bestowed; and, good, or ill, ugly or handsome, barbarous or refined, as may be its conception, proportions, colouring, or capabilities of accommodation—to make the best of it; secure in the conviction

that sufficient subjects for admiration, wonder, and delight, will be afforded by what will be gathered together under its roof during the approaching summer.

The industrial and fine art collection will far exceed anything ever exhibited on any similar occasion. Drawings and models of all descriptions illustrative of the progress of British art during the past century; mosaics, inlays, stained and painted glass, carvings, plastic decorations, and other objects in relief. In paper there is exhibited a wonderful variety, both in the substances of which the fabric may be made, and the capabilities of the material, which latter almost surpass the power of belief. One very interesting department is that devoted to the progress and development of chromo-lithography; also the improvement in steam-printing and wood-blocks; while the unrivalled samples of elegant and durable book-bindings here set forth will excite no less the wonder than the envy of many beholders.

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The latest and not least wonderful of modern inventions, the pantagraph, or autographic despatch, appears among other electric-telegraphic apparatus—novelties all, and of capabilities the most remarkable. But, perhaps, the strongest point of home manufacture will be found in the iron and general hardware collection; in which we are shown specimens of every kind, from the most delicate and elaborate, both in texture and workmanship, to the mightiest and most enduring.

Into the collection of British manufacture in furniture, upholstery, works in papier-mâché, &c., we dare not launch our pen; bewilderment amidst a profusion of luxury and beauty is the sensation produced. With the china, too, the productions of Minton and of Copeland, we forbear to meddle; or to enlarge upon the bronzes of Elkington, Jackson, or Graham. The photographic display is one of peculiar interest, as forming almost a distinct feature from any to be found in that of 1851, the collodion process not being at that time invented.

But we forbear to attempt further enumeration. That retrospective allusion recalls to us the involuntary comparison which can escape no one. The year has arrived to which we have looked forward with so much anticipation: 1862 is here, and its Exhibition which is to excel even its never-to-be-forgotten prototype: but the great art-lover, the good and gallant man whose conception it embodied, is no longer with us. Prince Albert is dead! Our good Queen sits apart, a sorrowful mourner. Scarcely a person assisting at this day's ceremony but such thoughts will be present to their minds; involuntarily we revert to the Royal Widow to whom this May morning will have recalled that one eleven years ago, when her beloved husband shared with her the glories of the occasion, and the delighted acclamations of a loving people. The interests of trade (ever a serious consideration with us) may forbid the adoption of a general mourning, even "slight," on the occasion; but not less assuredly will the hearts of all thinking people be moved, to temper with regret the tide of their enjoyment.

The Prince of Wales, too, whose presence it would have rejoiced us to welcome this day among us, is absent. Foreign correspondents picture him sojourning within sight of the Pyramids, welcomed by grave pashas, Turks, and Egyptians: Nubian guards saluting, his Royal Highness ascended the pyramid, we are told, with unusual agility, smoked the chibouque and sipped the coffee of good fellowship with long-bearded Sheiks, and comported himself with the affability and courtliness which gains for him the affection and regard of all by whom he has been received. We are not enabled to speak with confidence of the date at which his Royal Highness's return may be expected. The mar-

riage of the Princess Alice, is, we believe, appointed to take place about the middle of June. Her Majesty will thus lose the affectionate and judicious comforter

and companion of her sorrow.

The depressing influences of the last few months, the late unseasonable weather assisting, have done much to create a stagnation, and in many cases suspension of trade. We may hope that under more reviving influences, atmospheric as well as social, briskness more congenial may make itself apparent. "Trade is bad," has an ominous sound, whose concentric results are apparent far beyond the more immediate sufferers. Still amusements do not lack: on every side we meet announcements calculated to win alike the stranger and such as may desire to improve acquaintance with the old favourites.

The Italian Opera has opened the campaign with Guglielmo Tell, the cast similar to that in 1861, though with a decided improvement in the style of the performances. Her Majesty's has given ample indication of fulfilling the promise given in the names comprised in the cast; and for this season at least we may venture to prophesy success to both houses—important ministers as they are to the public enjoyment.

The Lyceum announces no change in its programme, which has hitherto proved attractive enough to warrant its continuance. The usual class of Easter pieces has been played to crowded houses, all, with one exception, eagerly availing themselves of the justice but too tardily conceded to the profession, in withdrawing the absurd prohibition which has hitherto held the theatre tabooed during Passion week; though the music halls, casinos, indeed every other species of amusement, were left free as usual. As a speaker at the dinner of the Theatrical Fund expressed it:—
"We might listen to Aunt Sally, but not to Il Miserere." But nous avons changé tout cela: the poor actor will not need henceforth to keep an involuntary fast during the week preceding Easter. The Haymarket alone remained closed, for purposes of cleansing and decoration.

At the Surrey a piece has been produced calculated to achieve success, though somewhat entering into the category of the "sensational." The original title is L'Aveugle; in its English form it is entitled "The Four Stages of Life." Mr. Creswick supported the part of the hero to perfection; while Mr. Shepherd played most effectively a character forming even a more prominent feature in the play. The scenery and appointments are unusually good. We reserve our remarks on the new drama of the Golden Daggers, by Messrs. Fechter and Yates. Influenza, which has been busy among our artistes, laid violent hands on the former gentleman, and for a time has hindered him from gracing the stage

with his fascinating impersonations.

The admirers of Jenny Lind (and who is not?) will be gratified by the announcement that she is to sing at least three times in public, during the coming season; the first will be in the "Messiah," the profits of which are to be appropriated to the "Distressed Needlewomen's Fund." Among other novelties is announced that of a congregation of Welsh singers, under the management of that efficient artiste Mr. John Thomas.

Our old favourites the Christy Minstrels have resumed their wonted place, and their truly charming perform-

ance has all its former attractiveness.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, with their coadjutor, Mr. John Parry, are excelling themselves in the new piece written by Mr. Tom Taylor, entitled "A Family Legend." This new entertainment has the merit of a connected plot, in which most of its kind are deficient; and, however excellent the delineations, the spectator

is apt to weary of those disjointed and somewhat abrupt appearances: but in this respect (and indeed in all others) the "Family Legend" leaves nothing to be desired.

"At Home" with all that is elegant and most refining, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews have completely proved themselves to be; the union of a perfect and cultivated taste, with the highest dramatic talent, is evident in the results which are here set before us. To excel, if not to achieve perfection in that he attempts, appears to be the maxim by which Mr. Charles Mathews is guided; and certainly he has

not fallen short of his aim.

Shall not the children be remembered in the dainty bill of fare provided for the pleasure seekers !-and who has catered for them successfully—who is destined to win their most jubilant gratitude—who has achieved the long desired aim of blending instruction with amusement, of gilding that abhorrent pill, a lesson, to an extent never before attained? Who but M. Robin, who, in addition to the established wonders of the "Soirees Fantastiques," the indestructible handkerchiefs, mysterious bottles, marvellous automatons, &c., now treats us to a series of beautifully-designed views illustrating the tour of the Prince of Wales, admirably correct, and with such novel and striking accompaniments of water, sunlight, firelight, and shade, as make the little exhibition a truly delicious treat, and induce in us a wish that all our infantine ideas of geography had been instilled in a manner as agreeable.

Messrs. Slidell and Mason have been made to contribute to the entertainment of the British public in a way which certainly never entered into their calculations. At Madame Tussaud's world-renowned exhibition in Baker Street they now occupy conspicuous places, and share the distinction accorded to crowned heads, philanthropists, and ruffians akin to the murderer Quail, whose effigy has likewise obtained recent admission to the "Chamber of Horrors." The repulsive countenance of the latter figure is, we are assured, true to nature, at least to that of the wretch it represents.

Mr. Frith's picture of the "Derby Day," and his later production the "Railway Station," are both on view; the first in Pall Mall, the latter at the Fine Arts Gallery in the Haymarket. Each will in its turn attract a special crowd of admirers; for to those who possess no faculty of art criticism this artist cannot fail to render himself acceptable by his fidelity to nature, and the aptness with which he tells the story. A valuable lesson might be drawn from the contemplation of these works, by those, even talented men, who are apt to consider the details of a production as matters of subordinate moment. The curl of a lip, the shadow upon a face, the turn of a thumb, or the handcuff which it presses, may be, each in itself, a small matter; yet it is from the "thoroughness" with which each of these, and such, are delineated, that results the glorious whole which awakens alike the admiration of the artist, and the delight of less enlightened beholders.

The French Gallery, 120, Pall Mall, improves in its claims upon public attention. This exhibition of eminent French and Flemish artists lacks something of the attraction which would belong to a totally independent collection of foreign masters, when it is remembered that the subjects are evidently chosen with a view to meet English tastes. Examples of style, evidences of skill, will satisfactorily abound; but for the especial studies which such and such a school may affect we must look elsewhere: conscious of the difference between English and French tastes, the artist of the latter is apt to go to the other extreme in adapting his pencil to our proprieties: however the fault will be

on the right side, and where so much is excellent we

may dispense with hypercriticism.

Place aux dames,—Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur contributes but one painting, a "Meadow Scene," tranquil to tameness, but rich in that fidelity to nature which is her especial strength. Mdlle. Juliette Bonheur exhibits a couple of pendans, "Dog and Puppies," "Cat and Kittens." Admirably faithful to life, and droll enough to move a misanthrope to mirth.

M. Edouard Frère has "Six Scenes from Humble

Life;" perfect gems in their way.

M. Meissoner is great as ever in the "Corps de Garde," a marvel of almost photographic correctness; while the "Flute Player," in a different choice of subject, goes far to maintain the established reputation of the mighty artist.

M. Antigua's "Brittany Girls at a Well" must have steeped his brush, or his models, in warmer tints than even the sun of Brittany ever bestowed to greet our eyes withal. Egyptian glow that might be which lends so intense a lustre to the rustic group,-excelling even the "Polichinelle" of the above-named painter.

"Aspasia's House at Athens," by M. Gérome, is a well-conceived production and of marvellous correctness in detail. The scene transports one to the spot and the people which have become, as it were, familiars of us all. The grave and (let it be whispered) tiresome mentor, the "fast" young Athenian, sick with ennui, the wanton hetaira, - all the surroundings of time and place: true to the life. From what Pompeian nook of well-preserved antiquity did-the painter unearth his

classic originals?

Rumour, with her thousand tongues, affirms that the "Prince Albert Memorial" will not take the form of a monolith; we shall not be sorry to learn the fact of some more suitable monument having been decided upon. At Liverpool, an equestrian statue is to be executed by Mr. Thornycroft, and erected in a conspicuous situation to the memory of the Prince. The munificent gift of Mr. Peabody, originally tendered by that gentleman towards the fund for the Albert memorial, has been devoted to the relief of the deserving poor of London; to be distributed irrespective of any distinctions of nationality, party, or religious belief. The "honorary freedom of the City" presented to Mr. Peabody—great as may be the consideration which it typifies—is but a small recognition of benevolence, as rare as it is extensive. Men are not wanting to give largely after their death that which they cannot carry with them; but he who unreservedly parts with the wealth he yet may live to need has a double claim upon the gratitude of mankind. Let us hope that this £150,000 may form the nucleus of a fund given, not "left," for like purposes. While on the question of benevolent institutions I may mention that the "International Life Boat" fund has just received a contribution of 200 guineas from the Corporation of the City; to which the Lord Mayor adds ten guineas. Singular it is to contemplate, on one hand, such proofs of purpose and earnestness in saving life; on the other, the announcement that we are now actively employed in building iron-plated frigates, some half dozen of which are intended to be affoat in the course of the year. Instruments of destruction these, of enormous power and capabilities. The whole of the hands have been removed from the wooden ships, building at the several dockyards, and are set to work upon these ungainly monsters of modern warfare.

While sunshine and southern breezes invite idlers abroad: while the great Exhibition spreads its attractions to the fortunate possessor of one "splendid shilling"—the shelves of Mr. Mudie will be compara-

tively little visited, and authors and bookmakers (please observe the distinction) will become of secondary importance. By the way, the new Library Company is calculated to become a formidable rival of the great Charles Edward. It offers to its subscribers the same advantages as the former at precisely half the sum, viz. half-a-guinea annually.

For the rainy days, however, or to those satiated with pleasure-seeking, a variety of novelties presents itself, even in literature. Who will take exception if first upon the list we place the latest poems of Mrs. Barrett Browning? What a sad sound has that. Alas! that the pen which discoursed such eloquent music should be still for ever. We propose reverting to this priceless volume at a future time, with more detailed notice of some of

its gems than we can enter upon here.

Mr. Kingsley has recently returned to Cambridge as Regius Professor of Modern History; and, in the new edition of Alton Locke, he makes a full and straightforward revocation of all those assertions concerning college life in that city, which, appearing in that story, originally gave such deep offence to the Cantabs. The book, the author tells us, was originally published in 1849, since which period a "process of purification" has been going on rapidly in the University, and, so the reverend gentleman assures us he sees at Cambridge "nothing which does not gain my respect for her present state and hope for her future." We sincerely hope it is so, and that, whatever be the cause, it may be as Mr. Kingsley tells us, that-"The whole creed of our young gentlemen is becoming more liberal, their demeanour more courteous, their language more temperate." It were a consummation devoutly to be wished, more especially as regards those herein alluded to.

A book almost as entertaining as a novel (ought to be), though emphatically composed of facts, is one entitled Thirty-Three Years in Tasmania. By G. Loyd. (Houlston and Wright.) The hair-breadth escapes, and stirring adventures, are such as to satisfy the most inordinate seeker of "sensation;" while the descriptions of Australian scenery and bush life might almost serve

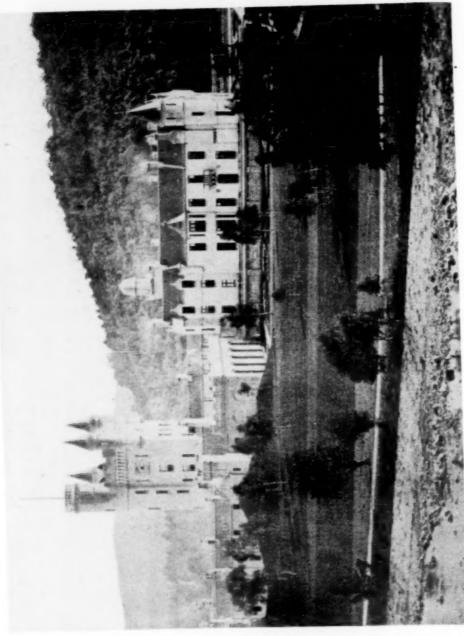
as originals to the photographer.

Mr. John Saunders, a name long honourably associated with this Magazine, has conferred a benefit on the reading public; he has given us a good novel in one volume. It is positively refreshing, in these days of "fast" heroines and whiskered patent-leathered heroes, to meet with a bit of true life-like sketching of characters, in which one recognises the touch of nature, and to which one may own oneself akin without dread of demoralization. Lack of space forbids enlarging upon the merits of the work, but we would advise our friends, on the first day when the Exhibition begins to frall-or while awaiting the advent of the one-shilling days-sit down and read Abel Drake's Wife. (Lockwood and Co). You will in either case find the time not ill spent. May we have many more one-volume novels, and many, many more of the calibre of Mr. Saunders' last production.

The Railway Travellers' Handy Book (Lockwood & Co.) is a very acceptable and useful little volume, full of hints on every imaginable subject connected with railway travelling. It includes a list of the most prominent among watering-places, with a short compendium of their capabilities, attractions, and their distance by rail from London. Also a guide to the chief places of amusement in the metropolis, the price of admission, or, if free, the days and hours of opening. Altogether it is a very admirable little volume, though we think its purpose had been better fulfilled if published at a shilling. In these days of cheap information the price of such a desideratum should, if possible, put it within

reach of all.

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BALMORAL.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

BALMORAL CASTLE.

WE are fortunate enough to present, with the present number, as photograph of the Highland residence of our beloved Queen. It is endeared to every Englishman as the Royal Home where most of the taste and care of the late Prince Consort was exhibited. The Rev. J. H. Wilson, in his "Memorials of the Prince," thus describes Balmoral:

"To those who are strangers to the history of this Highland retreat, it may be interesting to know that, when the Earl of Mar rebelled against the English crown in 1715, the district around Balmoral was the focus of the rebellion. The standard was raised at Castletown of Braemar, within twelve miles of Balmoral, while that place, as its name implies, was the 'seat of the great Earl,'-not of the rebel, but some other Highland chief. Long after the Stuarts were overthrown in Scotland, the embers of Jacobinism smouldered in the district of Mar; but, as the Protestant faith got hold of the people, and the English language and literature spread in the district, the clans were won over to the House of Brunswick; and, many years before the Prince Consort purchased the estate of Balmoral, the Highlanders were prepared to receive him. The estate is situate in the Highlands of Aberdeenshire, and was held on lease for many years by the late Sir Robert Gordon, brother to the late Earl of Aberdeen. When Sir Robert died, in 1848, the Prince Consort, who, with the Queen, had visited some parts of the Highlands of Scotland every year, had his attention directed to the spot as a suitable locality for a permanent autumnal residence. The lease was secured, and in 1849 the Queen and Court went down for a short time to Balmoral. The Royal Family were so pleased with the situation, and the quiet, orderly character of the people, that

the Prince purchased the property as a private residence, and leased the neighbouring estates of Abergeldie and Birkhall. The royal domain contains about thirty square miles, chiefly mountainous,

and well wooded.

"The scenery is remarkably grand. The old castle stood on a green bank, by the side of the river Dee, which here winds along the glen, and finds its confluence with the German Ocean at Aberdeen, fifty miles distant. Mountain screens rise up on every side, and endless walks through hill and dale and woods, ramify from the castle to every part of the estate. The scenery of Abergeldie is more soft and sylvan in its character, and was selected for the late Duchess of Kent, who had here a romantic old residence, within two miles of Balmoral. When the Duchess of Kent arrived at Abergeldie in the autumn, the Queen and the royal children were daily her visitors, and to the benign and motherly influences of that Royal Lady, England stands deeply indebted, not only for the training of her Queen, but for the attention she bestowed on the royal children. Oh! it was a lovely sight to see the grandmother walking out with her grandchildren; the mother enjoying their romps among the heather, while the father, just returned from the mountains, was summoned by his devoted and attached family to enjoy all the endearments of domestic life.

"The Estate of Birkhall was usually occupied by Sir James Clark, her Majesty's Physician, and here we may observe in passing, that although Sir James was always at call, and daily at the Castle, his services were seldom required, so healthful and

bracing was the climate at Balmoral.

"When the property was obtained, the Prince Consort sought to promote the comfort and happiness of the tenantry by the encouragement of industry, and in various ways; while the Queen, by acts of personal kindness, and loving sympathy, was ever providing for the wants of the poor. Thus, new and improved cottages were built, and

^{*} London: Partridge and Co., Paternoster Row.

two neat school-houses; gardens were laid out and cultivated, and a hopeful spirit was awakened in the people. In the course of a few years the appearance of the district was much changed, so that the visitor of Deeside cannot fail to be struck with the number of beautiful cottages which stud the lowlands and dot the hill-sides around Balmoral.

"But all the cottages on the estate are not yet of this kind. Like other highland districts, Balmoral had its crofters—that is, families occupying small cottage-cabins, of the rudest sort, and renting a few acres of land. Some of these cottages were so low, that one had to stoop to get in at the door, and the accommodation was of the worst kind. When the Prince Consort came to possess Balmoral, these cottages were improved; but cottagers in Scotland cling so much to their thatched little dwellings, that the most unpopular act which a new proprietor can do is to compel them to go into comfortable houses, even though offered rent free.

"The Queen and Prince, however, have, as far as they could, consulted even the prejudices of the poor cottagers, and sought to make the present houses, where the older crofters dwell, as comfortable as they can be made, and these changes

have had the happiest results."

OUR DOMINIONS IN INDIA.

NO. VIII.

NATIONS and societies are but the instruments of men of genius, says the Abbé Raynal. The epigrammatic dictum of the French author of the History of the East and West Indies accords better with the style which his countrymen affect, than with the reality of nature,—intensity of effect in expression is their aim rather than the severity To make war for an idea is the emperor's sententious epitome of Magenta and Solferino, and thus he pays homage to the Abbé's maxim. In the Chamber of Deputies at Paris, in the debate on the allied operations against Pekin, a senator somewhat disdainfully remarked that England pursues commerce, but France aims at moral influence; but the career of the East India Company has realized the optimism of the author, emperor, and orator, in a mode beyond any parallel in history. What Burleigh in the letter of Elizabeth projected, the East India Company has realized, in the remarkable interchange of values now flowing between the East and West. Difficulties of government among their accredited agents, far removed from the controlling influence of society at home, the merchants of London have overcome. Competition of interests arising from other European states, and from the efforts of private individuals to share in the privilege of traffic; even in its early days the competing claims of the king to a preference for his merchandise in the market, supported by his

solemn prerogative, these are burdens which have been successively met and overcome, not so much by the power of the law, as by that series of masterly regulations and despatches, which from their intrinsic force command obedience, indicating as they do that the source whence they emanate is mentally supreme, of which the following Commission, addressed on his starting, to the Governor-General of their first expedition, is an instance. It is interesting for the insight given into the circumstances under which the Government of 200,000,000 of the human race was begun, for the vigour and precision with which instructions are laid down, and from the anticipation, and so far as was in their power, the obviating of those difficulties which gave them the greatest amount of anxiety in future years. Lord Palmerston, in recommending the transfer of the Government of the East India possessions to the Crown, observed that he saw no reason why a council at the West End could not manage India as well as a Board of Directors at the East End. The official despatches of the Court of Directors provide, in comparison with those of the Foreign Office, the antithesis that if Downing-street should become paralyzed, the merchants of London could easily provide the necessary service. Certain it is that no impeachment lies against them for forging despatches to escape the censure of the House of Commons, or vilifying the character of a deceased public servant, who had fallen in his country's service, to shift the blame of a catastrophe from a premier to a corpse. The censure on this debate of Sir Cornwall Lewis, that the chief record of the Company was a series of disputes with their servants, was of similar tone of exaggeration with his proposition that it was questionable whether the Government of our colonies or India had ever benefited the country. The Benthamite baronet had a case to support, and forsook his accustomed philosophy, so that even Bulwer remarked on the enthusiasm of his language and action; whilst the cabinet at home was too feeble to render protection to its subjects, the merchants of London had to find profitable occupation for their capital, a valuable outlet for the manufactures of the kingdom, and to maintain out of the profits of their trade the special expenditure of military and naval establishments. The Radnorshire Baronet might surely have found in such administrative skill a worthier theme for his historic faculty than in the report of defects for which the statutes at home had made no adequate provision. The earnestness of the then Home Secretary is further exhibited by the circumstance that a Clive (et tu Brute) appeared at a London tavern meeting to throw odium on the East India Company, and soon obtained a county court judgeship, while a Clive was also the secretary to the hon. baronet. The chairman of the meeting quickly became a subordinate member of the Government, though as regards India his knowledge was exhibited in the impeachment of the Company, that they had not grown cotton, while the facts were that 200,000,000 of people were

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clothed in little else. The occasion is fresh, but the want of traditional knowledge on the part of the citizens of London, induced by the supineness resulting from two beneficent sovereigns, tends to weaken the strength and energy of the popular mind on questions of constitutional powers; so that even when the forging of the Affghan despatches was before the House, Disraeli sent round to the Clubs urging members to appear and support Palmerston, probably from fear of a tu quoque argument, and the House contentedly acquiesced.

COPY of the Commission to Captain Lancaster,

Governor, and others in succession:-

"WHEREAS, we, the Governor and Company of the merchaunts of London trading into the East Indies have chosen you, Mr. Lancaster, for the Cheefe Governor or General to govern or rule all such merchaunts, mariners, officers and other her Majesty's subjects which are employed by us or are or shall be shipped in any of the ffour shipps by us prepared and set forth for this present intended voyadge towards the East Indies; and whereas the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty approving and allowing of our choise of you to the said Government, and favouring the said enterprize, hath by her gracious letters patent under the great seal of England, the better to enable you to keep yo whole Companie in good agreement one toward another, and in obedience and due respect towardes you, geaven you authoritie to chastise and correct such offences as shall arise in the said voyadge, according as in the said letters patent at large appeareth, which letters patent extending onelie to the General Government of your wholle companie shipped in the said shippes for their civil behaviour whilst they are abroad in the said voyadge and not unto the managing and ordering of the trade or merchandize for which the voyadge is principallie appointed and sett forth, we therefore by these our present letters or commission under our common seale for the orderinge and disposinge of all such merchandize, gould, pearlls, jewells, and other commodities which are to be bought, bartered, procured, exchanged, or otherwise obtained in this present voyage, doe for your direction and remembrance in that behalf sett down these clauses, ordinances, and decrees hereafter followinge, declaringe hereby our purpose and intention how we appointe and ordeine that the traffique of this present voyadge shall be ordered and caried, which ordenances and decrees wee will and requier you to observe and keepe, and doe give you power and authoritie to see the same executed and putt in use accordinglie, viz.-

"We doe ordein and decree that all the preparations of moneys, merchandizes and other provision for the said voyadge, and all commodities, moneys, jewels, and other merchandize returned in the said voyadge shall be holden, reputed and accompted, and be carried, managed, ordered and handled as one entire accompt and comon stocke of adventure, wherein noe private traffique, barter, exchandge, or merchandizing, shall be used, practized or admitted by any particular Governor, capten, merchaunt, agent, ffactor, master mariner, eer, or other person whatsoever imployed in the said voyadge, or permitted to goe in the same upon peine of the losse and forfeiture, to the use of the generall Companie and adventurers in this voyadge of all somes of money, jewells, wares, goods, or merchandize which shall be found on the said shippes, or elsewhere carried forth or retourned home by any private or particular man, and not contained and brought unto the generall and comon accompt and joint adventure of the said voyadge. And to the end this prejudice of

private traffique may the better be avoided, wee doe ordein and appoint that inquisition may be made in all and every the several shippes of the said voyadge, and elsewhere by search of all such chests, boxes, packs, packetts, books, writings, and other meanes whereby discovery may be made of the breach of this present ordinance.

"And we doe in like manner ordeine and decree for the avoiding of all unfaithfulness and deceite to be used in the said voyadge in the defrauding of the generale adventure which is prepared and set forth at the greate coste and chardge of such as repose their trust and confidence in the officers and ministers imployed in the said voyadge, that what person soever shall be found unfaithfull and unjust in the said voyadge by embesillinge or withdrawing of any the goodes, wares, merchandizes, jewells, or other commodities whatso-ever, either belonging to the adventure sent out, or being parcell of the retourn of the same which was, is, or shall be, either prepared, bought, or belonging to the comon or generall stock or adventure, that such person shall be barred, and excluded to demande of the Governor and Companie of the said merchaunts of London trading with the East Indies any accompte, reckoning, or payment of any wage, salary, contract, or enterteinement for his employment in the voyadge, whereunto he was or otherwise might have been interested, if such offence had not been committed, and further that every such person soe offending shall be prosecuted by the said Governor and Company of merchaunts of London, trading to the East Indies accordinge to the qualitie of their offence in that behalf by the lawes and statutes of this realm.

"And furthermore we doe ordeine that if upon delivery of her Majesty's letters to the princes of those places where our shippes shall arrive, you shall be peacablie received and enterteined as merchaunts to comerce and traffique with the people of those countries or places, and be secured and warranted hereafter to frequent and visit those places,—Then we doe ordeine and decree that you shall select out of the youngest sorte of our ffactors and others intertayned by us or voluntarilie suffered to goe in the voyadge such and see many of the aptest and towardest of them as you shall think meete, and as shall have best approved themselves fit for such an imployment to reside and abide in those places where you shall be so peacablic received if you may be permitted thereunto, taking sufficient and carefull order for the defraying and supplying of their charges until these places shall be hereafter visited with another fleete sent from hence, and leaving with them such advice and direction for their better informacion how to carrie themselves in those places, as by your good discretion, with the advice of such as you shall conferr thereof, shall be thought meete, and as time and experience of those places shall direct you; and forasmuch as the daies of man's life are lymitted and the certaintie thereof for their continuance and end onelie known unto God, we the said Governor and Company of merchaunts of London, trading to the East Indies, do hereby ordeine and provide that if it shall happen you the said James Lancaster do departe this mortal life before the retourne of the said shipps, then from and after the decease of you the said James Lancaster, we doe, by this our present Commission under our Common Seale, constitute and appoint you, Mr. John Middleton, to be the chief governor or generall of the said merchaunts mariners, officers and other her Majesty's subjects, by us employed, or otherwise shipped in the said voyadge, rendering and requiring you, and giving you like power and authoritie to put in execution the said ordenances and decrees, concerning the orderinge and disposinge of the traffique and merchandizing of the said voyadge, as we have donne to the said James Lancaster, and if it shall happen by God's appointment that both you the said James Lancaster and John Middleton shall decease on the said voyadge, then we do ordein and appoint the principall and generale government of the whole companie therein employed or shipped in this present voyadge, to you Mr. Wm. Brund, being also one of the ffour principall merchants whom we have chosen and intertained for the orderinge and disposinge of the merchandizes and traffiques of the said voyadge, requiering you, if you shall fortune to survive the said James Lancaster and John Middleton, to observe and keepe the same, our ordenances and decrees before mentioned, ordeined and appointed by us for the traffique and merchandizing of the said voyadge, giving you the like authoritie to execute the same as was formerlie hearein given to the said James Lancaster and John Middleton, or either of them; and if you the said William Brund, shall fortune to decease in the said voyadge, then we doe appointe the immediate succession and execution of the said chardge and government, aforesaid, unto you Mr. John Havard, one other of our said principall merchaunts, requiring you to see our ordenances and decrees to be kept and performed, giving unto you the same power and authoritie as we have hereby given to the said James Lancaster, John Middleton, and Wm. Brund, or any of them.

"And if it should fortune that all the said severall persons employed by us as our principal merchaunts in this present voyadge decease, then we ordeine the whole government and charge before mentioned to be undertaken by one of you four which are of the second sorte of merchaunts or factors by us imployed in the said voyadge, the same to be taken and executed successivelie one after another as any of you shall happen to decease after the said chandges by the true meaning hereof shall be cast upon you, which chardge we doe ordeine shall succeede in this manner, viz.:—First to our second merchaunt, shipped in the Red Dragon; next to our second merchaunt or ffactor, shipped in the Hector; third, to our second merchaunt or ffactor, shipped in the Ascention; and, lastly, to our second

merchaunt or factor shipped in the Susan.

"And we doe further ordeine, that as we have appointed a succession of principall merchaunts as Governor of the whole Company imployed or shipped in this voyadge, see we doe order and decree that upon whomsoever the said government in succession shall fall by decease of any of the persons before named, that he shall or may shipp or embark himself as the Admiral of our fleet, and enjoy and receive such place, cabbin, easement, and commandment therein, as our said generall and principall Governor formerlie did. And, lastlie, whereas Her Majestie by her Commission under the Great Seale hath onelie appointed the General Government of all her subjects employed in the said voyadge unto the said James Lancaster, without any appointing of succession by like warrant to any that is imployed in the said voyadge, and that it lyeth not in us to give any warrant for the conviction of offences by penal lawes to be executed on the bodies of any of Her Majestie's subjects, we doe in that behalf as to men having reason and discretion, and to men that feare God, offer unto your good considerations the benefit of order and peaceable agreement in matters and enterprizes undertaken for a comon good, reposing in you our severall merchaunts and all you our severall officers appointed and enterteined in this voyagde a speciall hope, trust, and confidence, that you will accorde and agree together and join in friendship and amytic to doe and execute your uttermost endeayour for the benefitt, of the voyadge, without contention, discord, or emulation to be used amongst you,

guiding yourselves by that generall regiment and sea government which English fleets doe use when they sorte themselves together, having a speciall and due respect to him that is the principall or captain merchaunt; and soe we commend you to God's providence who guide you with His favour and defend you from all daungers."

A TALE OF THE YEAR, 1642.

FROM THE DIARY OF MARJORY, LADY SHAKERLEY, PUT INTO MORE MODERN ENGLISH BY M. E. G.

IT being now the year of our Lord, 1661, and (thanks be to Heaven) peace restored throughout this unhappy land after so many years of frightful war and bloodshed, by the restoration of his most gracious Majesty, Charles the Second;—finding the entries in my diary during that sad and troublous time, much effaced and blotted by the tears that often fell whilst my fingers held the pen—and wishing to retain a record of my sweet sister Ellinor, partly for my own solace, and partly for my children's sakes, (especially for her little namesake, in whom I trace a great resemblance to my sweet sister,) I purpose writing from this my diary, a truthfull account of what befell us during the terrible years of 1642 and 1643,—when Ellinor and me were alone together, and my dear husband absent

with the royal army.

And first, I will commence by saying, that being left orphans at an early age, and inheriting from our dear and honoured parents a pretty property on the borders of Cheshire, I was married to a good and loyal gentleman of that loyal county, by name Sir Geoffrey Shakerley. Ellinor and me never having parted, I did mention her at once to Sir Geoffrey, when he with many loving words sought me as his wife—(and a good and tender husband he has been through many years); whereupon he at once made answer, "Dear Heart," said he, "my home shall be thy sweet sister's home, for thy sweet sake, until that she can find some honourable man, whom she can fix upon, as willing to love and cherish her as I am thee." And so on the Thursday after the Holy Feast of the Resurrection of our Blessed Lord, in the year 1639, I was wedded unto my dear husband in the Parish Church of All Saints, at our own home, "The Yews," so called from the large and fine yew trees which are the ornament of our Churchyard.

It was a most sweet and pretty place; built in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by our grandfather. It was of mortar and wood, and painted in black and white, standing on a gentle rise above the little trout stream, which meandering about through the meadows, murmurs on until it joins the Dee, some few miles further on. And so, knowing my great love for this, my early home, my dear husband would often bring me here, though he himself was always most partial to his ancient Hall in Cheshire; yet (though as in

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duty bound, I loved his home,) in the early springtime, when the little vale was in its greatest beauty, with wild flowers, such as the Pasque lily, yellow primrose, my lady's smock, and many others, cherry and chestnut trees in full blossom, and the mavis and other birds singing as methought they did nowhere else, my heart would yearn to return to the Yews, and Ellinor and me would converse together about it, and then my dear husband would say, "Ah, my lily of the valley, thou wouldst quit me for thy first home;" and then I would rise and put my two hands upon his neck, and say, "Not quit thee, Geoffrey-but I would thou shouldst take me and this wild bird there, for a short space just now at Easter time, which is the time we were wont to wander among those sweet woods, and listen to the birds, and to the sound of the river;" at which my dear Lord would answer, "Truth, dear heart, thou mayest have listened to them, but I in sooth never heard but one bird, and that was mine own, and her words were sweeter to me than all the mavises in the land:" at which I would reach up my lips to him, for my dear husband was of a noble figure and stately withal, and I smaller by far than Ellinor, so that I always stood on the very points of my toes when I wished to reach his lips, and then it was still too far unless he bent down to meet mine: which I may truly say he never refused, nor has done to this very day. And thus it chanced that the spring-time we always passed at my old home, and Ellinor rejoiced thereat as much or more than me. For I was of a graver turn than my sweet sister, having been of an age to feel the death of my dear and tender parents, and feeling withal the care of her was laid upon me; and I set myself to learn and copy, as much as in me lay, all that my dear and honoured mother had wished me to excel in, such as fine needlework, in which none wrought better than she, reading of history, and writing in a clear and readable hand, also making sweet cakes, and confections, and distilling of waters. In all these I may say, my dear Lord would often tell me, none could be better, and I laboured to make my sweet sister as skilful as myself-but in this I never could succeed. Her delight was to be at active pastimes; she dearly loved riding, and had always several large hounds with her, who though very fierce to strangers, would obey her slightest word; and so wild was she, (though always most modest in every word and action,) that if so chanced I left her to make a simple confection, hoping thereby to arouse her pride in the matter, she would hide most part of the sugar that should have been mixed into it, to give it to her favourite black mare, Zay-and when I could not refrain from scolding, she would cast her arms around my neck, and say, "Ah, Marjory, Marjory, I'll be as steady as thou when I reach thy years;" whereupon I would tell her that many good and likely gentlemen were thinking of her, and were she but a little more sedate, she might have a husband like my dear Lord; but she would shake and toss her head and say no man that she had seen was to compare to one of her big dogs; and that three of her big dogs were not fit to com-

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pare to Zay, - and I knew she spoke truth, and that none yet had touched her heart, as my dear Lord had mine, even before he spoke to me, for I had never seen a blush or a downcast look come over her face, which, (though her sister, and many did think like her in some respects,) I may say, was very lovely. When she was mounted on Zay I did often tremble for her, though she would only laugh at my fears. She would not learn to fear, and often have I seen her leap a stout fence, or ford the river, for pure wantonness. Zay would rub her nose against her hand and follow her like a dog; truly it was a pretty sight to see them together, though I never did enjoy riding exercise, unless it was on a pillion, behind my dear husband, and then my arm was round him; and I felt no fears. So then, as I dearly loved her, and could not bear to bring the dew into her bright eyes, I made the confections and sweet waters usually alone, and thought when her Sir Geoffrey came, my wild bird would soon be tamed, and perchance become a better housewife than myself. Ah, I little thought how my wild bird would be tamed-nor how soon she would quit this earthly nest for one far above where the skylark soars—yet I knew it was better she should so soon break her chain-I might perchance have had a sorer grief to humble me-she gave her life a ransom for another, and I learnt to say, "It is well."

As I said, spring-time we passed at the Yews, and the rest of the year in my husband's home in Cheshire, until the fatal year 1642, when after patiently enduring much discord and rebellious proceedings, our King was forced to set up his Royal Standard in the autumn of the year. I mind well the day, 22nd August, and what a wild and stormy day it was, and how grave my dear husband grew when we heard as soon as it was raised, the great gusts of wind blew it down, and how Ellinor, in her hopeful way said, "Never fear, it will be the firmer now." Then my dear husband settled it would be safer for her and me to bide at the Yews, whilst he was with his Majesty, and so it proved; for one of the first successes of the rebels was the surprise of the strong castle of Beeston; and after that, the home he loved so well was burnt to the ground, and everything was plundered that we had left in it. Ellinor and me lived in seclusion and comparative safety at the Yews. No road passed immediately near the house, so that sometimes for many weeks we heard no news save what an occasional messenger from my dear Lord would bring. He told us the young Prince Palatine was appointed General of the Horse, and what a brave and daring soldier his Highness was, and often in the evenings we would converse and wonder what sort of looks he and many of the best Cavaliers were of, in especial those of whom we heard some daring deed; and above the others, was one Sir Charles Compton. Him I did often mention to my sweet Ellinor, chiefly because he was a dear friend of my dear husband, and I knew from him would have perilled his life to win a smile from her. . She had not one for him-my poor wild bird-though a

most bold exploit was done by him, as I will tell in few words. Beeston Castle being in possession of the rebels, this Sir Charles Compton resolved should not so continue; and early before it was daylight one morning in December, he and six other gentlemen as bold of heart as himself, clambered up the steep hill-side, which being so very steep that scarce was there sure footing for the goat; the castle wall on that side was lower than at the other, and the watch inside the walls not so much on the alert. Sir Charles Compton and his little company therefore scaled the walls, killed the sentinels, and blowing their defiance and shouting "For the King," so terrified the rebels, (who under cover of a heavy fall of snow could not ascertain their numbers,) that they were content to be allowed to march out with their arms, which they accordingly did unto Nantwich, where Steel, who had been governor of the castle, was shot to death by his own party for having given up so strong a place to seven men in all.

It was in the summer of 1643, when Ellinor and me were in the south chamber above stairs, and all the casements being open, (the heat being very great,) that we suddenly heard the tramp of horses, and on the opposite hill across our little vale, a small body of cavalry was glittering in the sunshine among the trees. We knew at one glance, as we ran eagerly to the lattice, they were cavaliers, and watched them winding along the hill-side into the vale, when turning from the road through the southern meadow, they rode at a better speed towards the Yews. Breathlessly I scanned the foremost riders, praying in my heart my dear Lord was there. "Marjory, dear Marjory!" Ellinor exclaimed, and giving my poor arm a sore pinch at the same time, "I pray thee look at him with the scarlet cloak, and tell me didst thou ever see any with such knightly bearing?" They were just entering the little river, and truly she spoke aright. I bethought me as they were so near, it would be only due and proper courtesy for us to descend and bid them welcome, and in a flutter of excited feeling we went down into the hall. I advanced unto the great door, whilst Ellinor remained some paces behind me. Some of the cavaliers had already dismounted, and sore jaded seemed their steeds. "Welcome," I said, all in a tremble, "welcome, sirs; and I would gladly hear any tidings of my good lord Sir Geoffrey Shakerley."

"Lady," the foremost gentleman replied, "Sir Geoffrey is well. I heard his Highness speak but a few days back of a gallant deed of his would make your heart glad to hear, and doubtless you will soon hear it, madam, from his Highness himself."

"Is his Highness here? the Prince Palatine?"

I asked again.

"That is his Highness, lady, him with the scarlet cloak," and then all making way, the Prince alighted and advanced towards me. "My Lady Shakerley," he said, taking my hand and saluting me, "we have come to beg for food and a few hours' rest, for our horses are well-nigh exhausted, and their riders, in truth, scarcely less so."

"All we have is at your Highness's disposal, and honoured are we by your visit," I replied, with as much composure as I could command. Then entering the hall, I named my sister to his Highness.

"Fair Mistress Ellinor," asked the Prince, "as loyal as the Lady Shakerley?" On which, and to my surprise, sweet Ellinor passed me, and bending one knee to the ground, quite low, but very

firm, said, "To the death!"

Truly she looked passing fair as she knelt—her hair was very golden over her neck and throat which were alway very white. Her cheek was like a rose my honoured mother always loved and called the maiden blush; and her long lashes, as dark as mine, though her hair was so different in

colour

The Prince was of a very tall and stately figure. He was then twenty-four years of age, though he looked more; his hair was very black and his face was dark and sallow; his nose high, like our Monarch, his uncle; his eyes very large, and when nothing went against his humour, soft and gentle as a woman's; but his mouth was alway firman iron mouth-my dear Lord did call it. He was dressed in armour, and, as I heard was his wont, wore a short scarlet cloak and plumed hat, which I have been told he often neglected to lay aside for his casque when engaging the enemy, so reckless was he in his daring. His Highness wore no beard nor moustache, but his hair curled all around his face, and not excepting even my dear lord, mine eye had never rested on one more noble in his presence. And here I think I may say a few words of his Highness, though not presuming to give opinion as to his warfare, of which so many different reports are rife; but I have conversed with many true and brave men, and they and my dear husband were alway of the same mind, that none could exceed the Prince Palatine in bravery and noble deeds; and that which in these times reflects more praise on him is, he set a good example to many as regards pure and honourable life, and none could east up against him anything like loose morals or drunkenness, which he alway abhorred. Saving after that woful siege of Bristol, he likewise conducted himself as a dutiful and loving nephew to our unhappy King, and that for neither reward nor profit.

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I said above, my Ellinor knelt and answered the Prince's query as to her loyalty, by the words "To the death!" Truly I thought, were the great Sir Anthony alive, what a fair picture would he have

made of them two!

His Highness raised her instantly, saying as he did so, "Heaven forbid;" he then saluted her as he had me. The blush Rose grew into a July damask, and then she became deadly pale and so continued.

We hastly prepared the great bedroom which had been well-nigh closed since my dear mother's death, (though we always kept it well aired and sweet,) for the Prince, and different apartments for the other gentlemen. Mr. Legge, "Honest Will," his Highness was pleased to name him, Sir Ralph

Hopton, and others were with him; and as plentiful and good a dinner as could be had, was served in as short a time as might be. The Prince took my hand and led me into the hall. He did not converse much during the meal, but ate with as good an appetite as I ever saw; drinking but little, and afterwards when my confections and sweet cakes were brought, his Highness was pleased to tell me of my dear husband, who not being able to swim (he never could abide the water), had got across the Dee in a tub, carrying despatches in face of the enemy. The high terms in which he named him brought the tears into my foolish eyes. I must not omit to mention the Prince's white dog, which lay at his feet and was alway with him; he told Ellinor and me he had brought it from Germany, and it had been his companion when he was imprisoned by the Emperor. When we withdrew to the south room the dog followed his master, and Ellinor asked his Highness if she might bring him some food, to which he assented, and after the dog had eaten, he looked at her awhile and then licked her hand, perchance understanding her fondness for all animals, for dogs are sagacious to a great degree. But Ellinor was more pleased at the creature than I cared to notice. Then the Prince retired for a few hours' repose, and by eight of the clock, they all assembled again in the hall, ready for starting; Ellinor and me waited on his Highness with the parting cup, of which he drank, and I ventured to say I had fifty gold pieces laid by if his Highness was in any way short. "Truly welcome will they be," answered the Prince, laughing, "sore pressed we often are;" and giving my bunch of keys to Ellinor, though in some fear lest she should take the wrong one and so spoil my lock, I remained with his Highness and the rest. He saluted us both in parting, and we prayed Heaven might be with his Highness and soon restore the King to his own again. But after that day I never saw the row of pearls which Ellinor was wont to wear around her fair neck, and I verily believe she slipped them into the brocade bag with the gold pieces. Of this I fear me the Prince was never aware, for his secretary turning traitor shortly after, and, like Judas, keeping the bag, the pearls were never turned to any loyal use, whereat I have sometimes fretted, for they were valued at three hundred marks.

We watched them as they rode away, and the thought came upon me how many of those now in full strength and vigour might be lying stiff and cold on some battle-field ere long, and then with my arm round my sweet sister we retired to our own chamber, weary and glad to be at rest. But Ellinor lingered longer at her devotions than was her wont, and I got me to bed.

"Marjory," she said, rising from her knees and bending over my pillow, "Marjory, I pray thee tell me shall I err in adding a prayer for the Prince Palatine to that for his gracious Majesty?"

My heart misgave me at the question, but collecting myself I answered, "My sweet Ellinor, we are bid to pray for Kings and all in authority, therefore, as thou wilt, include his Highness with the rest of the Royal Family: but my dear one," I added, (thinking some little caution necessary,) "remember, think of him as the Prince Palatine and nothing less." "Fie Marjory," she said and kissed me, but her cheek was hot, and I was nigh asleep when she laid her down at my side.

We went on as before for some weeks after this. My dear husband paid us a short visit on his way to Shrewsbury, and I thanked Heaven for preserving him to me through many dangers. And so we went on until the winter, which set in early this year.

It was the 7th November, a dark and dismal day, that a party of about one hundred and fifty of the rebels finding out our sweet home, rode up to the doors and loudly and rudely demanded admittance. We were but few and resistance useless, so without delay we gave them entrance, and such food and drink as there was I had brought unto them. They committed as much mischief and damage as was possible, but we thought little of it when the news came from the village next day, all the painted glass in the Church was much injured, the font and monuments hacked about, as likewise the beautiful screen—and this they vilely and falsely assert is done for the sake of religion! "whilst they do say in their hearts, let us make havoe of them altogether."

I have not mentioned that in the hall was a bay window, the roofing of which had a communication quite concealed from below with a recess in the bay in the south room above. To this recess Ellinor betook herself, my desire being to conceal one so youthful and lovely, and when the rebels were supplied with meat and drink I also joined her. So it chanced much mischief was avoided for the King, by our hearing, in dismay not to be told, that Chester was that very night to be surprised by the enemy from Nantwich, and that the party below only awaited the setting of the moon to start to join them from this side of the Dee. We listened breathlessly, not one word was lost, and then finding from the silence which succeeded that they were sleeping, we without noise left our concealment, and repairing to our own chamber, for a few moments were lost in thought. My sweet sister was the first to speak.

"I have an idea, Marjory," she said, "I will return in a short space."

I sat wondering, and at last rather uneasy at her absence, endeavoured to strengthen myself with some verses from Holy writ, than which, in the time of trouble, I know of nothing more comfortable. It might be fifteen minutes by the clock, when the chamber door was softly opened and I started, expecting my sweet sister,—but instead, Cicely the Ranger's wife, who looked after the poultry, made the butter and such things, entered with a basket on her arm.

"What wantest thou, Cicely, to-night?" I asked in some displeasure, for she was not wont to intrude into my private chamber without command. Whereupon she advanced nearer to me, and displaying her basket which contained eggs, and two couples of recently killed capons, said she was going to Chester with them for the General. I had been frequent in sending such things to the General, (which was none other than the Prince Palatine,) but they had been sent in charge of an old and trustworthy domestic who was now engaged in protecting our interests as best he might from the rebels below: not only such trifles as these, but more substantial things, had been sent and safely received from him.

"Thou, Cicely," I answered, "how canst thou go to Chester? Thou art officious, methinks, to-night."

On this, with a merry laugh, my sweet sister (for it was none other) threw her arms around me, saying, "Ah! Marjory, I shall pass; none will know me since I have deceived even thee, dear sister; now see my plan. I go through the cooking-room to the stables. I will saddle Zay without noise. She will follow me, thou knowest, like a dog; then softly through the garden by the terrace to the wood, till I shall gain the lower meadows, whence no sound of hoofs can reach up to this. I will be in Chester before the moon has set, there will I advertise his Highness, and remain in some discreet lodging till that I can rejoin thee, dearest sister. Forbid me not, Marjory mine, by none other way can the Prince be warned in time."

My breath was gone. Let her run such a risk as to ride a good eight miles by night and alone! Then the thought, and it was agony, what might be lost to the King, should we, who knew the enemy's plan, sit quiet at our ease and do nought?

Then I resolved to accompany her. But again, let alone my unskill on horseback, that would raise suspicion were the rebels to enquire for the malignant woman, as they termed me, and find me absent. I felt in my heart she was the wiser and the better, and her skill as a rider now of more, oh how much more value than all my boasted housewifery and sweet waters.

I threw my arms around her as if it were our last parting. "My own sweet wild bird, God be with thee," I said; "He careth for the sparrow-none can fall to the earth without his knowledge, and thou art of more value than many such. For God and the King I send thee forth;" and pulling the coif and hood over her face again, she took up the basket and by the private stairs gained the cook's room, from which there was a covered passage for a good distance towards the stables. Then I went through some of the chambers to see and hear if all was quiet; which it seemed to be, then back to my own again, where I opened the lattice and leaned out, hushing my own breathing to catch any sound. Once methought I heard Zay trip on a stone. Then I heard a little wicket creak as she opened it. I knew the sound it always made in opening, by it she had gained the wood. Then I fancied the sound of hoofs going at speed across the meadows, but mine own heart beat so loud, perchance it might be that, and no suspicion was aroused below. Then I shut to my lattice, and kneeling down I said Psalms 23rd and 91st with my whole heart and felt comforted not a little.

My sweet Ellinor riding at speed and avoiding

the high roads as much as might be, having perfect knowledge of the country, and the waters not being out at all this year, reached the outpost by Chester just at our side the Dee. She answered as she knew old Davies alway answered when in trust, as I mentioned before, and demanded to be taken to the Prince, with tidings which would brook no delay. With some little mirth and jesting she was admitted, and in charge of two troopers escorted up by the Bridge Street, nigh to the Castle, thence skirting the Roodeye, to the Watergate, where his Highness was lodged in my Lord Derby's house.

The Prince admitted a messenger from the Lady Shakerley at once. He was busily engaged in writing, and his secretary was copying some despatch or other matter. There were also many gentlemen in the apartment. My sweet Ellinor told her errand as briefly as might be. His Highness questioned her, and asked why Davies had not been sent, and what office she held about the Lady Shakerley.

"I am the sister of the Lady Shakerley," she

replied.

"Hold!" exclaimed the Prince; his eyes flashed, and his whole countenance darkened. "Hold! this is false, woman; I'll have thee blindfolded and driven from the walls."

"So please your Highness," she answered faltering, "I will remove my disguise;" and taking off the covering from her head, the cap and hood which had so concealed her, she stood with her fair face and golden hair, trembling in every limb before the Palatine and his officers assembled. I can well conceive the astonishment of all those present, but she only noticed the Prince in his surprise swore a round oath; then he rose instantly and taking her hand, led her unto a seat at the far end of the apartment himself, saying as he did so, "I crave forgiveness, fair Mistress Ellinor. I fear thou wilt think me the 'terrible Prince' that mine enemies do call me; and thou art still affrighted, for thy hand shakes. Rest here a while, I will return to thee in short space." Then he left her to give his orders for receiving the enemy, which I may as well mention they did in such gallant style that few drew rein or even looked behind them until they reached Harden, then possessed by the rebels, leaving many wounded and dead before the walls. The secretary and the Prince's own attendants alone remaining in the apartment, his Highness returned to speak to my sweet Ellinor before starting in person to the East Gate, telling her he was at a loss for words to thank her; and as she recited to me all that passed, I felt how those large soft eyes asking for pardon, were more to be dreaded for my sweet wild bird than tongue can tell. She told his Highness she would wish to find a lodging with some one of her own sex until she could return unto me, and accordingly taking leave of her, he sent her with Colonel Gamul unto Mrs. Done's, in St. Werburgh Street, who was a kind and motherly dame of an ancient family in Cheshire, which brought Oulton unto the Egertons, another most ancient and honourable house. After the repelling of the enemy, the Prince Palatine sent unto my sweet sister saying, she and Mrs. Done must dine at his table that day, on which she returned for answer, his Highness must excuse her presence, she having no apparel save that in which she had rode, and therefore not meet to appear before his Highness at his table. Whereupon the Prince Palatine, on his way to view the defences at Flookersbrook, did himself call at Mrs. Done's, and as Mrs. Done did afterwards inform me, did not alight, but told her he would not take Mistress Ellinor's excuses, for the dress she had rode in was more honour to her than the finest Lyons satin, and in that and none other would he have her to appear. Therefore accompanied by Mrs. Done, she went to my Lord Derby's house and dined with his Highness. The Prince taking her hand and leading her unto the table, and conversing much on horses and dogs, and also mentioning his mother the Queen, with much duty and affection. On the second day she was escorted back unto the Yews, his Highness sending a standard, captured that night at Boughton,

as a tribute to her bravery.

Mine own wild Bird! Wild Bird no longer. Pray Heaven it was indeed my duty to sacrifice one so dear for my King and country. Yet had Chester fallen, without our endeavour to prevent it, could I ever have looked my dear husband in the face again? She never said now that no one could compare to hound or horse, but when, during the winter, Sir Charles Compton sued for her hand, she said him nay so as to leave in him no hope at all. And such was his love for her, he lived and died unmarried for her sake. Yet was she sweet and winning as ever, and more docile towards me, with a smile offering her sweet services to help me in the still room, and promising me to steal no more

sugar for Zay, would I but trust her.

It was but a short space from this attempted surprise of Chester, that my dear Lord was badly wounded at Shrewsbury. I heard no news of it until by easy stages he was brought to the Yews; thinking in his mind the wound was beyond cure, and wishing to my face again before, as he said, departing from this troublesome world. It pleased Heaven, however, to grant him recovery, and like the good King Ezekias after his sore sickness, many years were added unto his life. But whilst he was but scarce able to leave his couch, and with difficulty move across the chamber for very weakness, we were again invaded by the rebels; a small party they were, but with hearts harder than the nether millstone.

With jeers and taunts they assailed our ears all that night, breaking open every chest and cabinet, seeking for treasure or plate, which happily had been all expended, either for the King himself, or for my dear husband's wants in the field; and finding nothing to repay them, believing we had some hidden, which we had not the mind to give up, at last they threatened to hang my dear husband at his own door, hoping thereby to terrify the malignant into disclosing his treasure. Often as my

dear Lord had met death face to face in the field, his cheek grew a whit paler than sickness had left it, and so passed some hours of great anxiousness and fear; whilst again, in the early morning, they continued their wanton damage in our sweet home. No hope was left me; in spite of my tears and prayers, my dear husband was indeed seized by some of the rebels and commanded to prepare for death. Then, finding from his late wounds, he was scarce able to descend the stair, they would have led him; but here his noble heart gave him courage, and rising up and motioning them away, as if (which indeed it was) their touch was pollution, he placed his arm fondly round my neck, saying, "Dear heart, thou wilt not forsake me at the last," and so by slow steps we reached the hall, where I threw myself on my knees before the leader, and beseeched him piteously for my dear Lord's life. In vain! They led him to the great oak some fifty paces from our home, me clinging to the captain's knees, with tears and prayers which might have melted any They soon produced a rope; when they heart. had passed it around his neck, my dear husband said he would ask no grace but ten minutes' converse with his wife, which, thanks be to Heaven, was granted him. The time was well-nigh gone, me holding his hand in mine, and scarce able to comprehend what he wished to say, when Ellinor gave a joyful scream, exclaiming, "Look Marjory, look." Happiness almost beyond belief! relief indeed was at hand. The rebels saw and paused. At the far end of the lower meadows, down which my sweet sister had rode that night to Chester, a body of Cavaliers were riding at good speed. But a few moments sufficed to bring them close enough to discern some foul deed was in hand; the rebels leaving my dear Lord, the ropes till around his neck, leapt on their horses just as the Cavaliers reached the foot of the rising knoll on which we stood. Then one villain above the rest, turned him in the saddle as he fled, and took aim at the foremost rider among them. Ah, my Ellinor! my Ellinor! truly the love of woman passeth all things! The next moment she was lying on her face, stretched upon the green grass. Leaving my dear Lord ewooning from the sudden respite, I flew to my sweet sister, but all my strength sufficed not to raise her from the ground. Even as I tried, a stronger arm than mine was by. He raised her, wrapping around her the scarlet cloak, and carrying her tenderly into the house, laid her on a settee in the hall. Her bright hair was disordered, but her face was wondrous calm and sweet. My dear husband told me when I conversed with him that even on the battle-field, the face was peaceful with a gun-shot wound, more than with any other; but in mine own heart I thought hers had not looked as it did look, she being quite conscious to the last, had she not felt what could never have been in life, was granted her in death. His Highness in placing her gently on the settee, had knelt beside her, his arm was around her as she lay, and her dear head still on his breast.

"Marjory," she said, as I covered her dear

hand with tears and kisses, "Marjory mine, thou

must steal sugar for Zay now."

Whether the Prince could read all that I saw so clearly written in her eyes, I know not; but bending down over her, he said, "Rupert will avenge thee, sweet one," and kissed her on her lips. Alas! they were his own, none other had ever tasted them. One bright gleam passed over my Ellinor's fair face, and still looking up to his Highness, she said, softly, "To the death;" and so departed this life in the twentieth year of her age, A.D., 1644, January 6th, being the Festival of the Epiphany. Then the Prince

Here the MS. ends abruptly.

LEAVES FROM AN OXFORD PORTFOLIO.

LEAF IX .- THE OXFORD DON.

In my first leaf, I promised not unjustly to vilify. Now I mean to vilify a bit in this leaf, but not without cause. Have I shown a captious cavilling spirit in these pages? O impartial reader, is not my general disposition sweet as Hyblæan honey? Is not my pen a stingless bee? Or, if not quite, it is a Humble bee, of which the sting, for one half-hour sharp, passes away, and leaves no lasting scar. I tried to sting those Merton fellows for stripping Merton of its glorious ivy, but they never came and begged my pardon, promising to do better for the future, and never to object to the sweet Spring twitter of birds about their windows again; nor even to the inroad of an inquisitive wood-louse or two, with any number of legs; and antennæ twisting and poking here and there. Fancy, by the way, the shoe bill of Paterfamilias' Wood-louse! Once more, I remember I had a hit at the absurdity that would not allow the development of the Commoner's gown from a scare-crow's rag, into a goodly robe. But neither of this has the University taken any notice. Now I select my pen with unusual care, laying aside one which may have been a little strained in past jousts, and sit in my saddle, grimly determined, waiting for the Herald, June, to give the note before I close in thunder on the

"What foe?" do you ask? "Answer Echo!"
Who dragged Merton's Ivy down? "The Oxford
Don!" Who opposed the wholesome change in
gowns? "The Oxford Don!" Against whom am I
about to run this tilt? "The Oxford Don!"
Enough—Echo, retire to the kitchen,—and get a

glass of beer.

The Oxford Don is a Nondescript. At Oxford he is a Pasha;—at home perhaps, eldest son to a greengrocer, none the less a gentleman for that, perhaps,—rather, all the more to be respected. But why treat other gentlemen as if they were dogs? Why be so grandly, immeasurably, superior to other mortals that are entering where they surely entered once? Or is the genus Don a distinct race

from the genus Under-graduate? They are on Mount Olympus, and the junior members are the toiling mortals underneath, over whom they "smile in secret," "reclined on the hills like gods together, careless of mankind, for they sit beside their nectar,"—Commons'-room wine, I mean; and I won't travestie Tennyson's glorious Poem any more, I hate

the practice.

A very spiteful, unfair, and untrue book about Oxford, published some four years ago, (I quite forget its name,) made a venomous attack, not only on the genus Don, but on the genus everything-Oxford. German students, who went to a picnic on a full beer barrel, and returned on it empty,—were to be the model of the Oxford undergraduate. German professors described, (I don't know whether truly, or no) as reeking with filth: half dressed, if that, when they receive their pupils, and looking like Fair-gingerbread figures with the overflowings of ceaseless snuff — were the Writer's ideal of what the Oxford Don should aim at becoming. But the book, albeit with some truth in its faultfinding, died of an excess of spleen,—and most people, as I, have forgotten its name. Again, a nasty book-much belaboured at the time of its publication by the Saturday Review and the Athenœum,—and that most justly: a book, I say, by a relation of Charles Reade, describing Oxford as a Circean sty of all filth and coarseness, cast some of its coarsest filth on the Oxford Don. Verily he but shone the more, so sillily and unfairly bespattered. May the Writer have, by this time, mended, at least,—his pen!

Now, I don't like to join in the ery of a pack with which I should be ashamed to be seen; and yet I have some bones to pick with ye mighty Anomaly, ye Oxford Don; and picked they must be. In good humour, though, and only a funny bone or two, which we will pull together afterwards; and my wish shall be that some Oxford Dons shall make it more their aim to find the key to the heart of those under their care, and less to attach that instrument to the end of their own name. For the behaviour of many attaches to their dignity the signature of Dogberry. Enough for the prologue. The trumpet-flourish is over, and I enter the lists, with a description of the life of the peculiar character on which I have under-

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taken to write.

The Oxford Don was once an under-graduate. You would'nt think so, but I could prove it. See him march, in lordly pride, through the abashed streets of Oxford; see his stern stare on the contemptible being who has been but two or three years in the University; at best, behold his bland condescension; his gracious waiving of the immeasurable distance between them, a distance so vast that he can compassionately, and patronizingly, afford to lay it aside for a little while. For has he not asked some of the inferior sort to breakfast? Does he not even deign to recognize their weakminded sports? to stoop to the mention of the College Boat, or the Eleven; to make little jokes, and to smile benignly after the effort; administer-

ing, however, a gentle snub to that unwary and presumptuous Freshman, who attempts to bandy jokes with so great a being? He is facetious, he is jovial; you learn with amaze that he, even HE, is alive to many things that go on in the College; that he dips into the habits and ways of undergraduates, as they, perhaps, into the goings on of mason bees and ants. Do you say, O foolish youth, that you never feel at your ease at such an entertainment? That there is a lack of kindly interest, on something of a common ground, between you and the Tutor or Fellow? That it is not only the proper distinction between greater age and experience, and higher position in the College; but an entire separation-not a gradation-between you? Tut, man, you are not meant to feel at your ease. It is something that should overwhelm you, to be in the Presence at all, much more sitting at the table. At your ease? What an unreasonable fellow you are! At your ease? Why, who ever wanted you to be at your ease?

'Tis human nature. Look in the kitchen. That lordly Butler was once a page; would you think so, to see his patronizing, or bullying airs to the youth

who now fills that office?

Well, you see I complain that the Oxford Don is donnish. Do you think that complaint unreasonable? I do not. His donnishness is, I say, natural, but, none the less, very despicable. The Don is a prince in Oxford,—a Triton among min-

nows,-whatever he may be elsewhere.

However, an under-graduate he was once. You may watch the growth, as you might the development of a tadpole. For the very under-graduates whose cause I espouse, are themselves, if circumstances favour, but embryo Dons. See the One-year man patronizing the Freshman—is not here a sucking Don? And when another year, and another, and another, grows out, and, as aforesaid, at last the tail drops off, and he becomes a young frog—does he notice the tadpoles at all? Every year removes him farther from them, and when he is full-grown—become, I mean, a Fellow,—you would hardly believe that he had ever been anything else.

Oxford is a little world in itself; it has an etiquette and a society of its own. You meet a man in Oxford, and he thinks you honoured by his notice. You meet the same man near your home, and he is anxious to have it seen that he knows you. I don't know that it can very well be altered. I think it a pity that this state of things exists. Such a barrier between the experienced and the inexperienced, is a thing to deplore. Of course, I am writing of the abuse, which is, I think, the more common, of that influence and rank, as it were, which the Crown at the end of the race, gives those who yet were once runners. 'Tis right they should be superior in position and influence, as they are in age and experience. And some, I think the exception, see and value, and employ the vantage ground for good which they have thus gained over the younger minds with which they come in contact. Would their conduct were the rule, not the exception!

To take some examples from my own experience of Oxford donnishness.

One head of a College was the old school-fellow of a friend of mine, the vicar of an important town. Nay, said Head had been the vicar's fag. My friend published a small book on their old school, and old school days; and with due deference, wrote to his old school-fellow to interest him in it. Impudence! Of course the letter was treated with silent contempt. This is, perhaps, a trifle. But it is

significant.

Another case, more important. A clergyman whom I knew, had a son at one of the colleges. The son tried for one of the prizes of the college. He failed. The failure, for the time, involved his prospects. My friend felt the matter deeply, especially as unusual severity had been shown, but, of course, acquiesced. Next year, however, two other candidates, attempting the same thing, and doing only as well as had his son previously, were pronounced successful. The reason was clear, the College, the year before, had hoped, by severity, to escape Government interference. Their attempt had been in vain. Government had swept away much of their power, and their object was now to use it in the last year in which it was their own. Not fair, certainly, but still, natural. However, my friend felt the matter deeply; thought it east a slur on his son's character, since the attainments in the university honours had been equal; and wrote a temperate letter on the subject to the Head of the College. Surely this was natural, nay, right, on the father's part. Surely kind feeling and courtesy would have given every explanation, and soothed the wound as well as might be.

You think so, do you? Then you don't know the Oxford Don. To the mind of that august Personage, the writing to question any of his acts was an impertinence unheard of, monstrous, unparalleled. "What, write and explain to a mere Brother Clergyman—a mere hurt Father? I should think not. What do you say? Even if he had been unreasonable, which he was not, the feelings of a Father in such a case ought to have been respected. Respected? Not unreasonable? dear sir, you forget that it was to the Head of a House the fellow wrote? Me explain? St. Paul was not above doing so, but if he chose to lower himself, I know better. Besides, I am not aware that he held a Position like my own." my friend never had the least notice taken of his letter; only that he afterwards learnt that it had given such offence that the Dignitary could not even

hear him named with patience.

Well, now, these are specimens from my own experience, of that donnishness of which I complain, as displayed towards men equal as to age and standing. Such conduct is foolish and mischievous. Pity that these men will not look beyond their own little world into the larger one, and increase their tiny compasses and toy rules, to the larger scale. Pity that they do not look beyond their "little brief authority," into the blue vast, sown with systems, and lose their silly self-belief in the over-

whelming sense of immensity and power. Pity that they do not, in the humble, child-like spirit that must precede it, take to heart more that love of Christ which would lead men to "love as brethren,

be pitiful, be courteous."

Look at the position of the Head of a college. He is, as it were, the Father of a family. Three or four of the most trying and important years for good or evil in a man's life - years which will perhaps throw the die for time and for eternity to many immortal souls-have to be passed under his eye. What an opportunity for a lover of Christ to feed His lambs! Such an impressible age, such a hazardous period; the wax so soft, and so ready to be stamped with the impress of sin or holiness. How is the opportunity used? As a rule—I do not say there are not exceptions—it is utterly thrown away. All that the young man commonly sees of his Head, is on those occasions when he is summoned before him and coldly rebuked for some misdemeanour, or called to account for missing Chapels. No pains are taken to set before him the privilege and advantage of that daily meeting together, and beginning and ending the day with our beautiful and solemn Service. No, it is made none other than a part of college discipline, a mere muster roll. Now, what folly, and worse is this! Is all the duty of a Head of a Family to scold and punish the offenders against its rules? Is not prevention better than cure? Many a young man who comes up fresh from home or from school, his own master for the first time, with no experience, with principles scarce fixed, falls in with careless, ungodly companions. Everything in Oxford life is fine, and to be admired in his eyes. There is no counteracting influence. The Devil has it all his own way, as far, at least, as the soldiers of Christ's army are concerned. Step by step the young man goes on; bit by bit the early home teaching is undermined; stage after stage is passed on the road of destruction; duties are neglected by degrees; things from which he at first shrunk, are now familiar to him, and he has gone far beyond them now; debts are incurred, health is ruined, innocence is lost; God, and God's deputies, the anxious parents, are forgotten; and the generous, bright youth who entered Oxford full of hope, and hopeful qualities, leaves it, after four years, a careless, hardened sinner. His sense of honour is dimmed, his conscience is languid, his home affections even have left that barren soil, which was once a good field ready for good seed, but now all overgrown with thorns and weeds. A sad, yet a common story!

Now, may we not feel sure that, in some cases at least, had there been a watchful loving eye over him, —not that of a Spy, but that of a Father;—had a kind hand been laid on his shoulder, when he had turned to quit the narrow way;—had a voice full of tender interest, not dignified stiffness;—called him back: set before him the danger of the way, warned him of its end; cautioned him of the temptations around and before him; pointed to him the weapons provided for his security and defence:—had such a care still watched over him, and had he known that

it still did so, and with an interest so loving:—had this been so, who knows? Perhaps, yes, perhaps, the good might have been stronger than the evil. Perhaps that arrest of the first beginning might have saved a soul from death, and hidden a multitude of sins.

"Will he not think, as lonelily,
And sad, he lays him down to die,
That, hadst thou waited by his side,
Perchance he had not fallen and died;
That, hadst thou raised him from the plain
Perchance he had not fallen again,
But, leaning on thine arm, pressed on,
Till that his distant home was won?"

For, O Head of such a family, are not you your

brother's keeper?

These remarks apply also, of course, in their degree, to the Tutors and Fellows. Did they but sink the Don, and make themselves one with the men; did they cease the simpering, silly airs, for which they are only despised, and put on a manly, open freedom, and courtesy, how much better it would be! No fear of their losing the due deference: youth is commonly all the more ready to pay it where it is rather deserved than demanded, and a Junior at Oxford naturally looks up to a Senior. I have known such manly sensible fellows—and they were always the most looked up to. How many a time might a Tutor (who has even opportunities of observing that the Head cannot attain) put in a word, give a warning, take the fit time for a seasonable suggestion! How much might be done by seeing after the Juniors a bit; now and then having them to breakfast or tea, alone, and encouraging them to make a friend, a confidant, of their Tutor. What real knowledge of the men is gained by the aforesaid dignified breakfasts to a select number of bored victims?

Many of the Tutors and Fellows are clergymen, idle ones, too, at least as far as their office is concerned. They are rusting on the shelf; unpreparing themselves for the college living for which they are waiting. Now, why do they not look at those committed to their charge, as being a sort of little parish, one in which an immense deal of invaluable work might be done, among future clergymen, statesmen, heads of families? Their work might be glorious, their influence for good, incalculable.

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But nearly enough of this, though the subject is no unimportant one. I will turn to a specimen or two of the brighter side, which will also support

my deductions.

I knew a man who was treated, as I would have men treated by those over them. He had been to a supper party, he was weak-headed, and of little experience. He came home disgracefully intoxicated, sent home, indeed, by the Proctor. The consequence was, that he had to appear before both that gentleman, and also the Head of his Hall, the next day. He told me of both interviews. He had been deeply touched by the manner in which he had been treated. The kind old Principal, over eighty years old, had called tears into the young

eyes by his fatherly words, with which he had not disdained to join the sacred "tears of aged men." His heart yearned—the old veteran, with the sound of the battle now dying away from him, and the crown now in sight; -- for the young recruit, who was but entering on the warfare, and had soiled his armour already in an overthrow. So with tears in his eyes, which won reverend attention from a thoughtless heart, he had warned and advised the young man; had not frowned on him from a superior eminence, but had assured him that he too felt that it was possible for any one of us to be overtaken in a fault; had set before him his sin, but while bidding him repent, had yet heartened him up for the next encounter. So the boy, for he was not much more, went with a full heart to the Proctor. Happily here too he was kindly, wisely treated, and his better feelings not snubbed out of him. He had been in trouble for different things once or twice before, therefore the Proctor at first told him that he feared he must send him down for one Term. This took the delinquent quite by surprise. He represented that it would ruin him. Proctor relented, spoke most kindly to him, and even, in the end, lent him the money to pay the fine to which he commuted the sentence, - funds at that time, not being forthcoming to the youth. This is an actual fact, and though the lending part would not be always necessary or wise, yet still the kindness shown sunk deep in this instance, and who knows what after good may not result from the seed so lovingly sown just when the ground was softened?

You are in a grave mood this month, O Holder of the Portfolio! Well, perhaps so, but one can't always be merry, you know. Besides, I am a bachelor again, my wife is staying away, and I sit in my quiet curate's rooms, with a silent piano, and the mournful necessity of making my own tea. Well, I used to do that at Oxford, and so I am capable. Yet none ought to be dull this May. 'Tis one of "those old Mays" again, the thermometer was at 73, in my Hall yesterday. And to-day there has been a most sweet and refreshing shower. The Lent corn, as the barley, &c., is called about here, has thirstily drunk in deep draughts; the tinge on the ash and oak trees has deepened; the pale dry mould has become a deep rich wet brown; and a sort of satisfaction seems discoverable among all vegetation. I will dismiss my grave fault-finding mood. I will acknowledge that many Oxford Dons, if not all I could wish, yet possess some elements of my ideal; if they are sometimes stiff and starchy, they are sometimes sensible and kind; and, to sum up in the favourite phrase of my friend Barton, "they often mean well." Only don't take a wife to Oxford, whatever you do; no one will call on her, she will be snubbed and looked down upon, and all for the crime of having an under-graduate for a husband. I never tried it, but I have seen it.

One peculiarity of Oxford society, and I have done. Hilton and I were asked to tea at the house of our Vice-Principal; we went, attired in ordinary

evening costume. We were shown up to the drawing-room, the gentlemen were still at dinner. Presently, to our amaze, the door opens, and in walks a young Bachelor, clad in his flowing go wn. Shortly afterwards, in marches, from dinner, the party of gentlemen, foremost the Vice-chancellor, robed, and the host, &c., in their academical attire. Fancy our surprise! But we afterwards learnt that it is the etiquette, when the Vice-chancellor is present, to go in cap and gown. Hilton and I congratulated ourselves that we had not known of the custom, for our rat-tailed commoners' gowns would have only made us ridiculous. Sedge, a friend of the Vice-Chancellor's, going to tea at the house of the chieftain himself, and being unconscious of this rule, was met at the room-door by that dignitary. "Go and put on your gown," he whispered to him; "it is usual." Poor Sedge had brought, in his innocence, only a rusty garment, with one tail torn off, and several ragged holes. Fancy his ecstasy at having to put this over his correct evening dress; and his comfort and ease, in his endeavours, thus bedizened, to make himself agreeable to the ladies!

Another month, and a gentle presence will, I hope, again reign in my room, and the silent piano find its voice; and sweet sounds soothe me into a writing vein. The pen seems to grow winged, and the ink to be more propitious, when the air is instinct with Mozart, or Beethoven; or Mendelssohn's meditative music:—

"Their gradual fingers steal
And touch upon the master-chord
Of all I felt or feel.
Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans,
And phantom hopes assemble;
And that child's heart within the man's
Begins to move and tremble.

"Thro' many an hour of summer suns,
By many pieasant ways,
Against its fountain upward runs
The current of my days;
I kiss the lips I once have kissed,
The 'lamp'-light wavers dimmer;
And softly, thro' 'the music' mist,
My college friendships glimmer."

Thank you, Tennyson, that is just what I wanted to say. So good-by till next month.

V. I. R.

THE MORALITIES OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

It has been said, and the maxim is one very generally adopted, that the character of a man may be guessed by the companions with whom he associates. Like most such pithy and comprehensive aphorisms, requiring so many modifications, and admitting of such numerous exceptions, this one is of little value: with far more truth the test might be transferred to the state and quality of the individual's library, or—supposing him not

to possess one-by the class of literature in which he is wont to delight. "Show me the books he reads, and I will tell you what the man is," would be an assumption far more trustworthy, though still open to exception. A person may not have it in his power to select the society to which he inclines: expediency, accident, occasion, may thrust upon him, or throw him amidst, companions far from congenial; but the silent associates of his leisure hours will be-at least to a certain extent-his own selection, and in the general tendency of these, more especially if the catalogue be limited, we may frequently come to something like a conclusion of the owner's tastes and opinions, if not of his habits. It appears to us that the application of the rule might be extended, that in the prevailing tone of its current literature, something may be detected of the moral tendencies of a nation; the more especially when considering that class of productions which finds its patrons among the "upper" sections of the population; who in their selection are free to exercise their taste, unfettered by any considerations of expense, or by the substitution of unhealthy excitement for more wholesome fare.

It is a fact to be regretted, that of late there has been a marked and a singular change in the tone of our own literature, of the class we might call "domestic." Far from ignoring certain subjects, once deemed no more admissible for discussion in the pages of a novel, than might be the experiences of a hospital surgeon, or the proceedings in a criminal court; they are now made prominent topics, and frequently form the crisis or turning point on which the interest of the story culminates. Divorced wives, unfaithful husbands, women whose existence should be named but to be deplored—these and their adventures are now staple articles with our writers of fiction; interspersed with portraits of young ladies, in whom qualities, the very reverse of womanly, are held up for admiration; and in whose generally implied attractiveness the opprobrious term of "fast" ceases to bear its original stigma. We have, indeed, far too much of this; some of our most pleasant writers have become infected with the disease: two alone of our great novel writers have hitherto escaped: but the one, in his latest production, founds his claims upon a morbid delusion of the times only less objectionable; for the other, let us hope that the pen which has given us a David Copperfield, a Florence Dombey, and a Pip, may never need to stoop to such unworthy sources of false excitement and associations so pernicious.

Yet, we must not lose sight of the fact, that these tales universally carry with them the moral—Vice, even in her most attractive form, almost inevitably comes to grief, or, at least, is forced to cede the palm to virtue: repentance visits the sinner, who, by the sublime forgiveness of the wronged, is restored; the "fast" young lady is not unfrequently put in unfavourable comparison with some gentle feminine creation of the author's brain, who comes off conqueror, eventually, of the hero's heart and the reader's affections, and morality is in the end justified. We believe that

even in the ranker and less scrupulous walks of fiction—the penny and halfpenny weeklies—this end is kept strictly in view, the virtuous dairymaid triumphs over the villanous duke, the chaste cook, and pious page achieve worldly success and elevation to the ranks of holy matrimony; while the debauched colonel and the wicked, though beautiful countess, come to ruin and misery. In our plays we find the distinction as carefully drawn. The seducer is foiled, the virtuous wife rises supreme to all the arts (shallow enough it must be owned) employed to betray her, and though, in the confidence of innocence, she may have committed herself, the mask has only to be ever so little lifted, for the domestic traitor to be exposed, the false friend repulsed, wifely indignation aroused, conjugal unity established, and—the "gallery" brought down.

Have you, my reader, always appreciated in its full extent, the significance of that word "adapted," so often prefacing the dramas now placed upon our English stage? "Translated and adapted." Simply this, our neighbours across the Channel are not given to troubling themselves with the moral, either in their literature or their plays. Or, if moral there be, it is of a nature which John Bull would be slow to appreciate and apt to

misconstrue.

John Bull has not yet arrived at that degree of civilization which would prompt him to side with the wronger in lieu of the wronged. He has yet some old-fashioned notions that a husband's honour is a sacred trust confided to a wife, and that to entertain deliberate designs upon it is something rather more villanous and despicable than would be the carrying off her jewel-case, or burglariously appropriating the family plate. At least this is the belief of Bull, en masse; we will not deny that reprobate members of his nation do exist, have existed, and will exist, through all time. But such a one, when he does so, sins under protest, in a sneaking, conscious way, and with no sort of idea that he shall be borne out in it, patted on the back, or winked at, by the community of John Bulls. Not a bit of it: he knows well enough the verdict which awaits him, and has a nervous twitching, anticipatory of the kick which indignantly baptizes him "scoundrel."

Given a young gallant, who avails himself of his host's confidence and friendship, to traduce him maybe, ridicule his failings, exaggerate his foibles, and stealthily work upon the vanity and weakness inherent in woman, till she incline her willing ear to his flatteries and professions—give, I say, such a scenic representation: the kneeling villain, the tempted woman-He with oaths, protestations, supplicating her to fly—she yielding—enter husband. Discovery, horror, amazement, accusationthe villain struck down, a combat, and one mortally wounded. With whom will the sympathies of the audience be enlisted? With the wronged hus-Ay, if they be English lungs that cheer, English palms that applaud; but if the play be not an "adapted" one, -in its original garb and on the boards of a French theatre, the cheer will be for the united lovers, as they fly from the presence of the wounded man, to the consummation of "ces vœux éternelles," &c. No matter what the character, what the disposition of the individual; he was "son mari," he stood in the way of these devoted hearts; and therefore is obnoxious to the ideas of all French sentimentalists.

Because of this must the imported article be "adapted" to our British playgoer, unperverted so far by the sophistries which seem indigenous to Gallie soil. There is something painful in remarking this obvious tendency in the literature of a brave and enlightened nation. Let us take Charivari, the prototype of Punch; the former holding a similar position in Paris to that which its elever contemporary does with us in London. We never heard it alleged, even by the enemies of our almost universal favourite, any worse fault than "sarcasm" or "frivolity:" this being chiefly among the fair sex, whose gentle and fervid nature constitutes them especial opponents of either sin, and upon whom Punch has, at times, been somewhat hard, albeit for their good. Against mock modesty, mock piety, mock sentiment, and extravagance of all sorts, the mirthful philosopher wages unremitting war; at crinoline, poke bonnets, poodle dogs, and pet pages, he may at times have launched his shafts, rather in sorrow than in anger; but the deadliest and most envenomed are reserved for sins of a less venial nature, and in the cause of honour and morality, a more rigid and punctilious censor could not be found among his contemporaries than our Argus-eyed mannikin of Fleet Street. None refuse him a welcome, he is admitted to circles the most refined and courtly; in homes the most precise he finds a place; ladies, young and otherwise, delight in him; as a rule, Paterfamilias shakes his sides with such heartiness while silently devouring the contents, that his good lady is anxious to learn the cause, and in her wonted capacity to double this joy by sharing it. Maude and Augusta are eagerly awaiting the reversion of the prized sheets, and will presently carry them off in triumph to their "own room," to the discomfiture of young Mr. Frederick, who, as soon as he returns home, will be calling for Punch. All, down to the nursemaid, Susan, if she understand no more than the pictures-will enjoy a laugh at and with Punch, and be none the worse.

What would Paterfamilias say if, some Wednesday, tarrying at the book-stalls of the stations, as is his custom, to purchase his copy of "our facetious contemporary;" his eyes seeking the ordinary cartoon, in its midst, he find it to consist of two figures, one dressed as a female, with the evident visage of a man, the other exhibiting the costume of a postilion, the features and mien as unmistakably those of a very pretty girl: beneath the following dialogue:—

The Postilion (who by-the-by holds a cigar between its fingers): You have a pretty enough dress there, and your whole make-up is first rate.

The Bonnet: Do you think so? Would you have taken me for a woman then?

Postilion: Oh! certainly I should, why not?

The Bonnet: Peste! and yet nobody has asked me to take supper. What a bore; I must have dressed myself too precise, and they take me for a modest woman!

This, be it understood, makes one of a series of sketches representing scenes from the Carnival ball, given in Charivari.

Paterfamilias thinks he has made a mistake, turns hastily over the pages, and lights upon such specimens as follows:—A couple of girls, one dressed in the costume of a débardeur, have met, Adèle demands of Elise, "Where, diable, did you get the money to have so fine a costume?" The other replies, "I got it on tick of a costumier, and I am to fill these pockets"—displaying those appendages of the nether garments—" with all the dainties I get in the course of the evening; but I shall get my partners to treat me to champagne alone; I cannot pocket that."

By the way it is noticeable that in these casinolike illustrations, the one great feature appears to be the eating; with the ladies, at least, this is evidently the chief object, taking precedence even of the dancing; and we are treated to a variety of manœuvres put in force by this delectable company, in order to get themselves escorted to the restaurant or supper table; while the fidelity with which pen and pencil depict such choice experiences would render much "adaptation" needful for the majority of English eyes.

Throughout all there is visible the recognition of certain vicious intimacies, which in this country are usually, and with reason, coupled with a man's declension from respectability, or cited as the ostensible cause of his ruin; but among the Parisians received, it should seem, as things of course.

Imagine a father taking home for the amusement of his wife and daughters a budget of delectable gatherings, such as the following. The subject is the return from the vacations of some young students to the scene of their labours. The first, a mere lad in appearance, is represented entering his chambers, followed, of course, by the man from the restaurant, or traiteur, loaded with dishes. Julia, attired in the most approved style of a coquettish grisette, flies to meet him (or the dishes). He glances round the room—" My books! where then are they?"

Julia makes answer,—" But, my dearest, I have eaten them; truly I never believed they were half so good as I found them."

Another, returning in a similar manner, to his studies, finds his apartments almost bare; and to the charming damsel who receives him with open arms expresses his surprise.

"But, my friend," is her reply, in wounded tones, "thou should'st rather rejoice that to live I have parted with these things, since it proves I have been faithful to thee in absence. (!)"

One more, on his return, is received by a nurse bearing an infant, whose resemblance to himself the amazed youth in vain endeavours to discover, while the assembled gossips insist with vehemence upon the fact. Fancy a Hood, a Leech, a Shirley Brooks, a Julian Portch, a Thackeray, employing pen and pencil for the delineation of such subjects; and, above all, be it borne in mind that not a syllable of condemnation, not the slightest tone of disapproval or even regret enters into these shameless avowals of the recognized state of things. The same tone which Punch might adopt in ridiculing an exaggerated style of dress, or in picturing the troubles of Mr. Nobbles or Baggs in the hunting-field, is here employed, and the laugh ever at the discomfiture of the deceived, the victim of treachery or selfishness.

But the most fruitful theme for the satirists is the married state. To the peculiar vision of our Gallic neighbours, this appears to be lawful game for ridicule, and "mon mari" especially formed to be bamboozled, cheated, humbugged, lied to, laughed at, and maltreated to the fullest extent. We have not now to do with facts, or how far these may bear out the established legends, perpetuated by pen and pencil; but it is the simple truth that you may take up any week the current sheets of Charivari, and to find them void of some scandalous episode, written or engraved, in which a husband figures as the dupe or victim, is as rare as to detect any clever political squib or keen and happy sarcasm upon any prevailing vice or folly.

A young woman opens the door to her husband, and receives him with affectionate caresses, hinders his entrance by an embrace, is solicitous for his comfort—in the background a man is seen escaping from door or window—no need to tell the eyes for whom it is intended that this is the lover, to cover whose retreat the extraordinary warmth of her wel-

come is assumed.

"It is only my husband."—" Alas! here is my husband."—" Pauvre petite, son mari est de retour."—" Qu'elle est à plaindre, elle passe tout le jour

auprès de son mari."

praise on that account.

Such are the most innocent and least objectionable of the glimpses herein afforded us of the estimation in which the lord and master is held by his fair helpmate in the polite city of Paris. We could not, nor would we desire, to transcribe for the eyes of our readers by far the greater portion of those pages. Yet we presume that *Charivari* is in no way tabooed to the boudoirs of the dainty demoiselles and innocent jeunes filles whom "maman" so jealously chaperones—the while shocked at the license of our English maidens—Matilde and Eulalie may thence draw their impressions of life in general, and dear, delightful, inimitable Paris in particular.

But, it may be objected, we have alluded only to a sample of class literature, and might as well take Punch as a specimen of our healthiest and most morally toned productions.—We might easily take worse in our opinion — but in answer to so reasonable an objection; we select a volume recently published in Paris, avowedly a "moral" work, and which has received the highest meed of

Le Roman d'une Femme Laide is a sufficiently attractive title, and the fact that it has already passed through two editions argues well for the success of M. Camille Henri, the author.

There are several tales contained in the volume, of which one is simply the history of a seduction, related with all that fidelity of detail which the Parisian denominates naiveté, but which our newspaper reporters would stigmatize as "unfit for

publication."

" A propos de la Pénélope Normande," is the story of a lady, a wife of course, who has an invalid husband, to whom she is, in appearance, the most devoted nurse; meanwhile she receives the attentions of a lover, young, impassioned, devoted, butvirtuous! The lady (let us hope that the author in his vivid imagination alone found the original) is far from rivalling her lover in honour, and endeavours to prevail on him to fly with her to a country-seat of his-he, for her reputation's sake, refusesarguing she will ere long be a widow, and for so brief delay it is not worth the hazard. She is angered and quarrels with him: but is again reconciled. The husband dies; again Madame la veuve urges marriage immediate, and again the lover, mindful of her in his extreme love, counsels delay, lest the world upbraid her. She is piqued by what she considers his indifference, and in her pique marries a rival, whom she does not love, and who has no such scruples as the gentleman whom she deserts.

More recently still has appeared a novel by M. de Kock, also assuming the purpose of moral teaching. It is called Le Démon de l'Alcôve. A courtesan is the heroine—as a matter of course is also the demon, with so little of the visible attributes of her prototype about her, that she fascinates and subdues all who approach her. However, her victims are eventually released, and a happy marriage is effected with one of the young gentlemen and une femme entretenue, who had known him in early days and been faithful to him, though she had favoured another man with her society for eight The pair are doubtless worthy of each other. The author concludes with a solemn exhortation and a prayer, that "we, our sons, and our grandsons, may be preserved from the Démon de l'Alcôve, who kills every day so many of our most admired writers, our bravest captains, our most successful artists ---!"

What a melancholy confession is here! Whither is it tending?—this enervating and enfeebling influence, whatever it be, which is sapping the root of all reality, all truth, all strength, mental as well as moral, of young France. When lust and sentimentalism take the place of honest affection and faithful love—when woman is sought only as the toy of the hour, or shunned as a snare—when the literature of a country becomes the vehicle of impurity, and sensuous devices assume the place of that which was intended to cultivate and instruct, evil times are at hand. God keep us from the "adaptation" of these, and from the penalties which must too surely be their result.

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LOSING, SEEKING, AND FINDING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADEN POWER."

[Continued from p. 30.]

CHAPTER XIII.

TWILIGHT AND DAWN .- LEVANA AND SILENUS.

"Our feelings and our thoughts
Tend ever on, and rest not in the present;
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,
And from below comes a scarce audible sound.
So fall our thoughts into the dark hereafter,
And their mysterious echo answers us."

LONGFELLOW.

"'Mid leafy glades, where shadows come and go, So in Life's chequered phantasy, Quick follow joy and woe."

ANON.

SHE passed swiftly through the bar, and up the stairs; almost unseen by the drinkers lounging at the tap: and was in the room above, ere Philip had come up to the outer door.

The music had ceased; the applause, ringing through the room, covered her abrupt entrance, and she was in their midst before they were aware of her.

Awe-stricken by the sudden apparition of that tall and pallid figure, the voices were hushed in a moment; they fell back, and the little dancer remained alone, flushed and exultant, her eyes sparkling, and her golden hair all disordered.

Too quickly the mother understood all, and, darting forward, would have caught the child in her arms; but she, with a cry of terror, sprang to her father's knee, and clung to him, looking up in affright at the wild and haggard features of her other parent.

With an exclamation of grief, too intense for words, the woman again threw her arms around her; but she struggled, and, bursting into tears, cried, "Father! my father! I won't go with you; I will have my father!—"

He meanwhile sat, in stupified amazement, and offered no interference, till Rose, again freeing herself, darted into his arms.

"I love my father, I will stop along with him! I won't go with you!" she cried, clinging round him; and some of the bystanders, drawing near, separated the miserable mother from them.

"For God's sake let her come!" she cried, clasping her hands; "if you will ruin yourself, at least leave me my child! George! George! have mercy on her and me! My little child, my Rose! come with me, darling!—give her to me—for mercy's sake give her to me!—Don't break my heart quite, George!"

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The owner of the ring and corkscrews had, at the beginning of the scene, slipped from the room, and now returned, accompanied by Crichton, who came up to Harriette, and laid his hand softly upon "Now, my good lady, no noise here, you know—
if you please. A disturbance in my house is a
thing I never by any chance allow. What! Mrs.
Steyne! I should not have believed it, really—"

"My child!—I will have her! You shall not keep her in this horrid place, among you! Give her to me! give her to me, and I will go."

"My dear ma'am," expostulated blandly he of the corkscrews, "you see the child does not want to come; and she's with her father, too; she's all right, really."

"At any rate," resumed Crichton, "there are times and places to set that right. I'll have no disturbance in my house—it's my rule, and that's enough. Now, ma'am—"

So, weeping, imploring, calling upon her little child, the unhappy woman was led to the door, and down the stairs, and thrust out into the night, where her young son tremblingly awaited her; and, taking her cold hand in his, led her home, and to her bed.

How that night went by, and the next day, and many more, let pass. Whatever of suffering there was, made itself little heard. A kind neighbour, knowing Mrs. Steyne was "but poorly," came in, once in a while, always in the day-time, to set things right, and found her son Philip always at her side. Since that night when, home reached, she gathered him in her arms, and cried that her heart was broken, they had never spoken of this last terrible sorrow: though, by every look and word and action, he tried to comfort her, his silence told her too well how little hope there was. Father and daughter came and went, but never entered her sick-room. The evening saw them absent, and they seldom returned till after midnight. She, past all power of expostulation or complaint, lay passive now, and seldom spoke.

It might be ten days after that evening, when Philip stole from the room on tiptoe. He had been reading to her. His dear Ancient History had, of late, been put aside for another—though ancient, never old, to those privileged, as she, to rely in and to leve it.

He thought she slept, and had come softly away, downstairs, as if the trouble of his own thoughts might disturb her.

It had been wet and gusty for days, and the warmth of the sunset was a luxury the poor lad welcomed heartily.

He leaned in the doorway, gazing into the deep blue sky, where the purple, and the gold, and the red fire, were rolling slowly up, like gifts of the generous sun atoning for his departure, and giving earnest of a sure return. Even the boy's sorrow could not make him insensible to the wondrous beauty of such a sight, and he looked at the increasing glories until his breath was almost hushed, and in the solemn stillness and depth of heaven's mystery he seemed to draw a promise of comfort for himself; tears dropped from his eyes, and he said aloud, "No, she won't die!—oh! she can't."

Even while he gazed, momently changed the

shifting scena of the skies, a light fleecy cloud flitted up from the sea, and sped like a messenger up the blue arch. At that moment the boy started, shuddered, and his eyes fell from their fixed gaze.

"There it is again!—oh!" his voice trembled, and his hands involuntarily clasped together. "Oh! it's there again! It isn't my fancy—it isn't! How

dreadful!"

He put his hands to his ears, and closed his eyes, turning towards the house, yet dreading to enter,

while his face was almost convulsed.

Standing so, he had not heard a footstep which, entering by the front door, came rapidly through the house; and he started as a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a cheery voice exclaimed, "Why Phil, my boy!—halloa! what ails the lad!"

"Oh, Mr. Crump!" he said, catching the hand of the good man, "I am so glad you're come. Did you hear it? Hark! No, it's gone, I think."

"What's gone? What ails you, boy?"

"That moaning; I heard it once before, two nights since; it comes from underneath; it's so awful, like a woman crying. Will Darby told me about it long ago; he said it was a sign of—of—death!" And Philip, with all his struggles to be manly, could not keep back his tears.

"Sign! nonsense! my lad; I thought you'd more sense! Where's your mother? How is she?

Where's the sunbeam, sweet little Rosey?"

Then,—his shadowy fears dissolving before more material griefs,—Philip told his honest friend all that had passed in the last few days, interrupted by many a muttered exclamation from Crump.

"Ah, I guessed how it would be, sooner or later—I am sorry I was away, from my soul I am!" he said, when Philip had concluded. "Now, might one see your mother? How is she, poor thing? she says so little about herself—there, come, I must see her."

Philip led the way to the bedside of his mother, where through the open casement the last sun-rays

still came.

She was awake, and turned her eyes with something of eagerness to them as they entered; but the gaze faded when she saw who it was; though she tried to smile, and held out her hand to Crump as

he approached.

What he saw in that pale face; what he read in those earnest eyes—more shadowy now than ever in the coming of the great Shadow—made him start, even as poor Philip had started, at the warning of his own fears. The words he had upon his lips were never spoken; by an involuntary movement he would have kneeled; but he dropped into a chair at the bedside, and covered his face with the other hand, as if she should not see what it might tell.

"I know," she said in a weak voice; "I know, my good friend—I am thankful you are here. No one else I would have been so glad to see. God

bless you, friend; you have been kind."

Then her voice failed; but presently she spoke again, said, it was long since she had seen him, yet did not say she would have seen him now—she would have been glad to live too, if she might—her

boy, her good Philip—and with her hands she took his tearful face, and pressed it to her own; but God knew best, and she was so weary—"weary" she said again, "so weary." Then she was silent, with her eyes fixed upon the glory, fading from out the sky.

Poor Crump, wiping his face again and again—uselessly always—hurried from the room, and

beckoned Philip to follow him.

"Your mother's very ill—you should have had a doctor. There, there, don't cry, you didn't know,

what's she eat?—oh, you have money?"

"That is what my father left, but I wouldn't use it, I couldn't; it's what they give poor Rosey, I couldn't. Mother's had all she could eat; they were very good at the farm, and sent her eggs and milk."

"Eh, and you've been starving and frightening yourself to a shadow. There, there, it's only the sea rising, gales coming on, my lad;" and while he spoke the good man with some difficulty repressed a shudder, as a low plaintive moan sighed up at their feet, ran through the cottage, and died away.

Philip turned pale.

"It's but a storm brewing, my lad—you mustn't be afraid. I'll come back soon, and bring your father. Go and sit with her. Bless you; no harm'll come to you, near her." So saying he left the house.

"She'll not get over the night, I'm afraid," he said, as he hurried away. "The fools of women is so shy of the place, they'd none of 'em stop there a night for love nor money. Eh! what the world's coming to I don't know—to leave such a woman as that! But I'll see whether there's no feeling left in him at all."

And alternately execrating and lamenting, he took the direction of "The Crichton," as fast as his

feet would carry him.

Philip returned to the room; and after vainly offering to his mother the various nourishment she had been in the habit of taking, he stood by her side, and leaned his head upon the pillow.

The sunset had faded, more fleecy clouds came up from the horizon, twilight crept on; the flowers began to pour out their perfume to the night; in the bushes below the russet bird meditated her evening chant. So still and solemn it was! He longed, yet feared, to speak to her, her breathing was so calm, perhaps she slept.

"Philip, dear," she said slowly, "is he gone?"
"Yes, mother; he will bring my father, he says,

directly. Are you better, mother dear?"

"Put your head here, my boy—kiss me—you must bid your mother good-by, dear Philip; I shall suffer no more, my boy—I shall be better soon for ever."

Half-terrified, awe-stricken at the strangely altered yet familiar voice, the solemn words, the fast increasing gloom, the boy clung closer to her, and, sobbing, calling her by every endearing name, entreated her not to leave him—as though it depended but on her will.

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Holding him, straining him with all her feeble

strength to the slowly-beating heart, as if she would fain have taken him with her, the mother soothed him, and the boy, always mindful of her, struggled to be calm.

"You know, my boy, I would not leave you, if I might stay to be with you, and to take care of you. But my Philip will not forget his mother, and all we have read and talked about together. My son will be a good and honourable man, and love the truth above all, I know he will."

There was a long silence; then she spoke again, but so feebly that the boy's beating heart was louder than her words.

"Poor George" -- "dear Rose" -- "my little child" -- "so weary" -- "oh, so weary!"

Closer he clung to her beloved breast; nearer, with all her failing strength, she strained him to her, and his tears fell warm upon her chilled cheek.

The russet bird piped mournfully below, and out from the darkening casement went a pitiful cry— "Mother! dear mother, speak to me again!"

In this world—humanly warped and perverted as it is—smiles and tears are so closely allied, that I may, perhaps, be pardoned for bringing them in contact here.

According to his school, might the philosopher have been moved to either, in witnessing the unususal orgies celebrating at "The Crichton" this night, and the occasion.

If to Silenus had been born a son and heir,—if an infant Bacchus or Bacchante had made glad the hearts of expectant parents,—quite in keeping had been the alcoholic demonstration which had literally shaken the walls of that magnificent hostelry all day, and which actually seemed to gain fresh vigour with the blaze of gas that, long before nightfall, set darkness at defiance.

If, instead of the softest, fairest little marvel of quietness and good conduct that ever adorned the annals of babyhood, it had been the roundest, lustiest, ruddiest, slyest specimen of the genus satyr; that ever vine debased hath crowned, or ivied thyrsus graced; come to add a dignity to the name of Crichton, less suggestive might this scene have been of a pagan saturnalia over a hapless human sacrifice; less lamb-and-wolf-like the contrast in the laughing blue-eyed infant, basking in a far-off region of down and fleece, and the riotous rollicking throng doing honour to its felicitous advent.

Richard Crichton was a father, and held open house on the occasion—that is to say, to a certain extent—and, as he to himself would express it, "lost nothing by the bargain." Few men understood better the great secret of furnishing an occasion to be "jolly." There is something wonderful in the avidity with which folks will seize upon an excuse to get drunk. When "heat," and "cold," and "low spirits," and "good spirits," and "bad times," and "good times," are all exhausted, it is a distinguishing mark of your true genius, in that way, to hit upon a sound excuse for getting reasonably intoxicated.

And if this present were not a good and suffi-

cient, what might be? Landlord's wife had got a baby, and report said an extraordinarily fine one; though we may safely presume it had not six toes or duplicate thumbs, or the admirable Richard had

never let slip so valuable an opportunity.

However, baby cooed above-stairs, and its pretty mother looked prettier (so folks say) while receiving all sorts of congratulations, faithful or feigned, as may be; and the drink was dispensed and jokes were cracked below-stairs, and the gossip ventured incursive and excursive flights on the subjects of the Crichtons—their birth, parentage, &c., &c. And for so much given, much more was bought; and for those who came and went, many, many more stayed—and the baby child smiled and slept, happily unconscious of the broken heads and promises, the wasted time and money, the sins of omission and commission, for which its little terrestrial excursion had made it in some sort answerable.

Oh, baby Crichton!—if you could indeed see, this night, how your future is to be linked in with what now is passing! But there, if you or any other baby could, it might spoil the interest of the

whole story; so rest as you are.

"Some goes up, and some comes down," as one of the gossips is saying, the glass at her lips carrying out one part of the illustration, the gin very effectively performing the rest, in a double sense, no doubt. At the piano, in this long room of blazing light, cut glass, and gilded ornament, sits our unstable friend Steyne; and of a surety his has not been the process of ascension, since last we saw him. His coat so perfectly threadbare; his hat, beneath the instrument, so napless; his faded cheek, limp hair, and hollow eye; are an advertisement for "R. C.'s finest London gin;" though not, perhaps, such a one as he cares to read. His linen so well patched, so white; his buttons so firm and complete; are witness of something else; but it boots not to speak of that—the fingers that have done it are chilling now-at the purchase of his soul's salvation they could work for him no more.

But he does not know it, remember; he only knows she is sick, worn, grief-struck, "fanciful," he says—and he knows they must have money;

"so it's no use talking."

He has just said so, in answer to a young man, who, passing his be-ringed fingers through his luxuriant hair, asks him how his wife takes it? It is a miserable attempt at a laugh, which makes sickly George's features; but the other laughs out, and repeats the words, with some addition, to another at his side, who must have been "going up" surely, since last we saw him, if, in the new slop attire, the clean face, and flashy handkerchief, we do recognize our sometime acquaintance, poor Cary Hinton's husband, Tom. He looks handsome, too, bull-dog style; and he is on exceedingly good terms with the owner of the corkscrews.

"That's about it with all of us, I expect, eh?"—says the latter—"we must have money, so we

must.".

Meanwhile Steyne, rising from the piano, entered a small closet, or ante-room, and in a few minutes returned, leading by the hand his child, who, even in that impure throng, that meretricious glare and glitter, seemed to have gained new loveliness.

Her dress is much the same as when I showed her to you in the garden, except that the flowers in her hair are artificial, and some few additions have been made by the females of the house.

A murmur runs round the room, as she enters; but the tiny creature seems well-accustomed, and does not falter now. A few preliminary chords

are struck, and then the exhibition begins.

At first, calm, graceful in all her movements; some new charm improvised, some pretty turn given; gradually increasing in speed with the music, till her little feet seem to twinkle in the air, and herself to be multiplied by the rapidity of her movements.

No longer able to repress their admiration, the walls re-echo to their boisterous applause; the little performer, stimulated to fresh exertion,

achieves new prodigies.

At that moment the door flies open, and, dashing through the crowd, overturning all in his way, a man rushes up to him at the instrument, and seizing his arm, utters some words, almost unintelligible, from his haste.

The player's hands drop; he starts up-"Dying!"

he cries, wildly-" dying!"

"She can't live the night through-I saw her

just now," says the other.

"My God! oh, my wife!" cried the miserable Steyne. Rushing from the room, bare-headed, he gained the street, and ran like a madman down the hill.

The company, dismayed, arose, exclaimed, questioned, answered, wondered—understanding nothing. The poor child stood terrified, looking from one to another, and Crump was crossing the room to her, when a voice fell on his ear, that made him turn, with an involuntary quake, to the door.

"I knew he was here! I said so, Mrs. Darby! and if this is the way one's to be treated, after slaving and toiling eleven years for him and his children, as I've done-I think it's hard; it is so. Here be the first day as he's home to me for seven weeks, and him no sooner set foot inside th' place, than he's away off to a pack o' folk, as is naught to him—I know, Mr. Crump, I beant blind—folk as is too proud to speak to wives, they suld be to husbands-and now here you be after all "-and Mrs. Crump-who had, in the fulness of her motherly heart, been sacrificing to the presiding genius of the occasion—at the bar, burst into tears, and proceeded to enlighten her audience as to what she had "gone through for that man;" while her irritated and indignant husband endeavoured, for some time in vain, to lead her from the room.

This with some difficulty he effected, and then, at considerable risk to his own personal safety, returned to look for little Rose. But the child was nowhere to be seen; all his inquiries were vain; no one had noticed her; they imagined her to have followed her father, and Crump hoped it might

Not all his eloquence, and the account of Mrs. Steyne's dangerous state, could prevail on his prejudiced and ignorant spouse to agree to his returning; and poor Crump, who possessed none of the qualifications of a Rarey, submitted, with as ill a grace as he dared, to the detention.

So inauspiciously concluded the festivities at

"The Crichton," that night.

Crichton père cursed his ill-luck; that, "what with their whims, and their illness, and their confounded interference, the women played the very devil with everything." Crichton, the new-born, dreaming, babbling, kicked defiance at Fate, ever immutably, remorselessly, knitting up her web, of whitest, blackest, and many-stained threads, alike.

CHAPTER XIV.

"NEVER MORE."

"All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow, All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing, All the dull deep pain, and constant anguish of patience."

LONGERLLOW

"The grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light, thro' a brief darkness."
LONGFELLO

"DYING !-dying !"—these words seemed in the echo of his flying feet, as the man dashed down the hill and across the silent lanes, and over the mosscovered road, where the rising moon began to glimmer through the trees o'erhead. He must see her, must speak to her, hear her voice, once more! and then, then, he would tell her all he would do: he would promise, comfort, hold her back from death—she should not die!—no, no; he could see all now; how foolish he had been, and had neglected her—but all could be made right yet; he could see a way; oh! twenty ways—a hundred!—they might be so happy!—they would be, too!—he would tell her—oh! she would not die. All this busy at his heart—still flying on, and the following echo still, "Dying, dying!"

He stopped a moment at the gate, and looked up. All so peaceful and beautiful—how could death be there? The casement of her window open; it would not be, surely if she were dying—something white fluttered out softly—the curtain dallying with the faint breeze: on the grass lay some collars of his she had put to bleach a while since—it could not all look like this, unchanged and quiet, and she

dying! No, no!

At the door he threw off his worn boots. Perhaps she slept, he might disturb her.

In three noiseless bounds he was in the room. All so still;—only a faint breathing. She slept, then; on tiptoe he approached the bed.

A little face was raised, and cried—"Father! she doesn't speak—her cheeks are so cold!"

He put the boy aside—he stooped—he gazed into her face—clutched the hand that lay upon the quilt.

Cold, unanswering,—for the first time in all his life—it rested in his; then dropped passively, as the man fell on his knees with a terrible cry.

"O God! have mercy on me! dead!—my wife!
—my wife!"

Crushed all hope—past all chance of atonement—gone for ever the patient, forbearing friend and

helpmate.

Before him, one by one, in fearful distinctness, rose her trials and privations, the griefs she had endured, and how patiently she had borne with him—how simple her pleasures—how little made her happiness—how easily he might have secured it,—all came flooding up in that minute, as by a sudden flash revealed to him.

Those pricked fingers, those shrivelled hands would toil no more; go where he might, the faithful feet would never again follow him—the earnest eyes, that shone but for him, were quenched for

ever!

What should he do!—how could she know!—God help him! send her back! He prayed, as in all his life he had never done, that, but for an instant, she might come back, to ask her forgiveness—to look but on her living face once more. Ah, he should go mad! he raved; and the now quiet face seemed to mock him, in its repose.

"What did she say, boy?" he cried. "Did she ask for me? Tell me, quick! What did she say? Half-choked with tears, Philip repeated his

mother's last words.

"'Poor George!' that's me! yes, yes, she thought of me; and Rose, Rose, where's Rose? where's

my Rose? my darling?"

Then, for the first time, Philip was aroused to the fact that his sister had not returned, and, unable to learn anything of his distracted father—he thinking Crump had most probably taken her home—late as it now was, set off, to make sure; no trouble of his own could make him indifferent to her safety.

Poor David, doing his best to deafen himself to the full tide of a curtain lecture, was aroused by the voice of Philip, at the door, asking for his sister.

There comes a time when the most oppressed will eventually throw off the yoke; and to David Crump that moment had arrived when he listened to the boy's piteous tale of his mother's death, his sister's disappearance, and his father's demented grief.

Hastily scrambling into his clothes, the good man literally and figuratively threw off his yoke, in the shape of Sarah's brawny arms, and in a few minutes was accompanying the lad to "The Crichton," bestowing on himself no small share of blame for having so easily, in his own difficulty, lost sight of little Rose.

Of whom no tidings could be gained. Everybody had taken it for granted she had accompanied her father; and though many sympathized with the poor boy's distress, none could afford the least clue to assist him. The child must turn up, they said, "of course; what could anybody want with her?"

This last observation proffered by the genii of the ring, who had assumed the lamp also, apparently arrested on his course to the upper regions by the rumour of Philip's story, to whom, with

much expression of pity, he tendered a shilling, which the boy—blinded perhaps by his tears—failed to see, or at least to accept.

"Where can she be?—oh, Mr. Crump, what shall we do?" said he, as the door of "The

Crichton" was barred behind them.

"God knows, my lad! it's a sad case for you; but we can do nothing just now; she can't be far off; maybe some of the women have took her home with them. I'd as lieve cut off my hand as such a creature should get among any of the lot; but we'll find her in the morning, my word for it. And now, come, your father isn't fit to be left alone, lad; and not a soul o' the women will sit in that cottage by night, nor hardly by day now, I'm thinking. Eh! but it's a weary world for some of us."

Insisting upon Philip eating something, then going at once to his bed, the good man went straight to the silent chamber, where she who had, but now, blessed him for a friend, lay so still, her wretched husband pacing up and down the room.

Crump would have softened to him the fruitlessness of their search, and spoken of the missing child, even by that anxiety to divert him from the delirium of grief which threatened his very reason; but his mind had gone back wholly to the past—to her he had so long neglected—everything else had lost interest with him. God alone knows the secret of that remorseful hell into which the unhappy man was plunged from that night—what tears, what agony, almost expiated the sins of his vain and selfish nature.

David thought of the first evening he had visited Birdiethorn, and how his heart had warmed to the gentle woman and her pretty children, and what an atmosphere of love and kindliness seemed to surround her. His honest brain grew perplexed, as he asked himself how all this misery came about.

"Something wrong somewhere—there must be, for sure; and, for the life of me, I can't see how

it's to be helped."

So pondering, much like the young and noble Dane, he fell asleep; and when he woke again, it was broad daylight. Steyne was gone, and Philip stood before him.

"I have been all down the village, Mr. Crump," he said mournfully; "but they haven't seen her, any of them; father is in at the 'Bluebottle;' he would not come away; he does look so bad; and they are giving him brandy—oh! if they wouldn't do it. But they won't heed me; and I thought if you'd please go to 'The Crichton' again, and ask about her. I must find her, she can't be lost."

With promises of a liberality almost fabulous at "Piert's Rest," two women were prevailed on to sit with the poor corpse; alone, a fortune would

not have tempted either.

Steyne had returned, and it was not difficult to see how he had been employed. In his trembling hand he carried a bottle, which he endeavoured to hide under his coat, as he met Crump.

"For God's sake, Steyne," expostulated the good man, "don't give way to that now. In the state you are, you don't know the harm you may do yourself. For your children's sake, be a man; look at this poor lad, he's half dead with grief and worry -let me put it away; for her sake, my dear fellow, if she could see you, do, I pray of you."

"I must, I must—I can't—I must have it!" said the shaking, unhappy creature, clutching the bottle tightly. "I could'nt live-I could'nt-my heart'll break-let me be, let me be, I can't bear it without-you don't know, you don't know-"

He passed on up the stairs with difficulty, still clutching the bottle. There was nothing to be done; and the two went out upon the journey of

inquiry.

All in vain. None had seen her since her father quitted the room. One woman made the boy's heart leap, by producing a spray of flowers Rose had worn, which her children had picked up that morning, on the road to Stillhaven, a long way from "The Crichton." But, as she observed, that said nothing; for it might have stuck to some one's dress in the room, and so been dropped there.

The gossips unconsciously grew sad, as they saw the boy's pale earnest face, that yet wore such a determined look, as though his grief lay too deep for tears, and he had resolved to act. "God help him," they said, as their eyes followed him on his weary journey. Many offered him refreshment; but he could not eat, he said. In spite of all Crump's persuasion, he had not broken his fast. "It would choke me, Sir. I can't eat till I've found her. I must find her."

But when evening came, and they had made the tour of Piert's Rest, and far on the road to Stillhaven, and they were forced to return as they had set out, even David's heart failed him, and to the boy's suggestions of smugglers, who might have taken her off, and sold her for a slave, or hid her in the rocks, he could only reply, "It wasn't very likely." He had, in fact, no more pleasant solution

of the mystery to offer.

He would have persuaded him to come home with him; but Philip would not hear of it. He would sleep in his mother's room, he said; and the women who had taken up their watch in one which communicated with it, gladly consented; the door being left open for the companionship of his presence.

In a room below Steyne lay sleeping the feverish With many cheering slumber of intoxication. hopes, which he himself could not share, kind David took his leave, so absorbed in his neighbour's griefs as to be totally oblivious of the welcome that in all

probability awaited him at home.

With a feeling of actual thankfulness at his heart. that his dear mother had been spared this last visitation, the tired boy lay down upon the temporary bed in the silent room. Thinking how impossible it was he should sleep that night, he slept; for Sleep and Love no man ever yet controlled in their coming.

Two hours might have passed, when he was awoke by the shrieks of the women, as they scrambled down stairs in the dark. Sitting up, he beheld his father, with features horribly distorted, and glowing eyes, bending over him.

CHAPTER XV.

INTO THE DARK.

"My fault is past. But, oh! what form of prayer Can serve my turn?"

SHAKESPEARE.

HE started up, but with a hand upon his breast his father was pressing him back.

"Dead! dead! dead!" he shouted, with fierce rapidity. "Lie down dead! she's asleep! I knew she wasn't dead! I said it; no, no, no; oh dead! lie down!"

"Father, father!" cried Philip, as he struggled

to sit up, and looked into his face.

"Her eyes! her eyes! where'd you find them? I've looked for them everywhere! she couldn't see me!—give me her eyes! oh devil! I'll have her eyes!"

The boy struggled in all the desperation of terror, and, evading his cruel grasp, sprang to his feet, but the other pursued him with a maniacal yell—"Give me her eyes!-I knew she'd look at me if she could !- Devil ! give them me !- ah! I've got you now! I'll have them!"

He clutched the boy-howled-shook himdashed his head against the wall-grasped his throat with fingers that seemed thirsting for blood.

Horror gave Philip new strength in the unnatural struggle for his life; but the madman only yelled, laughed, and clenched his pitiless hands more

He tried to cry out, to say "Father!" to grasp his mother's hand, to see her once more -his eyes failed—his breath came short—he fell back; and the delirious wretch shouted exultingly:

"Ah devil! I'll kill you now! I'll have her

eyes!—" and dragged him to the bed.

At that moment the low shuddering moan broke, as if from the earth, and swept round the cottage; a breeze through the casement stirred the white drapery of the bed, and wafted it out into the room, brushing the man's face as it slowly sank into its

He shrieked, threw up his hands, and fell back, farther, and farther, till he crouched shivering in a corner; his eyes fixed upon the bed, where all was still again, as the echo of the sound died away

below.

Philip drew a breath, and opened his eyes, hardly alive, while he beheld in amazement the sudden change.

Trembling, crying, clasping his hands, the miserable man cowered in a corner of the room.

"Dying! dying! dying!" he sobbed -- "how dying? she can't be-she won't leave me-doesn't she love me? she said so-my Harriette, Harriette -mine-she said so herself in the church—the sun shone-shone-the sun shone-the bells rang—through the ivy—ivy—the ivy—oh don't go, Harriette!-don't leave me! the boy died; yes, yes, died-I couldn't help it-oh don't cry, cry, cry so-don't leave me-I'll work-I'll be different! -oh how thin her hands are-I won't, I won't-oh Harriette only stay! how thin and pale-' Poor

George' - that's me! - 'Poor George!' dying! dying! dying!"

So he sobbed and whined; clasped his hands,

beat his knees, and cried again.

"Father!" said the poor boy, kneeling before him; "father! it's me-your Philip!-don't you know me? Phil, and little Rosey-eh father?"

"Rose! Rose!-where?-dance! pretty Rose, dance!" and the wretched man moved his hands

and head, as if seated at the instrument.

Suddenly, he leaped up, shricking-"Ah! ah! take them off! take them off! down! down! Hell fire! hell fire! burning, burning!—save me!"

He tore his hair, his flesh, his clothes; he rushed round the room, then flung himself upon the floor,

and writhed.

"Curse you for ever and ever! You've taken her! my Harriette—she was good, let her dance? I won't. Brandy! brandy! yes, quick—in my throat !-here! quick-I burn! here, here-she doesn't see me! - Ah!-see! see!" and he pointed upward so intently that the terrified child followed the direction of his finger. "Save me! save me-oh see where it comes!" He crawled behind the drapery of the bed and trembled.

Philip saw his cracked lips and parched tongue, and, creeping to his side, held a little water to his

mouth. He dashed the vessel from him.

"Brandy! brandy! where is it? you said so! the girl's worth it! dance! dance! How they crowd and shout, and laugh! brandy! brandy! here

in my throat—ah! ah!"

He drew a long breath, and grasped an imaginary draught; then for a minute was silent; his delirious eyes fixed wildly on his son, who knelt beside him. He muttered to himself; and a horrible thrill stole over the lad; he with difficulty resisted the inclination to shriek. Some terrible purpose seemed forming in the madman's brain.

"He will kill me!" thought Philip; yet his limbs refused to move; he remained kneeling, gazing on his father, while he slowly rose, and crept

softly, still muttering, from the room.

Quick Philip sprang to his feet; and, with hands shaking so as almost to be incapable, fastened the door, then that of the next room, and the one between; and piled all the furniture he could lift against them.

More dead than alive he sat, and in a short time came a stealthy footstep, that would have been in-

audible to any ear not sharpened by terror. Then the handle of the door was suddenly turned, and a violent thrust followed the unexpected re-

For a little while he heard nothing; then a whisper at the keyhole said "Harriette! my Harriette-let me in!" which was repeated several times more earnestly. Then Philip heard him go down-heard the crying and lamentation from below-the restless feet pacing up and down; then all was still.

Kneeling by his dead mother's side, straining his hearing to catch the slightest sound, the night

chamber, where the unseemly disorder bore witness to what had passed.

He longed, yet dreaded, to go down. In what shape might he not encounter that awful figure!

It was still early, when he heard voices outside, and, directly after, some one entering by the window; then the door opened, and more came in. There was an exclamation — muttered sounds hasty calling to one another."

"What can it be? They've found Rose!" thought Philip; and hastily removing his barricade,

he hurried down.

In the pleasant sitting-room some men were gathered—they talked in eager whispers.

"Is it Rose?—Where is she?" cried Philip,

pressing forward.

"Good God! there's the boy!" said one; and they would have held him back, but he broke through, and beheld his father.—Dead! His eyes wide open, his hair torn, his features distorted as when he had last seen him. From a wide gash in his throat the blood had flowed down upon the floor, and settled in a pool around him. His head rested upon a low chair that had been a favourite of Harriette's, where she had used to sit working, or nursing their children, and smiling up into his handsome face.

The men, rough as they were, were touched by the utter abandonment of the boy's grief, though they knew nothing of the last night's terrors. As well as they could, they cared for him, though their errand there had been none of the most merciful, as they said to good Crump, who came in soon after, and was horrified to the soul, to find what had taken

"You see, Master Crichton, he'm got a bill again all these here things; and, as he said, the poor chap was so queer in's head he might be for making away wi'm, or setting fire to the place: so he bade us be astir betimes, and we come, little thinking what we

was to find."

"Then the poor children won't have anything?" asked David.

"Not a scrap, as far as I see, sir. There's rent owing too, I'm told; but he'll make that right, and worth his while too.'

"What an infernal scamp!" cried poor David, transported beyond all bounds of prudence.

"What d'ye say? What d'ye mean?" said the other, in amazement.

"Eh! but he'll have's reward!" said Crump,

"as sure as there's a God in heaven." "Well, I don't see how you can blame a man for taking his own: I suppose it's what we'd all do," returned the other.

Without further remark, David went in to where Philip lay, as they had placed him-on poor Rosey's little bed.

"You haven't found her, sir?" he asked anxiously, as Crump stood beside him.

"No, my lad, no," said he, with tears in his eyes: "but we shall, I daresay we shall."

If ever falsehood was pardonable, surely that was, passed; the feeble dawn came slowly into the silent by which, day after day, the kind man buoyed up the heart of the poor orphan; but days passed, and gave the lie to all his hopes and predictions. All his liberal expenditure and keen research, and Philip's more simple and touching inquiries, failed

in eliciting the smallest clue.

Meanwhile Crichton's myrmidons brooded over the ruins of Birdiethorn's domestic altars. All their simple belongings were doomed: to the "tumtooee," as poor Rose called it—to her dainty cot, with its pure white hangings; the mother's pride and care; to Philip's Ancient History-all tied, labelled, numbered-even as, Great Father, we, thy creatures, do range, and classify, and estimate, thy gifts! our love, our beauty, our peace, our soul's repose-First, last, most worthy of the highest bidder, in the great mart—one with another, pitiless.

So the days went on-Rumour was very busy, blowing hot and cold with that mouth of herschasing each bubble with another as frail; and bursting both with a new puff of her inconstant breath; and people came to stare, and wonder, and shudder over the place: the gossips glorying in the verification of their prognostics, and the new glamour of horror thrown about sweet Birdiethorn.

None that saw it ever forgot that solemn funeral which passed along the moss-covered road to the old church of Piert's Rest, where wife and husband

are to lie side by side for evermore.

The two coffins, the sad history connected with them, the pale, grave boy, sole mourner-for Crump, good Crump, who had done so much, was laid, an unwilling prisoner, on a bed of sickness-and though half the village followed, he alone wore

mourning dress.

The grave, so unusual in its width—the solemn service—the deep-tolling bell—the thoughts that, even to these rude minds, must come, not unmixed, we may believe, with something of remorse that they had not been quite the neighbours they might, to the poor human clay lying there. - The calm still evening-just in such they all remembered to have seen her, sitting with her work awaiting him upon that stone-"Ay, just there it was, not two feet away—dear heart, so it was!"

The boy thought of it too, perhaps, and of another who should have held his hand, and looked, with him, the last, into their long home. "God help him!" said they-"how he cries, poor lad!"-and they wept; perhaps all; it is so hard not to weep

in sympathy.

No; that burial would not be soon forgotten, even had it not been marked by the great equinoctial gale that rose that night, when the tides rolled higher than ever they had been known in the memory of man, and completely destroyed the pretty garden of Birdiethorn.

"Will you come with me, and have a cup of tea?" asked the man of obsequies, as he took from little Philip the melancholy symbols he had worn.

"No, thank you, sir," he replied; "I don't want any tea; I am not going home yet."

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE OLD CHURCH .- OUT AT SEA. - FALSE BELLS.

"I have no place to flee unto, and no man careth for my soul." "Every one of these darkly clustered houses en. closes its own secret-every beating heart in the hundreds of thousands of breasts there, is, in some of its imaginings, a secret to the heart nearest it! Something of the awfulness, even of death itself, is referable to this. -- CHARLES DICKENS. " Two Cities."

Home!—where was his home?

God knows it is a question might trouble many a heart, which does not care to lift the veil of selfwoven deceit that hides it, even from itself.

What is home? I pass by luxury and splendour, with their ungratified desires and unfulfilled ambition; but what else makes it?

Ease—comfort—plenty—willing service—res-

pect—and the righteous world's esteem?

Well-answer you, my friend-to whom each year has brought new ties, and fresh prosperitywhom the great "They" instances for your happy "home."

You think, no doubt, your fate a solitary one: who would so gladly lay down all, even to the memory of it—only for the companionship of a being formed in harmony with yourself-only to walk God's universe hand in hand, with one whose eyes and brain and heart should read it with you, whose voice should but echo your soul's inmost aspirations, whose heart find utterance on your lips—the visible sunshine of whose presence only should fill the dull blank your life knows, yet gives no name toand make of the simplest shelter and the humblest fare a life-long "home."

Ay! how glibly the mouth learns to betray the conscience! - "Home," it says, and smiles -"Home!" where the heart is not, the eyes lighten not,-where the soul shrivels and pines, and the grave of all high thought and feeling is dug!where Love—like a poor bird whose natural sustenance is not understood by its owner-droops, sickens, faints; and, I had said, dies, but that he

is immortal.

"Home," this!—Make me a home of metal; of wheels, and cogs, and bells, and tunes, and images -and wind it up each twenty-fourth hour-and it shall go, I warrant, and strike, and chime, and play the symphonies, and keep its time withal - ay, quite correct—what more would you have? The automatons come out, go in, and act, all so perfect —a model "home."

And so is yours, dear madam; all your five hundred friends biting their fingers off, in admiration of your new walnut suite, &c., &c.—your perfect toilettes-your unimpeachable dinners-your fine, generous husband-your sweet children-all alike the theme of admiration-what a home! what a model !-

Eh!-What!-A humble room; a desk inkstained; some well-worn quills and written sheets upon it; a much-used easy chair, and low footstool -neither empty-a face upturned to listen; eyes, looking down, down, into other eyes, answering out of depths, never ending—is this her picture of a "home?" For this would she give all?—ay, and your envy and admiration, oh world! beside!

But days come and go-things are.

You too, sir! in the home your own industry has reared; the ease that is almost luxury; your showy wife, her grand connexions, her clever children. Some twenty years ago you were not what you now are—not in any sense. A something seemed to die out when you parted from her. It was not your worse self, either. She understood you—was proud of you—how if you had married her?—mere money-grubbing had not then contented you, perhaps—and your "home?"—Ah, well! no more. Let fall the veil over the dwindled, inmost, better self—God alone knows the rest!

"Solitary case !- singular mischance !"-so say

you, and you, and you.

"Beautifully clean your place is, dear! One

might eat off any part of it!"-

"My goodness, gracious!" (Soliloquitur) "she would'nt say so, if she saw the slut's hole in the kitchen."

"Splendid design! Sublime view! House and grounds perfect! Light, and sunshine, and peace,

everywhere!"

But you don't see the skeleton closet; and you are thinking what a cruel fate it is that you should be so much worse off than your neighbour, having such a bugbear in your home.

Which, begging pardon for the digression, brings me back to little Philip, who, at least, cannot labour under any deception as to the quality of his home,

seeing he is absolutely destitute of any.

Each, supposing the other to have some better right, had relieved their mind of any responsibility. "Mr. Crichton would sure do something for him, he'd made enow by the poor man." Or, "Mr. Crump seemed to have took a fancy to th' lad, and he wur better able to afford it than they was." And so he was left to himself; which he would not have been had poor David been in a condition even to think for him; but he was laid, hand, foot, and brain, by rheumatic fever; just now only conscious enough of Philip's troubles to irritate his better half, by mingling the name in his uneasy mutterings and rambling talk.

They had all gone, and the boy sat upon the new-filled grave—that last dreary tie that remains

between us and what we have loved best.

At first he had not been able to realize the dreadful idea of both his parents' death. He still fancied, somehow, that his mother would come to console him and cry with him. He could not believe that he should never see her again. So, too often, we do not take in completely the certainty that we have looked our last upon the beloved face; and a strange, undefined hope stills haunts us, that we shall, somehow, again meet the dear one, in the flesh, and share our grief with them.

But the chilling breeze and the cold rain roused him; and, as he sat up, he asked himself the ques-

tion-where should he go?

To Birdiethorn?—where most probably the bare

walls now echoed to that dreadful cry which made him shudder to think of.

To Crump's?—where his sensitive spirit told him he had already given more trouble than he had

Nowhere, in all the wide world, had he a claim for shelter, even from the rain that fell. The church-door stood open, and the boy mechanically

walked in.

The complete silence of the place, the solemn grandeur that yet seemed to welcome him to its rest, was soothing to his disquieted mind; and he wandered on, down the darkening old aisles, thinking and remembering. That was the place where they used to sit on Sundays—that was the stone where Rose used to tiptoe, with her arm about his neck, as he lifted her into her seat—he had never been further down the church than that—he felt almost afraid. Turning round, looking up, he saw the organ. Ah! that was where the beautiful music came from, and where the white-robed boys sat and sang.

And here were the monuments of people who had died ages ago. How grim and still they were, all forgotten now: some one had cried for them when they died, and wished to die and be buried with them perhaps—and those had died and were

forgotten too.

He wondered had any of those ever felt so miserable as he did. He thought no one ever could; every one but he must have some friend, some one to pity them, and to cry with them. If he had but dear sweet Rosey, if he could but hear her say "My Phil," and rest her little golden head on his shoulder again: oh! he would beg, or work, or do anything for her: but he had no one, not in the whole world.

The sickly beams of the setting sun, breaking through the clouds, streamed in by the painted window, and decked with a purple halo the noseless knight lying in stony slumber, with uplifted hands, beside the Lady Grizzel his wife, to whose chin it imparted a faint glow: thence gliding by the cherub supporters, rested upon the virgin kirtle of a recumbent spinster, alone in her marblehood, and burnished the helmet of a fierce bearded warrior, time-bereft of toes and fingers—whom tradition asserted to have been the veritable Piert of piratical memory.

How he frowned, and to Philip's imagination seemed, even with closed eyes, to be aware of him. The boy remembered all the tales he had heard of the smuggler and bandit chief; violence, rapine, murder. How horrible if his sweet sister had been

carried off by such men!

So painful appeared his own insufficiency, his absolutely powerless condition, whenever he thought of her loss: it was almost unbearable. "If I was but a man—if I was but a rich man," he thought, "I would find her."

He had reached the altar. A small white slab, with but a name on, met his eyes. He remembered it was a little child, of a very great and wealthy gentleman. He and Rose had stood by at the

burial—the gentleman wept bitterly, and knelt in the vault, and could hardly be led from it. He would have given all his money, they said, to save

the boy, but it died; it was his only child.

Money would not save people from death; and yet how hard they tried for it. It was that took father and Rose to the public-house. Mr. Crump said Crichton made money of them. He had plenty too, and yet he had taken all the poor things from Birdiethorn. The men said he had a right, for money he had lent father. He knew how bad they wanted it at home, and yet would let father spend it in drink, and even when he was nigh mad. He turned mother out too, that night; how hard and cruel he looked.

The sunbeams, lifted higher, stole softly up, up—by the cloud of cherubim at the choir—by the gilded organ-pipes, softly to the fretted roof; leaving all below in twilight. The shadows deepened, and, on the altar-steps the boy sat thinking.

A loud noise, reverberating through the building, startled him. It was the closing of the great doors. He lifted up his head and listened. The chain rattled, then footsteps sounded outside, the wicket gate slammed. His head sank again to his hands, upon his knees. He was locked in. For a boy of ten years old it would seem no common ordeal to pass the night in an ancient shadow-haunted church alone, and with the recollection of such scenes as he had lately witnessed. A week ago Philip, though no coward, would have shrunk from such an undertaking.

The old banners overhead moved now and again, as a bat or owl flitted ghostly through some unseen outlet. The shadows deepened, and the boy

still sat, thinking.

How far into that troublous sea his young mind drifted we cannot know. How tossed amid reason, and doubt, and vain asking of cause and result—of justice and mercy; how divided between teachings long revered, and cold hard realities experienced; who can tell? Most of us look back to such a period when we too battled in such a sea; not two, perhaps, to set foot upon the same landing-spot, how few upon the solid rock!

After midnight the tempest broke, which little Piert's Rest, and all the country round, was to remember with a shudder for many a year to

come.

The whole armament of heaven seemed loosed upon the earth—the winds raged, the clouds opened their floodgates, the sea lashed the beach in the very madness of storm. Houses far inland were swamped by its waves; cottages unroofed by the merciless winds, boats torn from their moorings, and borne out and away, never to return. Whole families fled from dwellings that threatened ruin every instant, and, by the glare of the lightning, sped up from the beach, which the greedy ocean seemed ravening to swallow. The crash of the thunder, the bellowing of the waves, the dashing rain and howling winds, sounded like the conference of unearthly destroyers over a doomed world. People flocked together, sought companionship at

any rate; neighbours forgot their feuds, and became friends.

And amid all, sat in the grey ancient church a little boy, alone; his head resting on his hand, his eyes turned to the painted window, where the ivy knocked wildly, reft and torn from its long support; and anon the lightning gleamed across the pierced Saviour, and the pale Marys at the Cross's foot.

What wonder if, remembering his mother, his little sister, his suicide father, and his rifled home, the poor boy should believe in an Avenger at hand, and flatter himself that to-morrow the town would ring with the destruction of "The Crichton" and its owner.

Older than he are every day, in their petty wisdom, complacently planning out the behests of Providence, expounding the shadowy panorama, by no better light.

Three, indeed, saw the sun set, and talked of the

morrow, who never met it here.

One, sleeping in his boat—the father of a little family, the support of a bed-ridden mother, industrious, kind-hearted, sober—borne away, dashed, bruised, battered; died piecemeal, far from human help, with a prayer for those at home upon his lips.

Another, a young mother, carried with her baby from under the tottering roof, died in her husband's arms, leaving her helpless first-born to soothe, or

aggravate, his despair.

The third, a pitiful, silly, ne'er-do-well, Dickey Glossop by name, suffocated, drunk, in a pool, not half a mile from "The Crichton." Poor Dickey! the water had not harmed him but for the draughts of the "good creature" he had previously imbibed.

Little Philip, listening, watching, twice heard the heavy spray dash against the old church wall, far as it stood inland,—heard the heavy groans of the surf-beaten shore, and thought. Its fury spent, appeased by the sacrifices to its might; the tempest lulled, the lightning heralded less frequently the distant thunder, which in a while muttered afar off; the sea sobbed over its victims, as it crept back from the land; and the gusty winds, like lions chained unwillingly, in suppressed roars gave token of strength yet unspent.

Dawn crept timidly up and peeped over the hill-tops; then beckoned the Day, which, hurrying in, kissed Nature's tearful face, and gathered her to his breast, and soothed her till she smiled, and her drenched bosom glowed once more beneath his

warmth.

Then, from rocked tree-tops and sheltered eaves, from stony clefts, from beds of reed and mud, or mossy roots: from knotty bark, wild heath, or opening flower-bell,—each from his "home" came the first-created of the Great Master, and praised Him for the Sunshine and the Life. Even into the desolate heart of the boy, storm-swept as it was, that glorious sunshine came, and almost he repented of the thoughts he had welcomed and entertained. Punishment had visited the cause of all their suffering; yes, the storm was past, and now, now, in the sunshine came a promise—he should find her—oh! he felt it must be so.

He had crept up the steps, shading himself from the fierce lightning. His head resting on the Commandments at the communion, he dozed as day dawned, worn out by watching and grief; and slept, till, with a loud clang, the bells overhead broke out:—

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He sprang up, his hands upon his head. Chiming! pealing!—the knell of yesterday was in his ears, even while he slept. Was it these bells? could it be the same?—ringing—chiming! a more merry peal never roused the echoes of Piert's Rest.

Bursting out again! glorying, exulting in their

own music! Was he dreaming?

He rushed down the aisle; he would have fled from the sound, but it seemed to come louder merrier. From the open door he could see that new-made grave—so awful, so real.

The boy burst into tears. Louder rang the bells
-false to their echoes of yesterday, which had

shared his grief-mockery of mockeries!

Come back, oh troubled sea! onward again with your drift of doubt, and question, and uncertainty, —bear him away. The tempest, which has laid waste the bonny vale of Birdiethorn, and made a desert of its much-prized garden, has left the house of Crichton scathless. The bells that tolled yesternight for your mother broken-hearted, ring this bright morning for his pride and pleasure.

See! here they come!—a gay and sparkling group. White vests and snowy garments, fair faces and bright eyes—fair and bright as become the sponsors of the happy little mortal unconsciously

irresponsible in their midst.

Foremost Père Crichton; no vest whiter, no face more radiant.

CHAPTER XVII.

FIRE.

"In the name of this child, thou dost renounce the pomps and vanities of the world, and all the sinful desires and covetousness thereof, so that thou wilt not follow, nor be led by them?"—BAPTISMAL SERVICE.

"I renounce them all."—RICHARD CRICHTON.

WITHOUT a second look at the approaching group, Philip darted from a side door, rushed down the mossy deserted side path, and flung himself upon the wet earth with passionate despair. He shed no tears, as in the past night; the tenderness of his grief was done.

As he rose, the christening party was quitting the church: a smiling young godmamma, the proud bearer of the newly-made unconscious little Christian. The happy parents came first, all radiant and glowing with their lightly-sitting responsibili-

ties.

"Goodness me!" cried pretty Mrs. Crichton, as they came down the centre path, and thereby causing a sudden halt in the procession—"look at that poor child, how pale and miserable! And la!

it's a grave he's sitting on, a fresh-made grave!" She shuddered on her husband's arm.

"Richard, do speak to him, poor child!" But Richard, moving onwards, seemed in no way inclined to comply.

"It's Steyne's boy—sad affair you know, my dear. They were buried yesterday, poor creatures! Nurse can take him a shilling, if you please."

But nurse was at that moment quite in the rear of the party; and, in the fulness of her motherly sympathies Mrs. Crichton had so pressed forward that they stood within a few steps of Philip, the publican extending his hand with the proffered bounty.

The orphan was aware of his intention ere he had spoken a word, and the well-meant sympathy of the gentle wife was lost upon him, as, with

flashing eyes, he started to his feet.

"Don't you offer me your money!" he cried, stamping his foot. "You killed my mother, you did! and my father too. They wouldn't have died but for you. I hate you! I hate your publichouses! I wish they were all burned, I do! If I was a man you wouldn't offer me your money—you would be afraid to come near me. I could kill you!" His boy's voice deepened to a fierce harshness, his pale face flushed, as he looked defiantly into the face of Crichton. The equable publican almost shrank before the childish wrath.

"You'd better say forgive him, I think," pursued the orphan, his eyes still fixed upon Crichton. "I had a little sister once, but she's lost, and through him, his public-house, and his drink. Didn't he know all along? My good, beautiful little sister!"—for a moment his voice faltered, but he rallied bravely—maybe your baby there'll be left some day with no home to go to, and nobody to care for."

"Oh Richard!" cried the young mother, trembling as she clung to him. The "Admirable" made a step towards the lad, as though to lay hold

of him; but Philip started back.

"You'd better not touch me!" he cried.
"You are a miserable, sinful boy—a dangerous boy," said the publican. "We meant to befriend you; in all kindness Mrs. Crichton came to speak to you, and this is how you return it. What is your father's folly and ill-luck to me? But you are only a child—I will send some one from the workhouse: they will take care of you there, and

put you to work, which I am afraid you have not been used to. Come, my love."

Tenderly taking his wife's arm, he led her across the nearest 'way to the gate, where the assembled group awaited them; and—ill-omened christening—poor Mrs. Crichton fell to weeping, which lasted till they reached home.

The workhouse! Those words had roused a fire in Philip's breast that even the memory of those who lay quiet beneath his feet could not stifle. All the poor fellow's notions of independence, of lawful, honest, native pride, born with him, fostered by his favourite study, by his mother's example,—all recoiled at the mention of it. Besides, he had one

great purpose for life, one fixed idea that had never left him. He must seek Rose everywhere, if he walked the whole world over; and how do that, if once sent to the workhouse? No, that could not

The bells had rung the party home, and were silent—the church was deserted—he was alone, but

for those who lay under that wet earth.

Yes, every step now would take him farther from them; but it must be, and, with a last look from time to time, as long as the bare mound remained visible, he soon left the dim old church, and the quiet, solemn churchyard, far behind.

He had no clue, even the slightest, no indication of where, even with a possibility of success, he should seek his lost sister; yet his plan was not so

badly laid, even for an older head than his.

He remembered how, in her many perplexities, his mother had, more than once, sought the advice of a clergyman, whom she had known long before her marriage. He remembered the name of this gentleman; and of his abode he recollected thus much,—that he had accompanied his mother in her visits from their home in London. From that point the boy felt sure he could not miss the road, but all he knew of the locale of his starting-place was the name of the street,—Brown-street,—the scene of so many bardships he never could forget; but whether N., S., E., or W., or which combination of any of these, Philip would have been puzzled even to guess.

So to Brown-street London; thence, on the faith of his recollections of some two years back, to make his way to Mr. Plunkett, the good clergyman, and repose in him the history of his woes; behold the plan of young Steyne's destination, a somewhat indefinite one, and capable of improvement as to accuracy, it must be confessed: but are not all expediency, probabilities, and possibility too, almost, comparatve?—some of us would not perhaps too hastily reject the idea of even footing the two hundred miles, could we feel certain to find a real friend at

the end of them.

And now, to hasten the execution of his project, here was the dread workhouse set in view. It had needed that perhaps, to tear him from the poor consolation of that double grave: and now he was bent only on putting all possible distance between him and the object of his dread. He would fain have seen good Crump once more, and have acquainted him with his determination, but that was impossible, and besides, Philip shrank from adding to the debt he had already incurred at the hands of the good man.

Small preparation he needed, whose wardrobe consisted of what he wore. In his pocket he had a handful of copper and some few small silver bits, collected for him among the poor folks who had followed the funeral, which they had slipped in as he wept, all unconscious of the kindness. But with the self-reliance of such characters, Philip feared not. Lots of things he could find to do upon the

road, oh! plenty, he was certain!

sleepy, away past the New-bustling, upstart, consequential-out down upon the beach, where the moon, and the sea, and the cliffs have it all to them. selves in the still night, until they are taken in by one pair of young eyes that read in their solemnity sympathy for his own sorrows.

Here, for the last time, upon the beach, he thought he would for a while rest himself, and break his fast of that day; for he had only stayed to purchase, at the last shop in the village, some of the current bread peculiar to the neighbourhood.

The rest was most welcome to his tired feet, and he was pondering within himself how he should, with least risk of discovery, cross to L -; for Philip imagined the publican constantly in pursuit, with a host of workhouse myrmidons at his heels when his attention was called to a red light cast upon the rocks beyond where he sat. While he gazed, it increased, redder and higher, like the reflection from some large confiagration.

He jumped to his feet; and, scrambling to a higher part of the beach, looked towards Piert's Rest, and beheld a column of dense lurid smoke, whence every instant darted tongues of living fire. and hosts of sparks shot high into the air, and fell again in showers. The trees, the neighbouring buildings, were lighted up, Philip at once recognized the spot. "The Crichton!" he shouted—"it's on fire"—"The Crichton!" The bread, almost untasted, fell from his hand, as, springing from the beach, he ran by the nearest way to the village and up the hill. Whither every one seemed hastening; crying one to another, that "Master Crichton's grand new house were burning."

On the spot was already assembled a dense crowd, talking, bawling, advising, fault-finding, wondering, with an energy that, if rightly directed, might quickly have extinguished the flames. But active hands were at work; the extension, at least,

of the mischief was stopped.

A Frenchman has told us that there is something not displeasing in the misfortunes even of our dearest friends, and a publican is seldom held passing dear in the hearts of his neighbours: still we wish, for the credit of human nature, we could believe that the feeling was any other than disappointment when it was discovered that the damage extended no further than to a barn, an outhouse, a pig-sty, and dove-cote; part of the old premises, where a quantity of straw and various combustible matter had been allowed to accumulate.

But talking makes men thirsty; besides the origin of the fire had to be discovered, -it might break out again: all good reasons why the bar of "The Crichton" should be soon well thronged; while the yet smoking, steaming ruins, invited the

inspection of many of the idlers.

Again disappointed in his expectations of a signal retribution in his behalf, Philip was making the best of his way from the scene, regretting that he had been induced to retrace his steps, when, passing a side door of the public-house, he felt himself suddenly seized by the shoulder, and a rough voice Away, then, from Old Piert's Rest, quiet and exclaimed—"Here's another of ye! Eh, my lad,"

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his

he cried, as he looked into the boy's face-"so it's you, is it? Master Crichton were right enuff; he'll be rarely glad; eh, but he'd give his little finger to find you, he would-come along !"

"You leave go my shoulder!-what have I done!"exclaimed the boy, struggling with his captor, who dragged him by main force into the house, calling loudly on the constable who was, as he himself phrased it, "investigating for the occasion of the fire "-and now came bustling in with a whole retinue at his heels, and young Steyne quickly found himself the centre of attraction to the multitude which the conflagration had called together.

"So another of them," said Mr. Crichton, advancing. "Ah! that's he! Hold him fast, Grappit! that's the ringleader; he's set them on. I said he was a dangerous lad. This very morning he wished I was burned out. Search him! ah, yes, by all

means search him!"

The search disclosed divers copper and small silver coin, which might have been recognised by many present: a piece of currant bread, and a small folded paper, round which, as the constable unwrapt it, they crowded; expecting, no doubt, some terrible device of a combustible nature, the more for the boy's eager petition that it might be given back.

"A bit of hair!"

"His mother's!—eh, poor lad!"

The sympathies of the women were enlisted. "They didn't believe he'd go to do any mortal living an injury. He'd always been a quiet boy."

"Look sharp after him, Grappit-only this

morning he threatened to burn me out."

"I see him going as fast as he could scamper, towards the beach, this very evening, Master Crichton," put in an obsequious witness.

"After the mischief was done, in course,"

observed another.

"He bears the master a grudge, that's certain," added the shock-headed ostler, who had captured

Philip.

he he elf

To the lock-up, then, was the poor lad doomed that night, in company with three others, no older, and little less forlorn, than himself. Their offence that of setting fire to some furze and dried haulms in a piece of waste adjoining the premises of the publican; though, as this was somewhere about three hours before the fire broke out, it might, perhaps, with equal reason have been attributed to the agency of the "splendid London gin" which the shock-headed ostler had been imbibing very freely in honour of the christening, and under the powerful influence of which he had stuck a candle-end in the dilapidated rush-seat of a ruinous chair, in the outhouse, nor remembered it till the smoke and flames warned them all of the vicinity of the fire when, in the excess of his zeal, he rushed forth to pounce upon the shivering urchins whose little attempt at domesticity in the back field was at once recalled to their cost.

This, then, was Philip's first step in the plan he had chalked out for himself. He had contemplated a nap in the cleft of a rock, with seaweed for his pillow, the pitying ocean to his lullaby, the

moon his night-lamp; Fate had willed for him a flock mattress in the lock-up of Old Piert's Rest, with the fumes of the watchmen's pipes and the droning monotone of their voices in the outer room, as they commented on the ruffianism of the boy who had threatened to burn out Master Crichton, and had so artfully planned the deed.

"They can't hurt me," said the boy to himself, as he tried to shut out the voices detailing to one another his own sad family history; "I've done

nothing, and they can't hurt me."

Haply, young Steyne, thy knowledge or philosophy is to be improved ere long. For justice nods at times, even among the high and mighty seats of her administration, and such things have been ere now written down in all the solemnity of her decrees as that we here record. These poor, halfstarved, miserable urchins-against whom, with all the evidence so readily obtainable, nothing more could be proved than they had lighted a fire of rubbish to warm their chilled limbs-were committed to gaol for a certain time, with the addition

of a sound whipping.

On Philip Steyne graver judgment must have fallen. True, even the other boys, when interrogated, denied that he had been of their company; true, good Crump, bandaged like a mummy, and defying alike the wrath of rheumatics and his better half, stood up stoutly in defence of his little friend; true, not a soul could be found, not redolent of the "Admirable's" "cordial compounds," who could speak a syllable against the boy. But he had "threatened;" everybody knew what a spirit he had—that could not be denied; he fancied himself wronged; his mother had set him against Mr. Crichton; it was plain enough.

Let us believe that it was a touch of conscience -awakened, perhaps, as the dead mother seemed to look out of those earnest, horror-stricken eyes and not with any idea of how it might be remembered at licensing-day, that the publican put in a word; and the magistrate, with a high eulogium on the generosity and "Christian spirit" of Mr. Crichton, commuted the whipping part of the sentence to a term of solitary confinement, the culprit to be sent to a reformatory for five years.

"The best thing that could happen to him," said

one of the benevolent gentlemen upon the bench. I wonder if that gentleman could have looked into the heart of the poor child, and seen the crushing agony caused by those words—"five years," if he would have revoked his sentence?

Five years! Oh! where would Rose be thene How could he live, and eat, and sleep through fiv

years, and not even seek her!

"God bless you, my poor lad; God bless and keep you, Phil! Never mind, my old fellow; I'll see what can be done; I'll come and see you. Yes, yes, I know, I know; but we'll be looking for her high and low, my boy; we won't rest till she's found."

Tears were rolling down good David's face, as he wrung the boy's hands in his at parting. Young Steyne looked at him with dry eyes, round which the shadow had deepened. "Thank you,"—said he as he pressed the hard hands very tightly within his own—"thank you, good-by, I shan't ever see

her now-five years !--"

He repeated the words, as he turned away, with a tone and look so hopeless, so lost and broken, that the women near him burst into tears, and some swore it was a shame—"how'd old——like it hisself?—"

Another touch of conscience, let us hope, in the breast of the publican, as he encountered that night the young man whom we have elsewhere described

as remarkable for the growth of ringlets.

"No," Mr. Crichton repeated something he had before said; "I wish to give no offence, but really the whole affair has made so much unpleasantness, I am sick of the lot. I'll wash my hands of it all. Of course I know nothing about the girl, and am bound not to know; I do not say you do, I suppose you don't; but things get about, and so much has been said, one way and the other, that—in short, Mr. Skurrick, I mean no offence, but I'd rather

"That I'd go elsewhere—that's the long and the

short of it," said the other.

"Well, not so much yourself as the man—that fellow Hinton—coming to and fro—I say nothing, you know—I'm not bound to know all that passes in my house; but there are some things that—well, in short I'd rather he did not come, he can't keep a close mouth, and in fact—"

"All right, I see; don't you be afraid, Crichton," returned the other. "I suppose I can stay

to-night?"

"Oh! certainly, certainly; and it's more of that man I speak. In his liquor, you see, he is apt to talk. I wish to give no offence—I hope you understand—but the character of my house——"

"All right; we're off to-morrow. Good-night."

"The house is sure to fill next week with the committees," soliloquized "The Admirable," as he took his way to his cozy bed-chamber.

At the same hour, Philip Steyne walked his solitary cell, seating himself at intervals upon the coarse hard pallet, and mechanically repeated the words that had haunted him through the day, till he ceased to realise their meaning.

"Five years!"

That time last night he was a wanderer—an outcast; but he had a purpose, a will to carry it out—he was free. A prisoner now, unjustly; hope, power, usefulness, independence—all blotted out.

They brought him his supper: a better one than he or his dead mother had eaten for many a day of her hard-worked life. They lighted a dim lamp, in

the wall between two cells.

As memory came slowly back, from the horrid fixedness of that one idea, arose the pictures of those days now gone for ever. How had circumstance sapped and undermined the very foundation of the fabric, till, piece by piece, hour by hour, it had slipped from his grasp, never to be recalled! He recounted all he had lost—home—parents—sis-

ter—liberty; and in questioning, doubting, vainly seeking cause—still losing as he thought.

The day was gone out; the pitying night was come, and they left him alone with it and his Grief.

(To be continued.)

THE GOLDEN MATCH.

"H'm! call that a kiss! Goodness me! why his hand's turned mine to ice, I do declare!-for all the world like an eel's skin, or such like, so cold, and I don't know what! Funny courting! very different—but there, what's the use of thinking! Heigho! I'm not going to throw myself away; muddle, muddle in a cottage all one's life. Very fine to read about in books, but I know too well what it is-how wonderfully loving he was this evening, wanted me downright to fix the day. Ugh! I can't somehow bring myself to that, but I must next time; here's all summer going, and a wedding so much nicer in the summer. Why, la me! he's only got to the next field all this time, and there he's trying to climb the stile. Try again, Toby Neagle!-No! he positively can't get over, he's gone on to the gate! Ay, how he hobbles, he might hold himself up a bit straight too, I thinkwonder if he will on the wedding-day! Oh! that horrid new tight suit, he didn't look half so bad in the old one-" and wicked Linney laughed, till her eyes twinkled, at the retreating figure of her antiquated lover.

"Why Ralph used to make but one jump of it, and then kiss his hand to me for the last time—heigho! —but what's the good of thinking! I'm not going to dress in this old woolsey stuff all my days—ay, dress does make a difference, it does for certain."

If any one had been looking over the shoulder of the pretty inconstant, as she peeped into the brook at her side, I rather fancy he would not have desired any difference to be made in the sparkling little face that looked up from its depths.

"I'll make the girls stare, I warrant! won't they be jealous when they see me come out in my silks, and my flounces, for flounces I'll have, whatever mother may say; odd if I can't do as I like then. That Sarah Fluke too, she'd used to give herself airs enough when she came down from London with, I know it was her aunt's cast-off things, setting herself at Ralph too; I'm sure he doesn't care for her one bit, not he indeed!—poor fellow he was at the window last night too—'Rain again!' says mother, when the gravel rattled on the panes, and she knew it would 'by her corns,' and there was the stars shining out, I couldn't help laughing. I knew—but there, it's no use thinking. I've made up my mind, and I'll keep to it."

As a rule, one may be pretty certain the resolution is not a sound one, that needs such stout assertion. People don't generally pronounce so emphatically on the immutability of a determination whose antecedents of thought bore the stamp

of sterling sense.

Opinions may differ in this case, as they did at Doziecot, when Linney Mere discarded her young suitor Ralph Aubrey, in favour of old Toby Neagle, who had made a fortune (for Doziecot) by hides. The more prudent approved, for Ralph was only a miller, where mills were plentiful; younger brother in a firm of three; and had very little to recommend him beyond good health, good looks, warm heart and honest head; and these, as they said, wouldn't "make the pot boil." That being, of course, the ultimate aim of all existence, I shall not say what the younger branches thought or said on the occasion, except that several of the more diplomatic of the girls deemed the occasion a favourable one for offering consolation to Ralph's slighted affections; and the young men considered him rightly served for his presumption in making so sure of the prettiest girl in the village. Ralph, in supreme indifference alike to ridicule or blandishments, continning his daily course of life with an apparent calmness, that would have proved to any heart but a coquette's how great was the suffering it concealed.

But suffering or reason weighed little against that standard of perfect happiness in the vain little heart. To "dress," and not to "work." The order

of Paradise reversed.

Time passed on—as it does in such circumstances -rapidly, and pretty Linney Mere became Mrs.

Toby Neagle.

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The wedding-day was over. It was summer too, and Linney's ambition of white lace and embroideries had been fully realized; her six foils chosen with admirable skill (for country maidens are not wholly ignorant); and the bride queened it among her maids as the moon amid the attendant stars.

The entertainment too, if not quite up to what Doziecot had anticipated, from a man of Toby's reputed means, was good; and the healths, and toasts, and sentiments had passed off admirably, together with the tears and all etceteras of wretched-

ness and despair due to the ceremony.

There were no railroads in those days, and the coach didn't pass through Doziecot, a reason perhaps why Toby kept his honeymoon and his young wife at home—at all events it is necessary to suggest a cause for such an apparently unaccountable proceeding as a man quietly taking possession at once of the home he has provided, instead of rightfully dashing into an expensive and harassing sojourn among strangers, to return home weary and dissatisfied with himself and the occasion.

However, it seems Toby considered the house where he had been born, and made his money, and his father ditto ditto before him, was good enough for the like possibilities to come, so contented himself with the old place; and here it was that in the twilight of the summer wedding-day Linney found herself alone.

his last guests; or divesting himself of some of his ill-becoming finery, she knew not, and perhaps, truth to be spoken, did not much care; her curiosity was on thorns to acquaint herself with her new domain, and above all to learn the extent of the wealth for which she had sac- hold! it is

prettier-" become a wife."

Up narrow stairs she went, along dusty corridors, past iron-bound doors, old gloomy echoing chambers, cobwebbed casements, grates fireless, and mouldering under the rust of rust. Darker, and more stifling it seemed to get, and the dead stillness, like one keeping watch, sat heavy on the girl's heart, and bade it hush even its throbbing. Yet she went on—she must find the gold, the chests the people talked off, iron-clamped and full.

None of the rooms were empty-heaped books, in costly bindings, covered the floors of some, rich stuffs and woven silks piled in others; and heavy gilded furniture, crowded for space, filled more than one; but as she only touched them the dust rose in clouds, and the moth and the worm peeped out

from their work of destruction.

The heavy white brocade woven with gold, which she wore, impeded her footsteps, and clung about her, seeming to pull her back, as it trailed in the thick dust; she gathered it carelessly about her, and pushed the jewels from her weary brow. She was tired and wanted to rest, she was cold and longed for warmth, but where could she find it? She had almost forgotten the gold, as she hurried on. By the dim light she glanced at a mirror she was passing, and beheld her own pale face reflected, and then she started, for by her side was her husband-withered, stooping, halting, as he had always been, in that dim light, ghastly.

He took her hand, she vainly attempted to draw it from him, and smiling grimly at her, drew her on, her heavy brocade sweeping up the narrow stairs, her jewelled brow flashing in the few lamps that were lighted. Into a close, tapestry-lined chamber he led her, and there, piled high, were chests, iron-clamped, and padlocked. He then threw back the lid of one, took her hand and plunged it down among the gold; heaped and heavy, some glittering in the lamp-light, some dim

Wealth inexhaustible, all she had craved.

Again he beckoned her on, and she unwillingly followed.

To a chamber hung round with costly garments, richer and more lustrous than even in her most extravagant dreams Linney had imagined; her husband, waving his hand, signified that all was hers, but with a cry of joy she sprang to where in a corner she thought she espied her own oncedespised, russet woolsey; ere she reached it, he, clutching her hand, in his bony fingers, had drawn her from the room, - to where a well-spread table awaited them; and they sat down to choicest delicacies, and the poor dotard smiled feebly and waited on her courteously, but Linney's smile, even of coquetry, was gone. She was weary and Whether her husband was bidding farewell to found no rest, cold, and wanted warmth, hungry and athirst, and the banquet was to her but dust

Far above she saw the bright stars, and the dark sky, a waving tree caught the silver moonlight—it was life and beauty—she turned to him at her side, and spoke to him as she pointed them out. His lack lustre eyes and piping voice answered her, babbling of his treasures; and glancing at her hand she saw that, like his, it was growing more attenuated, more skeleton-like, as he clasped it in his own. She cried out, and would have fled, but his cold arms were around her, and he dragged her towards his dearly-prized hoards.

Fainting, she sank upon the heaped-up gold. She felt the mouldy mass closing over her, the chill air stifling, her husband's icy kiss upon her lips.

"Save me! oh Ralph! save me!" she screamed, wildly struggling.

"Save you! ay, that I will, darling, from yourself, if I can," said the voice of the very Ralph himself, whose arms were about her, whose kiss (it wasn't exactly icy, but extremes you know meet) had awakened Linney from her slumber on the bank.

"Oh, take me away! take me away! has he gone? has he gone?" cried Linney, with a very

genuine share of tears.

"Everybody's gone, dearest! there's nobody! nobody in the world Linney, but you and me!" exclaimed the young miller, following up the very lover-like assurance, by drawing her unresisting head to his breast, and stopping her broken ejaculations in the readiest manner that occurred to him.

"Such a dream as I've had! oh! and yet its hardly like a dream either. Oh, Ralph! I ain't

married, am I?"

If ever man was tempted, I think Aubrey was at that moment, but with an effort worthy of imitation, he replied as became him in the negative, adding a fervent aspiration regarding the morrow.

"Oh!" sobbed Linney, "but I ain't married to Toby Neagle, am I, Ralph, dear? am I?"

"God forbid!" was Ralph's very fervent reply; and certainly, considering the relative positions of Linney's sweet face and his own bearded one, the

It is a fact to be remarked in favour of the known consistency of the superior sex, that Ralph Aubrey, who had sought Linney Mere that evening for the express purpose of bidding her an eternal farewell, and announcing his intention of taking a journey of some thousand miles, expressly to avoid Doziecot; should have accompanied her home to the cottage, and in defiance of prophesying corns, which foretold a wet night, and of black looks from the dame's corner, should have boldly stayed tea. Indeed I can barely reconcile it with the dignity of Toby Neagle's betrothed, that she should so bestir herself to honour the young miller, who had only "a third in the business."

The best china, and the whitest cloth, the hottest cake and the easiest chair. "Humph!" the old dame said, and knitted the faster; but Linney only

blushed, and did her mother this service, of a certainty, that the first piece of cake on Ralph's plate was the last, and I believe he took but one bite of that. Linney pretended to be hurt at his want of appetite, but I fancy she didn't love him a bit the less. What say you, little girl?

"Don't, for mercy's sake, speak of him, it makes me shudder—" said Linney, in a whisper at the porch that night. "Oh, I shall never bear to look at him, or pass his gloomy old house again—"

"He shan't trouble you, my bonnie, I'll settle that—" said Ralph; and then followed a host of injunctions, not to get himself into trouble, which Ralph was obliged to put a stop to.

"Humph!"—said the dame, and knitted the faster, when they told her they were to be married—

"well, perhaps it's as well as it is"-

Just as well, and so you would say, if you saw them, in their cozy little cottage, where Linney does not "muddle," though she still wears woolsey on ordinary occasions—"couldn't be better"—I think you would say: though I fear Linney has a notion it could be better, just a little; and may too perhaps, one of these days—but that Linney did not say.

"Believe in dreams!—cries jolly Ralph Aubrey.

I should say we did, eh! Linney?"

FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

THE SPIRIT'S ABODE.

Come let us ope the lattice now While the morn is fresh and gay, That the blithe spring-breeze may kiss her brow And whisper her soul away.-And if some touch of earth's grief be there, Or a tear-drop dim the eye, The sorrowless sun will chase all care, And the death-dew will glitter and fly-But who shall say where spirits rest, When the body is seen no more Or in fairy's lap or blossom-breast In the haunts they loved before? See yonder, child, with its leafy gleam How the copse-wood flutters bright, As of angel wings in a martyr's dream When he heavenward speeds his flight. Ah! many a time in mournful mood When the sunset hours were long, With her soft sweet voice to the listening wood Did she weave her thoughts in song-Yet she told no tale of her lonesome love Nor wept o'er her wounded heart, For she knew that good angels were watching above And that sorrows with death depart. But she asked in prayer, when her hour should come And the fountain of life grow cold,

That her soul might roam by its childhood's home
As in happy hours of old—
Then let us ope the lattice now

Then let us ope the lattice now While the morn is fresh and gay,

And though death sit throned on that fair young brow God grant that her spirit may stay.

ALSAGER HAY HILL

LUNARIA SAXIFRAGE.

TEMPER AND TRIUMPH.

(Continued from p. 42.)

So unloveable a child Lunaria had never seen; his little heart seemed frozen. She asked if the noise did not make his head ache, and he said,-"Yes, but Hubert will not be quiet!" So she went to the rebel, and lifted him down by force; no easy task: he fought, tore her cap, and kicked. But she laughed, and said for a punishment she must have a kiss; and at the good-humoured contest even Harry's grave face relaxed into a smile, as Lunaria, with the now good-humoured Hubert on her knee, her torn cap on the head of the hobbyhorse, sat down to tell a story to the two little fellows. Her dark eyes and lovely black hair, her cheeks glowing with the exertion of conquering Hubert, made her most winning to the children; and as she told them of her girlish pranks how she could climb trees, row a boat and ride a pony -- Hubert put his dimpled arms round her neck, and said, "Sister Ella was a first-rate fellow." Then Lunaria told Henry of such a quiet cosy little room near hers, away from noise, where he could rest on a pretty sofa, and look out at the park; and that Doctor Alyssum said, if he lay very still for a year, his lameness would be gone, and he would then run about as well as Hubert.'

"Is that true?" said the boy fiercely, "for the nurses tell so many untruths, I never know what

to believe."

"Quite true," said Lunaria, and her stern expression returned; this seemed to reassure the boy, but all laughed as Hubert pulled round Sister Ella's face, and looking bravely into her dark eyes, said with a childish tone of command, "Look kind and

beautiful again."

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Our heroine soon was the friend of the boys, and the hours spent with Sister Ella in Henry's little room were the happiest of their lives. "Come on my back, dear Henry, and keep your limbs quite straight, and they will gain strength," said Lunaria; and how pleased the little fellow was, so cheered with the prospect of running about again. His thin arms round Sister Ella, his weight was nothing; and she bore him so gently, and claimed a sweet kiss as her reward for being so good a pony.

Six months had passed between London and Richmond, but no improvement in Lady Ellerton's state of health, but in mind; there was a blessed change in her state of mind, she received the truth simply as a child, and loved it through her gratitude and affection for "Ella:" she "believed," and was saved; and one day, hearing Sister Ella speaking at the door, trying to exclude Harry, she said, "Let him come in." She impulsively held out her thin white hand, and said, "Hubert, love poor mamma;" and taught by Sister Ella, he answered "Yes; mamma, any better?" Poor Lady, she burst into tears. "Not cry, dear mamma," said the little fellow, kissing and petting the hand, as he had

often see Lunaria do to Harry. "Hubert make no noise if allowed to stay with Sister Ella and hear a story." "Yes darling," said his mother, gazing at him through her tears; and Lunaria's heart beat almost to bursting, as she whispered a prayer of gratitude that God had blessed her teaching alike to mother and child.

The little girl had been from home for two months, but so intelligent and warm hearted, she loved her mother from Lunaria's description of her beauty, her gentleness, and her deep sorrow, and she had long prepared the child (who was quite a little woman from thinking so much alone) to be a comfort to her dying mother; for none now could tell how soon a violent hæmorrhage might, with faintings or fits, put an end to her sad life.

"Dear Lady Caroline, might the other children hear the story? it is a dull rainy night, and we

shall be more cheerful together."

"Oh yes, if they can bear the darkness and sad-

ness of this sick room."

Lunaria left Hubert, telling him, in a low voice, to tell mamma about his dog and pony, and the little boy chattered so merrily, his poor mamma was quite in love with her boy, so noble, so beautiful; and "Do you ever say any little prayers?" asked the dying mother, for Heaven was now so real to her, she longed to feel a hope of welcoming these other members of her family.

"Yes, Sister Ella taught me this," and he knelt down, still holding his mother's hand, and prayed his sweet child's prayer, and "Pray God, bless our own dear mamma, and make her well." He rose, and his mamma said, "Hubert's mamma will never be well, but she is going to a happy home; will you

come to me when you are an old man?"

"Oh! far sooner, if you wish, I will go with you."

At this moment, Lunaria entered with "Henry" in her arms, and "Kennedia" holding nervously by her dress.

"Here we are dear Lady; you see Henry is much

better, he will soon walk firmly and well."

"Will he lie down beside mamma, while you read the story?" said Lady Caroline, her voice trembling with emotion, as she placed her hand on his silken curls, and said, "Who is he like, Ella?"

"Yourself, I fancied so," said the poor mother; but you must be wiser than mamma, and do good

to others, dear Harry."

"Mother," said the boy, and a burst of passionate tears relieved the heart that all had thought so cold, and fearlessly he kissed her cheek, brow, and eyes, repeating, as in a dream, "My own sweet mother."

No eye was dry. Kennedia sobbing, hid her face close to her mother; and surrounded by her children, caressed by them, feeling that they loved her, felt for her, wept for her, it seemed to Caroline Ellerton a foretaste of Heaven. "My daughter! how you have grown a great girl, and Sister Elia says a good girl; avoid your mother's errors, abhor vanity, never be proud or vain when told of your

beauty. Take warning by your poor mamma. Do not love self, or jewellery, or fine dresses. Love your God and your Saviour, and pray for the Holy Spirit's guidance. Try to make others happy, first your papa, if you can, and then your brothers. But if you live in pleasure, my children, you are dead while you live. Make use of your talents, live to God's glory, and you will be happier. I never knew real happiness during my life of gaiety; it never fills the heart, it is so selfish. Dear children, I grow weaker every day; in case I cannot speak so much again, do you forgive mamma neglecting you? and will you try to live so as to meet me in Heaven? God is good, for Jesus' sake, who died for us; He has pardoned all my sins, and living or dying, I am happy."

The children kissed her again and again; Henry lingered fondly, and seemed loath to leave his newly-found treasure. He laid his little head on his mother's bosom, and nestled close to her. Lunaria saw that Lady Ellerton was exhausted, and promising the children to bring them back early to-morrow, carried Henry away, and Kennedia took Hubert's hand, and motioning to Veronica to go to mamma, they went to bed sadder, but their little hearts filled with love. Their mother's image now would for ever be enshrined within their hearts, and their characters softened and improved from

that hour.

CHAPTER XI.

For several weeks all lessons were laids side, and the children were much with their mother. All felt, though none spoke the agonizing truth, that soon she must leave them; they learned far more than by any other way—they learned to feel for another, to soothe, to comfort, to be of use. Kennedia was older than her brothers, for girls are, at that age further advanced than boys. What a gentle, sweet little hand-maiden she was, giving little fond attentions without being asked. Truly woman is born a "sick nurse;" even the little Hubert answered to the oft-repeated question, "What is the hour?" and the mild reply and sweet "Dear Mamma," at the end comforted the poor dying lady more than even the opiates administered. "Sister Ella I wish to see mamma and my sister.

"Sister Ella, I wish to see mamma and my sister, and Harry. I feel a little stronger, and my mind

would then be at rest."

Lunaria told Dr. Alyssum of the lady's wish, and within an hour her mamma and sister were with her; and, supported by pillows, she spoke much to both "of the certainty of death and of the judgment day, imploring them to seek their Saviour and to ask forgiveness through His blood." She shook hands with them, and told them her dying wish was to make them promise to use their influence with Harry that "Sister Ella should be asked to remain with her children for some years, till their characters were formed and they were of an age to withstand temptation. They promised, and as Caroline wept and thanked them, a tear

trembled in grandmamma's eyes, and the other poor creature sobbed aloud.

"Oh! Caroline, I would willingly change places with you, you are happy, and I am a lost miserable creature."

"No, no, not lost; Christ died for you. Pray: even the Lord's Prayer; say it every night, dear sister, and renounce all evil habits. I ask you on my death-bed, dear Helen,—say "yes," for you are of noble birth and will not tell a falsehood—dear sister, promise."

"I will, if I can; but my heart is empty, and I am lonely. I drink to forget my early love; my plighted vows to the only man I could have been

happy to love, honour, and obey."

She wept aloud—"Let us pray;" and the poor lady much agitated prayed aloud for both; her last prayer on earth; ere her husband could be called all was over; but the promise was given, and sealed by the sister's lips in one long, kind embrace.

Lunaria entered; her friend was in a happy world; all her sorrows over, and her pain ended. She kissed her cold brow, and closed the lovely eyes. How nobly she had striven to redeem her time, and worked for the souls of others even to

the death!

Lord Ellerton entered hastily as Lunaria sat calmly beside the body of his much admired wife. The room was nearly dark; his bloated figure and florid complexion had changed the handsome young man much. He stood far off, then approached the bed and touched the lovely little emaciated hand. The rings he had placed there ten years ago caught his eye; he wept, then prayerless and uncomforted, hurried away.

He never saw Lunaria: she was sick with grief for nearly a year. She had been the solace by night and by day of the dear departed. She had been a blessing to her and many dear to her, and no regret could she feel; but pure love and sorrow

sickened her kind and womanly heart.

Lunaria passed the next week with the children, often taking them to pray beside their dear mother's remains. They had no foolish fear of death, it was to them the sleep that lulls to Heaven. It was proposed by the father and grandmother that Sister Ella and their aunt should travel with them for a few years, accompanied by attendants, as the children's health and spirits required change of air and scene. Also Harry's lameness was nearly gone, but he required the mineral waters of Germany to strengthen him, as he could not yet dispense with his crutches. Veronica was necessarily one of the party; she was much changed during her residence in London; but seeing her dear mistress had more duties and trials than strength, she never told till long after what she had suffered from the fearful jealousy and ill-will of the servants of Lady Ellerton-the taunts, the insults had hurt even her health, and the abuse of her Lady, who, they called a low, designing woman, come to rob Lady Ellerton, and get favour so as to be remembered in her Ladyship's will. Then the flippant "Larkspur" made love to her, and although the simple girl dis-

couraged him by studied coldness, this raised the envy of "Dwale," one of the housemaids, till poor Veronica would have been obliged to tell her Lady, but for the butler, an excellent, steady, middle-aged man; and good "Speedwell" stood up for her and made her life just tolerable, protecting her alike from the over-attention of William Truffle, and Vetch, and Pilewort, and from the envy of Rose, Bella, Fanny, and half a dozen others. charmed was Veronica to leave London; she loved the little Ellertons dearly, pitied Lady. Helen, and was glad to travel once more to see new places and scenes. She watched her dear Lady's sad face as they left the home of Lady Caroline—how truly and fondly she had loved her! She clasped Henry to her heart, and prayed that she might be enabled to do her duty to her lovely and interesting charges.

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CHAPTER XII.

AND they travelled through England, Scotland, France, Germany, and stayed some time in the mild climate of Egypt; for five years they had no home, yet were very happy, the old nurse, Speedwell, and Veronica attended to all, and if they remained long, good masters were engaged, and the children grew in wisdom as well as in health, and were all that could be desired. Aunt Helen had no children, and was rather particular and exacting; but this saved them from Lunaria's over-indulgence, as she, having lost her own so early, looked upon all children as "angels," and could see no faults. Henry was a beautiful boy, eleven years old, when they returned to London; and their father having died, the twin brothers had immense wealth and beautiful estates, their sister Kennedia also had a fine fortune. Aunt Helen's husband was more than indifferent to her; he gave her a handsome allowance and cared not for her; she had faithfully kept to her promise. Lunaria helped and cheered her through the suffering of abstinence, and, by God's grace, she was a different person; but on offering, with Christian humility, to return to her home, her husband let her understand he was happier without her, so she remained with the little Ellertons, who loved and respected "Dear Aunt Helen;" and Lunaria and Veronica left them all safe, healthy, and happy to return to do good to God's poor people. How the children wept, but "Sister Ella" promised to visit them often, every few weeks, and they were comforted. Ella found her heart very sore and empty without her children; but Lady Helen was talented, kind and competent, so she felt her work was over, and others required her. She found her friend the doctor ill, and she rarely left him till quite out of danger. What interesting chats they had! He told her of all that had taken place since she left six years ago; she scarcely knew one in the poorhouse, not one in the infirmary. Her doctor well, she recommenced her visits, and received weekly tidings of her children. This letter of Henry's speaks for itself:-

"DEARRST SISTER ELLA, " How we cried for you, after prayers, and Aunt Helen as much as any of us. Hubert fought fearfully with nurse, and would not sleep because she did not sing 'Sweet Home' as Veronica did. Kennedia dried her eyes first, and sobbing, said, 'What would Sister Ella say? let us do as she would wish, and dear Mamma. We all felt ashamed, and tried so to do right; Aunt Helen is very kind, and we have been at a day academy, and do not like the taunts of "Your Lordship," but when Hubert makes a funny face and droll answer, they say, 'He is not such a lord after all,' and we get on famously. I am not popular, you know, dear sister Ella, my cold manner-but we cannot alter our nature; I was so miserable as a baby; I cannot trust many, and love few. Write how you are; if you think of your twin boys and of dear, good Kennedia, and kind Aunt Helen. We all love her, but we see she misses you, as we all do, and Veronica. Hubert says his curls are spoiled, and his shirt never looks the right thing. Come soon, soon, dearest of sisters, to your fondly-attached children, and to your "HENRY ELLETRON.

"P.S.—I shall soon be twelve. Come, for my birth-day—no pleasure without sister Ella.
"Henry Ellerton.

"P.S. again! I hate my long Latin lessons—open confession is good for the heart—I am cross over it.
"H. E."

How Sister Ella cherished these letters, written from the heart; she would fain have gone back to her children, but self-indulgence was against her principles. So, she sighed, kissed the dear boy's letter, and set off cheerfully to the poor and sick.

CHAPTER XIII.

Five years passed, and her children were now young lads and lasses. Nine years since their mother died, and our heroine is no longer young, She approaches the autumn of her life. A few white hairs are mingled with her jetty locks; and Hubert is angry with them, and pulls them out. But again they appear, and Sister Ella laughingly says, "They make her more respected." Her heart is young and warm, and the embraces of her little Ellertons, as she fancies them still children, makes up to her for her life of toil and self-denial. And now Kennedia sits upon her knee, and hiding her blushing face on her bosom, tells her that "she loves a good young man, talented, and très comme il faut, not rich, being the younger son of a noble earl; but as she has a large fortune, Aunt Helen thought she had every chance of happiness. Aunt Helen thinks you will like Reginald. Aunt Helen approves, if you do, and Reginald is coming tonight to ask Sister Ella's consent, for he know how deeply we are indebted to you, dear Sister Ella, and says we should be very wicked if ever we could forget all your devoted love and care."

Sister Ella promised to see Reginald often, and to give her candid opinion, but said she, gazing at the broad open brow, "I have little fear, for Kennedia has too much mental beauty to make a foolish choice."

So the happy little party were sitting chatting the evening before Aunt Ella was to leave, and Kennedia read in Aunt Ella's manner that her choice was approved of, so she said, archly-

"Aunt Ella, I am not jealous. I see Reginald is very fond of you. He wanted a chat with you

alone, so we will leave you for a little."

And Aunt Ella gave her consent, and told Reginald of the treasure he would have in Kennedia. Much she said of advice; and Reginald thanked her, and promised to do all in his power to make the child of her affection happy. And Hubert lookod in, and said-

"I am jealous. I cannot spare Aunt Ella any longer. You have had time enough to arrange all our marriages. Who am I to have? I want a

wild colt, such as Sister Ella once was."

"Ah, you rogue, you would be a rare pair," said Aunt Ella, caressing her dark-haired favorite. "You must tame yourself first, ere you undertake the responsibility of another's happiness. you, Henry, are very silent."

"Who would think," said Aunt Helen, looking with pride at Lord Ellerton, "that that handsome, straight-made, young man, would have been lame

for life, but for Aunt Ella?"

"Yes," said Henry, bending down fondly, and pressing his lips to Aunt Ella's brow; "we owe you everything,—our health and happiness here, our

hopes of happiness hereafter."

"I must not take more credit than is due. For many years Kennedia is indebted to amiable Mrs. Coltsfoot, her governess; and owes much to her instruction; her character was formed by her; and to her excellent training Kennedia owes many of her good qualities. But, dear friends, I must tell you a little of my early life; indeed all, and my real name, and I hope you will all love Lunaria Saxifrage as you do 'Sister Ella.' "

Mrs. Saxifrage then told her story, and when it was ended, Aunt Helen tearfully embraced her,

"You should have been my sister. You have, indeed, been more to me, and now 'Sister Lunaria' is, if possible, dearer than 'Sister Ella.'"

The good-night and good-by soon followed each other; and Lord Wentworth made Mrs. Saxifrage promise to return in six weeks to his marriage.

"Six months," said Kennedia.

"Six years," said Hubert. "Why not plague the poor fellow as much as possible?"

"Well, Sister Lunaria shall fix," said Kennedia. Do you agree, Reginald?"

"Yes, for I think she will not tease me or tax my patience."

Agreed," said all.

And Sister Lunaria smiled, and said, "Aunt Helen must fix."

"Well," said Aunt Helen, "I shall miss my darling, but must imitate Sister Lunaria, and forget self; so we shall say, this day six weeks hence."

Reginald kissed his aunt, and thanked her, and then said—"I must be a child of sister Lunaria's."

And she smiled, and kissed him, as she did her other children, and left them to return to her life of usefulness. She was each day so occupied with sick, afflicted, or dying, it was only in her prayers. morning and night, that she could remember her own beloved children; and when she told Veronica of their invitation to the wedding, Veronica feared her lady had forgotten to order a dress suitable to the occasion.

"Ah, no! I ordered a handsome dress for myself (my usual dress) of the deepest mourning; but I ordered a gay one for my maid; and, Veronica, are you sure you do not regret devoting your life to me? It is sad for one so young."

" No, dearest Lady, I love but yourself, and then the young Ellertons. I will never leave you."

"Dear, faithful girl, I admire and esteem you, as well as love you. You must be very smart, for Hubert says, 'None can curl his black hair but Veronica; and the bride says, 'Veronica must dress her;' and Henry has a little present for 'Veronica,' of a writing-desk and dressing-case, to carry your treasures, and a little pocket-book, to mark down when we write, as if we miss one day, he thinks something is wrong."

Veronica's dress was blue, and in her white cap and ribbons she looked charming. So thought the men servants; but Veronica's heart was more than filled, and she smiled to all good humouredly, and

cared for none of them. And now the day was come, when the young Kennedia leaves her fond aunt, and affectionate brothers, and had bidden farewell to her governess, thanked her for her kind instructions, and asked her to accept five hundred pounds, as a mark of her esteem and gratitude. All her duties over, she is dressed by Veronica, and all have admired her, even the little scullery-maid gazed with wondering eyes and open mouth, at the lovely girl, arrayed in white satin, laces, her mother's splendid diamonds, and orange blossoms. These trials over, Kennedia retires to her room, fastens the door, and prays to be guided aright, thinks of her beautiful mother, and her sad death, and weeps long and bitterly. Again she sinks upon her knees, and prays so earnestly, as to speak aloud, that she may be humble and mindful of death, never love money, or greatness, or beauty, but receive the gifts of God as talents committed to her trust, and do her duty to all around her. She then prayed very low for her future husband, his parents, her own dear ones, and that Aunt Helen and Sister Lunaria might be long spared to advise them all. Then again for her twin brothers, and her heart filled, and she sobbed aloud. Aunt Helen and Lunaria tapped softly at her door. They found her thus; they blessed, they kissed her, they spoke comfortably to her, bathed her face, and smoothed her hair. Her merry brothers came in, and then Reginald, to claim her. His father, who loves her dearly, gives her away. Hundreds waited below! And a calm entered her heart. She found strength when she

required it, because she had asked it, and none are denied. Pale as marble, she was noble amidst the nobility; but trusting and happy, she uttered her vows, and was the wife of Reginald Wentworth. Lunaria clasped a magnificent emerald cross in her travelling cloak, and kissed her child, as she drove off to the seat of the Earl of Ormond, to spend the honeymoon. Henry entered the army, and Hubert the navy, each only for a time, till of an age to settle in life, and become useful members of society; and Aunt Helen awaited their leave of absence, and welcomed them to their home, and to her kind heart. Lunaria, too, always came to see her noble boys, and to enjoy a sober-loving chat with Henry, and a romp with Hubert. Lunaria and Veronica returned to labour among the poor, still dear to them.

CHAPTER XIV.

WE could linger with the young Lady Wentworth amidst her greatness and her many trials. How the gay and heartless laughed at her eccentricity, her early hours, her appearing so seldom in public, her devoted fondness for her husband, her respectful attention to her parents, how his elder brother's wife sneered at her. His own brothers could not but admire her lovely consistency; her lofty and Kennedia had much selfindependent spirit. reliance, a rare quality in woman. She soon influenced her husband's younger sisters, and the wild little Constance, in a few years, won the heart of Hubert; and, moulded by Kennedia's strength of mind and ardent affectionate nature, she became in character so lovely, so unselfish, so uncontaminated by the heartless atmosphere of a fashionable world, that even Sister Lunaria thought her worthy of her darling Hubert. Henry was too difficult to please; he lived a philanthropist, and died in Lunaria's arms, beloved by all, almost adored by the infant Wentworths and his sister-in-law, the warm-hearted Conny, who could not comfort the twin-brother.

"Dear Hubert, I am happy," said the young earl; "I join our mother, I care not to live but for all who love me; I have my happy home and my treasure in Heaven. Dear brother, do not grieve for me, I never expected to live long, and Sister Lunaria taught me to die happy."

So saying, he laid his pale, cold cheek on Lunaria's motherly bosom; she kissed her son, and Henry murmured, "Dear Hubert, pray." And all united in prayer, and the happy spirit joined his angelic mother.

Lunaria never recovered this severe blow; her step grew slower, her hair whiter, her children, and her children's children, although still very dear, seemed secondary to the heavenly voices which sounded in her ears, claiming her as one of themselves in their bright and heavenly home.

Hubert, poor fellow, lost his merriness. In his beloved twin-brother, he lost a portion of his happiness. He called his first-born "Henry," and

earnestly prayed that he might resemble his sainted uncle. Still, God blessed this good family. Henry's death was the means of converting many of the young nobility who had loved and admired Lord Ellerton.

Kennedia had influence, from her superior mind and talents, over many; and her twin-daughters, Helen and Lunaria, were the comfort and darlings of their namesakes. Her eldest son was all Lord Ormond could wish, a noble boy; and, as Lunaria clasped her grandchildren to her loving bosom, she sadly smiled, and often said, "In answer to your prayers, dear children, I am still here, but for you, although many voices call me."

"And me, too!" said noble Aunt Helen, whose heart was withered since her nephew Henry left them.

And now, gentle reader, we must bid adieu to all, and leave many of them wiser and sadder, yet, we hope, better and happier than when we found them.

PAST AND PRESENT.

Lay me here upon the heather,
Where the dew may damp my brow,
Here I've lain in health and gladness,
Here I've lain—and why not now?

See! the Great Bear just above me Seems to beckon me away; And the Pole star staring at me, Says—"On earth no longer stay."

Night and day I've trod this common— Here I've danced, and play'd, and sung; But my dancing's almost over, And the harpstring's nigh unstrung.

Where the ivy blue bell's peeping Out among the grasses green, Where the pimpernel is blushing, Fitting place to lay a queen.

Softly lay me down among them

Here—where most I used to play—

Now I hear a voice above me,

"Our poor sister, come away."

Bring some rue and throw it by me— Pansies, violets, by my side; Ah! the violets they are withered Withered in the glad spring tide—

Here 'twas first I saw my Willie,

Here we parted long ago;

All things then were bright and beaming,

All things now but grief and woe.

Then they said my wits had left me,
And what wonder if they had;
All I wonder is, that all things
Had not driven me quite mad.

Where the grasses grow then lay me,
On the heather let me lie;
Where I've seen both joy and trouble,
On the heather let me die.

"FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO SHANGHAL."

The following extracts from private letters have been placed at our disposal:—

No. 1.

We have arrived safely at Southampton, and have been on board the "Ceylon;" she is a magnificent boat, and when I am idle, next week, I will send you a description of her. There are 200 passengers;—among them, a fine lot of men dressed in an al fresco uniform of short coats and deer-stalkers

Weather now (7 a.m.) damp and cloudy. I have no doubt I shall be very happy on board, and you must look upon me, as "out of town for the Season."

No. 2.

I am sitting up in my bunk, to write; the sea is tolerably smooth, and the boat rolls slowly and regularly,-my watch, hung on a nail, and my pegtops on a hook, have been keeping most admirable stroke, all night. My cabin, 10 feet by 6, contains four beds. I have to go up a ladder of five steps to get into it, and can just touch the ceiling, as I lie: the width of each bed is 3 feet. The bed is very comfortable, the only drawback being, that, immediately over my head, there is a beam, of highly-educated conversational powers: it creaks five times for a small wave, and eight for a big one; thus I can tell, to a nicety, even in the dark, what sort of water we are going through. The jugs are made of tin, and are triangular. Just after leaving the Dock, as the men were running round with the capstan, larking, &c., one of the sailors missed his footing,—fell across a hatchway, and would have dropped into the hold, but for the kind offices of a messmate, who trod upon him, and kept his balance, until he got up. After dinner, Robert and I lay on a seat, smoked, and went to sleep; but soon I felt a shaking, administered by one of the crew. "You mustn't sleep here, sir," said he; "you'll be moon-blind." So, as it was 8 o'clock, and we were fearfully tired of doing nothing, we went below, and turned in, - "Rocked in the cradle of the deep." Thus ended my first day at sea.

I meant to write a little every day, "Nulla dies sine linea," but we have been "In the Bay of Biscay, O!" during the last two days, and it has been too rough for any writing. We have been as well as could be expected for novices; rather seedy, of course, but not a moment's sea-sickness, since we left; this we ascribe, principally, to our eating very moderately, and keeping still all day. Life on board a steamer is the essence of slowness, under comfortable circumstances. At 6 in the morning, the steward brings us a cup of coffee, and a bit of biscuit: we turn out at 7, and have a sea-bath, there being six or eight bath-rooms on board, and sea-water tolerably handy. Breakfast at 9, and

such a breakfast! Tea, coffee, chops, steaks, eggs and bacon, stewed beef, fried mutton, hot rolld white and brown bread. Then we go on deck ant do nothing, until 12 o'clock, when there is a sligh lunch of bread, biscuits, butter, cheese, wine, spirits, and soda water; after which, most of us take forty winks on deck; as Wilkie Collins says, "it invariably ends in small talk, beer, and sleep." By the way, what a glorious description he gives of the cruise of the "Tomtit," to the Scilly Isles! If you have not yet read it, be sure you ask Mudie to send "Rambles beyond Railways." My Father, being a Cornishman, will revel in the book, especially as Wilkie Collins rocked the Logan, "like a child's cradle," although the Author of "A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End " says it doesn't rock at all! As my father has rocked it, I presume he will stick to Wilkie Collins.

Dinner at 4. We have soup, fish, poultry, joints, pastry, cheese, and dessert. There is tea at 7 or 8; but at present, Robert and I have not patronized it, as, after a very slow day of doing nothing, we don't mind going to bed early, in the purest in-

fantile style.

Everything is done by bugle-call, or, rather, cornet-call. The breakfast-call is a fine one, which I will try to write out, for the benefit of our "First Surrey" Bugler. The lunch-call is the "Assembly." For the young ones' meals, "Girls and boys come out to play;" and for our dinner, "The roast beef of Old England." Six of the stewards are musical, and play as follows:—three violins, violoncello, clarionet, and cornet; so we have some music

every day.

We had some awful weather, while crossing the Bay: as I lay on my back in the middle of the deck, I could see the waves high above the bulwarks. The motion of the ship is as follows:—A gentle roll from side to side; a stronger one; a still stronger one; a regular see-saw, from gunwale to gunwale; a pitch forward like "over-ing" a post; then a run of about 20 yards, without motion, (this I can hardly understand,) then ditto repeated, all day and night. At night, the sailors are divided into two parties, one of which drags ropes and chains about all night, while the other washes the decks, all night, with noisy brooms, which they are constantly letting fall: there is also a relay of boatswains, who whistle all night. Such, at least, were my sensations in my cabin. Last night, a violent roll lifted up a table, heavier than the one in our drawing-room, and "chucked" it across the ship. At such a time, you see people rush to the bulwarks, against which they fall and hurt themselves; camp-chairs lean forward, and shut up, occasionally catching unwary "young uns," (like mouse-traps on a large scale); "young uns" fall down, like skittles, and begin to roar, while the unaffected spectators laugh at the misery of the others. If you just tilt up your camp-chair, till it falls over, you will see the incline of our deck.

Yesterday we came in sight of land, for about an hour, and passed Cape Finisterre in the evening. We have also passed a convict ship (of a commoner description than that of T. K. Hervey)—a Yankee,—and the homeward bound P. and O. Steamer, by which you will have heard of us. Our Captain seems a wide-awake man; on shore he is a gorgeous swell, but at sea he wears a jacket, and an old pair of blue trowsers, with a black patch in the usual place. The Mids are very jolly fellows; one of them was a Volunteer Cavalryman at Delhi. There are about half a dozen Ayahs on board, who generally sit on the floor, tailor-fashion, and wear clothes of all colours.

October 24th.—Thermometer 70°. The deck covered with awning.—A very lovely day! In the hold, underneath my feet, there is a crew of sailors, who are going to join the Marseilles boat. They never do any work, but merely feed and sing. By the way, I cannot divine why a sailor cannot lay hold of a rope without making a most insane shouting. What would Lt.-Col. Macdonald say to a "First Surrey" man, who, on being told to present arms, should answer, "Ay! ay! sir!" and then began yelling like a maniac?

Our cabins are the perfection of ventilation, being built in a manner which I will try to describe to you:—Lay a ruler on a table, get a dozen books, and place them at an angle of 45° on each side, thus:—

Take away the ruler, and you will observe that there is a perfect current of air, while it is impossible for any one to look through.

We are now close to Cape St. Vincent, and expect to reach Gibraltar at five o'clock to-morrow morning.

There was a whale not far from us this morning; and last night we saw a great number of porpoises and phosphores cent jelly-fish.

No. 3.

October 28th, 1861.

After posting my last letter, I went on board the fishing-boat "San Antonio," manned by two garlic-scented Spaniards, and sailed for Gibraltar. The town is as described in the lectures delivered by the Rev. E. L., so I will not recapitulate.

Our first sensation, on landing, was, that the ground was rocking and pitching, in a most disagreeable manner. Robert (who is sadly addicted to pun-making), said there was no mistake about its being the Rock of Gibraltar. However, by the time we had scrambled up the cliff, and passed the boys selling "agua," and the convicts, half blue, half white, we had got over the sensation. We went all over the town, and down into the fruitmarket, a sort of "Babel the Second;" the natives try to swindle the English, and the English offer the natives about one half what they ask. I bought some excellent apples for twopence a pound. The natives look preciously sharp after English money, comprehending the value of it as well as any one. The Roman Church is a nice

building, with one high altar and six private ones. Mass was going on, and my ears were regaled with a fine Gregorian, particularly welcome, after long absence. The next great joy our traveller had, was to see a regiment of red coats going through their drill, and to hear a first-rate bugle-call. All the Spaniards smoke huge cigars, and ride mules, of course. I got a few cigars; they were not bad, but miserably new; they were about seven inches long.

Our dessert now comprises oranges, chestnuts, pomegranates, and melons. It will seem almost incredible to you that, at the table where I feed, at which fourteen or fifteen sit down, there are only two or three who eat melon, and I am regretfully obliged to see half a melon go away every day. Of course, nothing is brought on table a second time. Among the passengers are a priest and a deacon, who have just instituted daily service at the canonical hour of 10 A.M.; nearly all the passengers attend, the only exceptions being the "heavy swells."

Yesterday, at 6 A.M., when the steward brought me a cup of tea, he intimated that we were close to Algiers, so I hurried on deck, and found that the steamer had run in to within two miles of the coast, so that we could see the houses, and, with a glass, the people; all the houses are white-washed, in consequence of the heat. Tell little Nelly that we saw very few gorillas, in fact, I think I may say none, which was disappointing, as they ought to have turned out in great force; a young shark, however, paid us a visit.

About 7 A.M., we passed Constantina, but it was too dark to see anything except the lighthouse, so I did not look out for Aunt E. The African coast is an endless chain of mountains; many of them tipped with snow. We expect to see Tunis to-day. The weather is very warm; we sleep with ports and doors open, and with only a sheet (or, sometimes, nothing) over us. Early in the morning, many of the passengers are seen idling about the deck in only two articles of clothing-shirt and trowsers. This is always part of our morning's performance,-viz., to run about, bare-headed and bare-footed, on the wet deck, and get a good blow before the ladies and the generality turn out,-then go and have a cold salt-water bath, and dress, at leisure. Somehow, we don't care to be up late at night, it is so slow! Singlesticks and boxing-gloves are in great demand after dinner, just before darkness. The sun sets at 5.30, and it is perfectly dark in less than half an hour. At 8 P.M. the band plays, and a very good band it isthe clarionet player is a clever musician and understands his part well.

Every one gives us the pleasing information, that we shall have a rough time in the China seas.

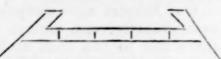
I don't know whether I shall write again, this side of Ceylon, as the letter will not arrive any sooner.

No. 4.

Super Mare, 1st November, 1861.

DEAR A.—Consider it a great honour that I write to you, before your estimable senior, Clarence; such a departure from propriety is only attributable to my having met with "The Hymn of S. Hildebrand" And, pro bono publico, I may say a few words about Malta. Leaving the steamer, we got

into a boat like this, navigated by two roughs, one of



whom rowed forwards, and the other backwards, and without keeping stroke. Landing safely, to our great surprise, and passing through a gate kept by a "peeler" in dress-coat, white ducks, and shiny hat, we enter Valetta, which is one everlasting flight of steps. Immediately we were besieged by divers of the wicked, offering ponies for hire, to ride to Cività Vecchia and back, for six shillings each; we offered three shillings. After much waste of words, they agreed; so on we got, and went a little way down the street, when they wanted us to pay before going, which we declined, and as neither would give way, we got off and left them. However, they stuck to us, and followed us to St. John's Cathedral. We entered, and went all over the building, with which I was disappointed. The floor is composed of tombs, very beautifully inlaid, and the walls are covered with paintings, but very modern and Italian; the altar is seediness personified.

On coming away, my 'ossy friend again accosted me, and offered a horse for two-and-sixpence, then one-and-sixpence; but having resolved not to have one at any price, I refused; so he revenged himself by shouting after me, "Poor man, sir!" as long as I could hear.

We went over the Governor's house, which is very splendid; marble floors, armour, costumes, &c.; the armoury is 250 feet long. I put on one of the knight's helmets, which almost "floored" me.

We had our hair cut and shampooed. Bought some Manillas, 1s. 3d. per bundle, about half the London price, and of best quality.

Idled about the city, went to a tight-rope place, where a girl walked a rope like Blondin's, without a pole, sat on a chair, stood on the seat, &c.

Returned to the steamer, having only four hours'

The streets are quite "Pusevitish," the placards being like this:—

STRADA S. LUCIA.

STRADA S. GIOVANNI. Piazza S. Georgio.

I keep my watch at London time, so as to see what you are all doing in my neighbourhood. To-day, it is one hour and fifty minutes slow.

October 29th, 1861.

DEAR M ., - Last night the sailors gave a dramatic entertainment in a canvas theatre rigged up on deck. The orchestra consisted of two violins and a banjo, the performers being seated on three camp. stools, right in front of the curtain, so as to obscure about half the stage. The first piece was named "The Gipsy's Prophecy; or, the Last of the Manor House." The curtain rose, and discovered a tent, composed of a broomstick and a blanket; and containing a black bottle. Three nondescript brigands lay sleeping around, but woke when the curtain was clewed up, and commenced a conversation with a gipsy, whose costume was a red petticoat, brown bodice, grey stockings, bluchers, and a broomhandle. To them entered the father, Redhand, the Heavy Villain of the piece, who constantly addressed the gipsy, as "Haccursed 'ag!" and indulged in a passionate invective against the Howner of the Manor 'ouse, who 'ad driven 'im an' 'is from their 'appy 'ome. "Years ago he was a 'appy farmer, contentment and joy 'overed hover 'im; but alas! the hancient owner of the manor ouse had died, an' 'is heir had sold all 'is father's possessions, except the manor 'ouse, which he retained for his own use." Thereupon entered Count Louis de something, attired in rather a seedy turn-out for a nobleman, but we presume that he did not wear his best clothes when visiting brigands. His connexion with royalty was manifested by a blue ribbon across his noble white vest. In the mind of this Count there existed, for some unexplained reason, as great an animosity to Sir J. Clements, owner of the Manor House, as in that of the brigand aforesaid; and he wished the brigand to oblige him by slaughtering Sir John. The reward for this would be, that he should live with him in Paris in splendour and luxury. The brigand, whose attachment to Sir John was not great, agreed to work him off, with the stipulation to the Count, that "If you do not keep your prommus on the same spot,—at the same time, in the same manner, that Sir John falls, -shall you fall,—a wretched corpse!" Curtain falls, great applause.

Second Act.—Commences with Heavy Villain and his youngest son, seated, as usual with brigands, on camp-stools; which, as there was no sign of indoor furniture about, we presume they had carried into the open air on purpose. The Heavy Villain, preparatory to the murder, reveals his past life to the young one. This would have been pathetic,—but a sudden lurch of the ship shut up the villain's camp-stool, and, to keep his balance, he laid hold of the young one's hair so energetically, that both nearly capsized, amid laughter from the audience. Soon after, the other boys came in, and they sat down to dinner. Enter the Haccursed 'ag, who had recently become more obnoxious than ever to Red 'and. He, therefore, forms the bright idea of murdering her. His son suggests the use of the knife, but is reminded by his father that "Hevery drop of a witch's blood you shed, 'raps up a fresh curse on your 'd." So he has recourse to poison, which the Gipsy drinks, and falls over dead as Julius Cæsar. They cover her with a blanket, and recommence eating and playing at cards. Shortly afterwards, in strolls the very man they want, Sir J. Clements, who, after a short colloquy, is shot by Redhand and dies very game. Curtain falls.

Third Act.—On the curtain rising, after the supposed lapse of a year, Heavy Villain and his three sons are singing a chorus—

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"Happy are we, Gipsies so free, Living beneath the greenwood tree," &c

Having I presume, in the meantime, purged their consciences of their crimes, suddenly Heavy Villain recollects that this is the day on which the Count is to return and keep his promise. Sure enough, in he walks, expresses his thanks for his-Redhand's -services, but regrets that circumstances prevent him from fulfilling his part of the contract, which he offers to compromise, for a large sum of money. Not a bit of it! Redhand recalls his promise, and offers him battle. The Count has nothing but a sword, Redhand gets another, and they begin a regular slashing fight,—but with no result, so Redhand draws a pistol, which misses fire; then knocks his opponent down, and stabs him with a dinnerknife. But retribution is close at hand; the ghost of the murdered gipsy appears, (thefirst instance on record of a ghost in the day-time,) and warns him that his time is short. True enough! a few moments after he is shot by a policeman. This forms the fourth murder in the drama, impressive tableau, curtain falls.

The appositeness of the music was very striking. The gipsy woman came upon the stage, to the tune of "Come into the garden, Maud!" and was poisoned to "The merry Swiss boy." In the last act the French Count comes in to "The British Grenadiers;" and the Ghost to "Ah! che la morte." But the finest thing was, the Heavy Villain dying to "The last rose of summer!" at which the audience could no longer restrain a roar of laughter. I learn, however, that the piece was composed by one of the crew, to whom it is very creditable. After the drama, came a hornpipe, and then some comic songs, which I must send you in my next, as I am very tired of writing.

No. 5.

Red Sea, Nov. 6, 1861.

Dear M.,—On Saturday, 2nd inst., at 7 a.m., we arrived at Alexandria, and went on shore at about 9. On landing, we pushed and kicked our way through about 300 Arabs, to the hotel omnibus, one of the most rickety conveyances I ever wish to travel in. A conductor mounted the end of the roof; his duty was to sing out, "Take care of your heads," about every other minute, as there are ropes tied all across the streets, just adapted for catching one's hat. The streets are perfectly unpaved, and have no paths. The shops

are all open to the street. On arriving at the hotel, we engaged a dragoman and some denkeys, the latter being almost the only beasts of burden there, and they are splendid brutes of the wild

breed, quite black.

Off we set to see Pompey's Pillar; this is a regular "duffer," certainly not more than 60 feet high, and very clumsily carved; not the slightest care is taken of it by the Government; it stands on a heap of flag-stones, on a small mound. From this we went to Cleopatra's Needle, which stands in a builder's yard; this is in good preservation, and is very curious. We went over the Pasha's palace, a description of which will do for all the Egyptian buildings. It was originally built in great magnificence; but then, apparently, allowed quietly to decay, with not the least attempt to repair deficiences. After lunch, we went to the Catacombs, where there is a likeness of Cleopatra, fearfully ugly, and to Cleopatra's Bath, where I gathered a little bit of seaweed, which I enclose. Then we went for a swim, and swam out to some distance, to the great disgust and dread of the bathman, who called to us not to go so far, as there were sharks in the bay. One of our passengers, named Brown, and myself, resolved to defy public opinion, and go for a walk through the town. This we accomplished, but were followed by a string of boys and donkeys, who would not leave us until we pitched into them. The custom of the country is, to carry a stick always, and use it for thrashing donkeys, horses, camels, buffaloes, men, boys, dogs, anything that comes first. The boys pressed after us, with "Here, sar! I got yon stunning jackass: he go by himself; his name, Black Diamond; get on, sar!" Not feeling inclined, I rammed the beast in the ribs. "Doane shov him wid stick, sar, he stunning jackass!" so I hit the driver, who cried out, "You strike me, I call policemen!" I told him I did not care for any number of police. He then resumed about the brute going by himself. So Brown told him to go to the D—— and take Black Diamond with him; but he went on "Doane zwear, sar! Englishman never zwear!" At last, however, we got rid of him. Nobody walks, either here or at Cairo; donkeys are only 2s. 6d. a-day. The style of serving dinner is peculiar—a dish is placed on the table, and after remaining there about five minutes, is removed, and something else substi-The whole dinner-meat, pastry, and dessert—is placed on the table at once. They do not give us knives to cut the joints withal, nor forks either; everybody is obliged to use his own. No salt spoons are to be had; and yet this hotel is the first in Alexandria.

At seven p.m. we mounted an old omnibus, formerly belonging to the "L. G. O. C.," and set out for the railway station. Here there are no anti-smoking regulations; in fact, in Egypt we smoked everywhere, even inside the omnibuses, and nobody cared. We went by train for about twenty minutes, by which time we had come to the broken part of the line, and had to turn out, and walk across about 300 yards of rough ground

(lighted by cressets full of wood) to the canal. Crossing a ditch, Robert was spilt, and lost some soda water which he had lain in. We arrived, at last, on the Nile steamer, which was about the size of a Greenwich steamer, and manned by The characteristic of this boat was exces-About 120 passive filthiness and discomfort. sengers were on board, say 150, with the secondclass passengers and the crew. The cabins could hold about forty each—close packing,—thus it became certain that we could not all sleep in them. Many gentlemen, and some ladies, resolved upon risking the chance of an ague, from the night dew, on deck, in preference to the certainty of being half-eaten by hungry mosquitos down below, So we picked out the softest board and disposed ourselves for the night. We had sent our luggage before us, and very few had thought of bringing cloaks, &c.; most of the poor girls were dressed in muslin. I walked about the deck with some other chaps until 3.30 a.m., when I wrapped myself up, and slept for about one hour and a half. The steering orders are given, in this style; -a lookout, in the bow, gives the word - three or four others, standing by, bellow it out with all their might; another, amidships, repeats it, for the benefit of the five men who steer. Fancy, five men to steer a penny boat! But these Arabs cannot work. The terms are, "Ozare a sharrguene!" Hard a-starboard! "Alla harbuene!" Port! "Behar, Kedda behar!" Steady. "Soffdea" - (whistle, you must pronounce this with a sort of French accent.) If you set all the boys, at home, to sing out these words every half-minute, you will see how we passed our Saturday night.

Nicely we looked when Sunday dawned upon us! Where we had slept, the table and floor were dry; all around was dew, about half-an-inch deep, certainly very little less. There was no means of washing on board, except pumping up the muddy Ne, which made us almost worse. All the drink was derived from this river, and, after breakfast, &c., I used to find the interstices of my teeth full

of mud.

Sunday passed like a funeral, -no books on board, nothing on earth to do; we did smoke a little, but got tired of that. In the afternoon, as we were going quietly along (I was asleep in the cabin), there was a sudden crash, one paddle had broken, and they had to run the boat on shore to repair it. This delayed us about an hour, during which, we were surrounded by natives, (sometimes with nothing on but a coat of mud,) of whom we bought some green sugar-canes. It is difficult to believe that these "fellahs" were as civilized as they are said to have been, in Joseph's time. We went on, without further mishap, until about 9 p.m., when, without the least warning, there was a slight jerk, and a queer sinking movement; -then, a stop-we were aground on a mud-bank. The Arabs got out the poles, reversed the engines, and kicked up an awful row for about ten minutes, when we got off, and pro-

ceeded safely to Boulac. Here we disembarked. and got into the train, which landed us at Cairo,

at 11 p.m., heartily tired of the Nile.

At Grand Cairo (though where the grandeur is I cannot say) we had to stay from Sunday night till Wednesday morning, at a nice little expense of 10s. a-day. Greatly to our disgust, we could not go to the Pyramids, as the inundation has not yet subsided, and the Dragoman would not take us for less than 12s., to which add 2s. each for the dragoman's donkey, and about 5s. for the everlasting "backsheesh," and the expense would be about £1 each, which we declined. We had a good view of them, as a consolation, saw the Mosque, where the row was; rode all over the city; went over the Pasha's palace and gardens; and saw all there was to be seen. The Arabs can run splendidly; my little donkey-boy, no bigger than Ned, ran behind me for about six miles, only laying hold of the animal's tail, now and then, when he felt tired. The donkeys go at a hand gallop, not the sober jog of English specimens. The Pasha's palace is very splendid—the floor of one room is inlaid and French polished, and the hangings are of white silk, worked with gold. His billiard cues have the butt-ends ornamented with knights in armour. There is a very tolerable billiard-room in Cairo, where, for 2s. an hour, we passed away some of our idle time. The mosque, mentioned before, is a very gorgeous building, about three-quarters as high as St. Paul's; it is lighted by a number of lamps, on a huge ring, which goes all round the building, and is hung by ropes and chains, from the top of the dome. We left our donkeys at the door of the court, put on slippers over our boots, and went in. The dragoman, in his mongrel English, said, "Dis is de vountain where de beobles goes and washes demselves, and den dey go inside and bray." One of our party, Sydney Brown, asked why they did not let the donkeys go in? but he could not understand (parenthetically there are so many Browns on board, that we call them Sydney Brown, Calcutta Browne, Uncle Browne, and Whitey Browne). Inside the mosque is a "Bulbid, where de Briest breaches, and den he comes down to dis reading desks, and reads de Korans." Passing out of the mosque, our guide pointed to the "Byramids." Very glad we were to get into a railway carriage and set off, across the desert, for Suez. It was hot here, and no mistake, the sun shining down on the carriages, which are painted white, and the dust blowing in, through blinds, and everything. We stopped twice at refreshment stations. Arrived at Suez at two p.m. This is a filthy little place, not worth mentioning.

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The "Candia" is not a nice boat; one of the passengers, who has travelled a great deal, calls her "villanous." She swarms with ants and cockroaches, which latter bite abominably, huge bites, half an inch across. The sailors are Lascars. The ship's officers are not like the officers of the "Ceylon." They knock the natives about shamefully. Both sailors and sepoys are little men, averaging Alfred's height; I feel certain, like the English sailor, that, unarmed, I could pitch into six or seven of them.

The ship is very long, very narrow, rather slow, and very wet. Last night Bob's bed was flooded by a wave, which broke through the port. Many of the passengers sleep on deck. I did so, one night; but it is not pleasant to be roused up at 5.30 a.m. for holystoning. The heat is nothing, only about 85 in the shade, and a strong head-wind prevents it from being unpleasant. Up on the "Forksall" it is quite cool. My dress is "quite the swell,"-white trowsers, no waistcoat, flannel shirt, light coat, hat, and puggaree. There is a "great gun" on board, who, on account of his size and his turban, bears the nickname of "Sir Corporation Puggaree." His real cognomen is Sir (something) Donaldson; while mentioning nicknames, I may state, that Marmalade is here termed " London Bridge."

The Egyptian for donkey is "Homer." The fashion of riding in Cairo is holding on vehemently to reins and pommel; so when I would insist on galloping about, without stirrups or reins, the natives were disgusted. The people seem to walk about asleep; and one has constantly to shout out, "Ho, ah!" Take care; "Shemala!" Turn to the left-hand; "Hempshe!" Go away, and if they do not mind, run into them, and give them a crack with one's stick. The Egyptian donkeys are shod with a solid piece of iron nailed on their hoof.

Since leaving Egypt, I have been reading "Antony and Cleopatra," which is appreciable now.

The Egyptian tradesmen are rather polyglot. If they do not speak English, they generally know French, German, Greek, or Italian.

I can hardly write on board this boat. The engine has a very heavy stroke, and shakes the boat very much. Our cabin is close to the engine, and what with the sun, and the steam-pipe, the water in our jugs grows quite hot, warmer than blood-heat. At night, we put on pajamas, and sleep outside the bed,

There is a steward on board, who arranges all the glasses on the table in the shape of crosses, anchors, triangles, &c. Hardly anything is fit to drink on board this wretched boat; the best thing is the water, which is distilled from the sea, and iced. I have not had tea or coffee for weeks, I generally drink claret or water for breakfast and dinner, and lime-juice for tea. The sheep and pigs are killed on deck; we often see them. The expenditure is six sheep and one pig every day, besides fowls, pigeons, and rabbits. We have an Egyptian bull on board, exactly like the ancient sculptures, highshouldered and thick-necked: there is also a sacred cow! with a white crescent in her forehead. When she came on board, from the farm at Cairo, she had on a necklace of amber beads, but that won't save her from the butcher.

We have had a couple of rainy days; rather remarkable, a flying fish was blown into one of the windows, the other day. It is a miserable "chouse" to see the birds drowned as they are; everywhere we touch, a few birds settle in the rigging, and pass the night; next morning they

are frightened, and fly off the ship and keep up as long as they have strength; but at last they fall into the sea. If they had sense to fly to the rigging again they would be safe. There is a green parrot inhabiting some one of the masts at present, he will be caught some day. At Aden, there were lots of eagles, falcons, and bustards flying about. The rocks about the place are like burnt cinders.

Arabian Sea, November 18th, 1861.

DEAR F., -As I must write home from Ceylon, and have no news since my last, I send you a couple of songs picked up on board. They have the merit of having very little sense, but plenty of chorus. In the evening, three of us, Robert, myself, and a Mr. W—, (No. 148 "West"), sit on the extreme stern, with our feet over the water, and we sing, "like anything!" All the popular nigger songs, operatic ones, &c., are performed in great magnificence; W. is a capital tenor. There are ladies on board who sing, and so there are generally part songs every evening. Yesterday, Sunday, we sang the Venite and Glorias to No. 141, the Te Deum to No. 31, and the Jubilate to No. 1; the 42nd psalm to St. Stephen's, and in the evening, the Magnificat and Nune dimittis, to the same chants, and the evening hymn; so that we had a half choral service.

Owing to the variation of time, we were having evensong just at the time you were celebrating "Holy Communion,"—at a time when we should think of each other. Love to all.

No 8

November 20th, 1861.

Two days ago it was the break-up of the S.-W. Monsoon, celebrated by a storm of wind, rain, and lightning. You cannot fancy a storm at sea; it must be seen to be comprehended. An immense black cloud, black as night, gave warning what was coming, and all sails were taken in, during which a large split was blown in one. The yards were squared round, so as to present their ends to the squall, which came upon us like an army of fire-The decks and awnings were soaking in half-a-minute, and the niggers turned out with their brushes to sweep the water down the scup-The lightning ran all about the masts and rigging, but there was only one clap of thunder. This would not be much on land, but we were rocking about with a ground swell, with the knowledge that the water was awfully deep and the nearest land 700 miles off. However, after a succession of squalls, about midnight the sky cleared and the moon came out. There is no mistake about it-"They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy business in great waters,"-these men "see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep." Descriptions are nil. To improve matters, the engine broke in the night, and my bed being over it, I was aroused out at 5.45 for repairs-of course we had the ship stopped for these, which delayed us five hours. A number of sharks came round, and a sailor caught one. He was hauled up on the forecastle, and his fins and tail cut off; his interior taken out, and a capstan bar rammed down his throat. Such was his vitality, however, that he moved even then. After being shown to spectators, he was thrown back into the sea.

I was too compassionate for the natives when I last wrote; they are the laziest and filthiest people I ever saw. On board the "Ceylon," three boys used to heave the log; here it takes six niggers, sometimes nine! During engine repairs, three came slowly toiling up a flight of stairs with a bit of machinery; the engineer could not wait their leisure, so he took the iron with one hand, and boxed the first man's ears with the other.

If you know anybody coming out, recommend him to have his luggage painted in some conspicuous manner; there is a fellow on board who has his trunks painted white with red lines round them, and his luggage is never missing; where there are a lot of black boxes all alike it is a deal of trouble

to find one's own.

I don't fancy there will be more than fifty passengers in the China boat; there are only three for Shanghai, myself, Robert, and a second-class passenger, a boiler-maker. He is a very jolly fellow, about six feet two, and very strong. The tallest man on board is six feet seven.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The first day of May, 1862, will long be remembered by Londoners of all classes. The commencement of the blooming "merry month" is usually a gala season in our metropolis; but what will chronicle it as having been unusually brilliant and auspicious this year is the opening of the International Exhibition at South Kensington.

At an early hour the city was all astir. The weather looked dubious at first, but soon the clouds lifted, and a beautiful day was granted to the myriads of people who were thronging, in cab, omnibus, carriage, or on foot, through the avenues leading to the Exhibition. Flags waved gaily from housetops, and across streets, giving all things a more lively and holiday appearance. Thoughts of a similar great festival day in Hydepark, eleven years ago, made many a pulse beat high, and footstep quicken, as they neared the spot where the nations were to mingle in their second great festivity.

There is but little space to dwell upon the many aspects the events of the day presented to the beholder who was content to look at the outside display. Neither can I speak fully of the august ceremonials inside of the building. Suffice it to say, the day proved most glorious. A vast throng gathered from far and near to participate in the

joyful occasion. Except the tinge of mourning which rested upon the Royal procession in its passage through the mighty concourse of people, and a throb of sadness from the universal heart that she, our noble Sovereign, with "Albert the Good," the world's almoner to us, were not to bid the guests welcome to this nation's festival, nothing occurred to mar the interesting occasion. All things else "went merry as a marriage bell." The scene under the eastern dome, through the nave of that spacious building to the western dome, and throughout the great area to right and left, was grand in the extreme. There was the garner, in which lay stored the world's harvest of industry. Surrounded by these products stood a vast throng, among which were representatives of every clime, ready to join in the great International "harvest home" jubilee. Men of royal rank, of high degree, of noble fame, were gathered with them to pay homage to the honest labour of men's hands. It was an inspiring sight, such as the world has seldom seen.

The ceremonies on this occasion, which were of an imposing and interesting nature, we will briefly narrate. At a quarter past one o'clock the procession, formed by the Queen's Commissioners, her Majesty's Ministers, the Foreign Commissioners, and others who were in various ways officially connected with the Exhibition, started from the south centre of the nave, and proceeded to the western dome. Here an address was delivered by Earl Granville, K.G., chairman of her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1862, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, representing her Majesty on the occasion, to which his Royal Highness replied. The scene under this dome was also enlivened by music from the famous bands of the Grenadiers, the Coldstreams, and the Scots Fusilier Guards, under the able leadership of Mr. Godfrey. The speeches ended, the procession made its way to the eastern dome, amid the enthusiastic cheering of the immense audience through which it passed, and occupied the reserved space in front of the monster orchestra erected at the extreme eastern end. Here the chief musical performances were to take These constituted an especial feature of the occasion, and one of which the country may be proud. Rarely, if ever before, was gathered such an array of musical talent. The performers, numbering above two thousand, were all picked voices from the musical societies of London and the provinces, with four hundred instrumentalists of the first class. The chief music was composed for the occasion, and contributed by some of the world's greatest musical celebrities. The first piece was an overture by M. Meyerbeer. Next came Tennyson's beautiful ode, set to a chorale by Dr. S. Bennett. This was followed with a grand march by Auber. These three pieces constituted a performance which, under the hands of its distinguished conductors, was most effective, eliciting the warmest applause from the great assemblage.

At the close of this grand march the Bishop of London offered a fervent prayer, ending with the Lord's Prayer and Benediction. After this, Handel's grand Hallelujah Chorus was sung with wonderful effect by the great chorus of voices. The National Anthem was then struck up. The vast multitude arose, as by one impulse, as this mighty orison for our noble Queen burst forth; and, as its sounds died away, a united but silent "Amen!" must have arisen from the throng.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge then stepped forth and declared the Exhibition opened. This was followed by a flourish of trumpets inside, and by the firing of a salute of guns outside of the building. The procession then reformed, passed back to the centre of the nave, through the courts, to stairways at the central entrance, and proceeded to the picture galleries. The exercises were now concluded, and the assemblage began to disperse over the building to inspect the works of the Exhibition, which was

now successfully inaugurated.

With this very brief account of the proceedings of the day our readers may desire some practical hints as to the contents of the Exhibition. Every one should be desirous of gathering his share of the benefits to result from this great international storehouse of instructive objects. The Exhibition has not been inaugurated merely for a grand show, but for a school in which we have much to learn. Those products of the industry and skill of all nations are placed side by side, not only to excite our wonder and admiration, but to stimulate our exertions to greater efforts in the fields of industry. Every man should take the appropriate part of the Exhibition to himself as the world's contribution for his own benefit. He can learn much by thus doing. It is a great privilege to be able to go out of one's own narrow sphere of labour, and come in contact with the labours of others in the same direction. This Great Exhibition affords this opportunity in the most perfect manner. He may here traverse the world, as it were, and behold its choicest gifts, without having to contend with the many obstacles to real travel. Our practical men must not be content either to see what relates merely to their own department of work. There is a world of treasures lying at South Kensington in our reach for a short time. It is thinking that elevates the working men of our age. Whatever affords material for thought should be sought after. This we believe to be one great purpose of the International Exhibition. No one can walk through those vast courts alive to the fertile, and wonderful productions of his brother man's mind and intent upon learning, without leaving a better, because a more deeply-thinking workman.

Notwithstanding the Exhibition is open, it seems more like an immense workshop than a resort for contemplation and quiet enjoyment of the manifold wonders contained therein. The din of preparation still goes on; busy workmen push their tasks along amid the gazing crowds; the hammer's click rises above all other sounds. Not only are de-

a d es layed portions of the interior, especially of some of the foreign courts, rapidly progressing, but alterations are being made, or certain works removed from one portion of the building to another, all with reference to the better general effect of the whole upon the eye. We must speak in praise of such a step taken by the Commissioners. The nave in particular has been subjected to this pruning process. The grand view through the nave, from dome to dome, is not to be obstructed by the strange mixture of lofty trophies that were allowed to be erected there: one after another is giving way to the general desire for open space, and they are filling more appropriate places. Soon the changes will be completed, the various departments all properly arranged, and the building set in order to entertain the guests, who will then crowd in in far greater numbers to this great industrial banquet.

In a brief sketch of the contents of the Exhibition it may be well to begin with the Home Department. We naturally feel most interested in the products of our own land. In this competition of nations our first question must be—What have our own workmen accomplished in their various callings? And what is their contribution to this vast aggregate of the world's industry, now collected at South Kensington? We will hastily pass over the space appropriated to British industries, hardly more than pointing out some of the leading objects in the various classes. For a critical examination of them, we must refer to other sources, where they will be fully dealt

with.

The principal entrance to the building is at the eastern end, under the dome. From this point we will take our start, pausing a moment for the eye to catch the fine effect of the nave. This is a grand perspective, leading to the western dome, a distance of 1,200 feet. Whatever may be its faults, looked at from an architectural point of view, we must admit the general effect to be very fine, the plainness of construction being greatly modified by the tasteful decorations employed throughout. Instead of pursuing our way through this spacious nave, to view the trophies so lavishly erected along its length, we will turn aside. Indeed, the changes which they are now undergoing warn us from any proper inspection of them.

In the centre of the dais upon which we stand, under this dome, is a noble work in process of erection by Minton and Co., of Stoke-upon-Trent. It is a great fountain, in modern majolica ware, said to be of the most admirable design and execution. A high barricade surrounds it at present, which excludes our view, so we pass on. We only purpose to visit a certain portion of the building, but we think it necessary to start with a general idea of the main or ground floor of the whole. Immediately upon our right hand, as we face the western dome, lies the northern portion of the eastern transept. This is devoted to the productions of the British colonies, and also

leads to the eastern annex, where will be found the various classes, comprising mining and chemical products, food, animal and vegetable substances used in the arts, agriculture, and machinery not in motion.

The southern portion of the transept, upon our left, contains several large trophies, illustrating the present state of the metal manufactures of Britain, terminating by the United States department in the south-east corner of the building. Parallel to this eastern transept, and midway of the building, the central avenue passes from the Cromwellroad to the Horticultural Gardens, dividing the British from the foreign departments. The northern extremity of the western transept opens into the western annex, containing the manufacturing machines, and machinery in motion, of both the British and foreign departments. With the location of the foreign courts we will at present say nothing, but confine ourselves to the eastern side of the central avenue, and also to the main floor of the building. Upon the right-hand side of the nave, looking from our stand point under the eastern dome, we have, first, the courts devoted to the Colonies; next, those devoted to furniture and decorative art; and lastly, those devoted to music. This brings us to the central avenue upon the right. Upon the left-hand side of the nave are, first, the courts devoted to civil engineering, architectural, and building contrivances; next, those of military engineering, armour and accoutrements, ordnance and small arms; then, those of naval architecture and ship's tackle; next, the courts devoted to glass manufactures; then, of pottery; then, of works in precious metals, which brings us again to the central avenue. Turning back to the left, we are still proceding through the British courts. We come first upon what is termed the machine process court, next the courts devoted to iron and general hardware. Following this, are the courts devoted to steel cutlery and edge tools; then, those of skin, furs, feathers, and hair; and next, those of leather. This brings us to the carriage department, situated against the southern wall of the building, under the picture galleries, along the Cromwell-road, and finishes our general survey of the British section of the main floor.

Without a clear general idea of the arrangement of any one section of the building to begin with, the visitor may lose much time in wandering to no purpose among the intricate passages connecting the vast number of courts. We would advise our workmen to get a general plan of the interior of the building well into their heads before entering. A roughly-pencilled diagram, of ten minutes' work, will save hours of more precious time amid the vast collection of interesting objects. A person who can devote but few visits to this place can hardly afford to lose a moment while there; what we propose will enable a man intelligently to make the most of his time. Our working men should, above all others, be intelligent observers of whatever is displayed at the Exhibition.

Let us now pass a little more carefully over a part of the British section. Starting from the

dais under the eastern dome, we will enter at once the court upon the left-hand side of the nave. This, we have already mentioned, is devoted to civil engineering, &c., and is Class 10 of the Official Catalogue. Here we find many interesting objects, which might detain us a long time-models of famous bridges, railway viaducts, gas and telegra. phic appliances, sanitary improvements, embracing drainage and warming apparatus, ventilators, filters. cisterns, &c. We come next to Class 11, and are struck by the contrast these courts present to those we have just left. There were all sorts of improvements to prolong and make life happy. Here are contrivances for the savage destruction of life. We have, however, of late years, learned to look with a different eye upon these objects so fully represented here. Great interest will therefore be attached to this class of productions. The rapid advance of British industry will be manifest in this collection of military equipments. Here are Armstrong's 100-pounders with their projectiles. Whitworth's rifled ordnance, showing the utmost perfection of workmanship; the monster 600-pounder guns of the Mersey Steel and Iron Company. All the more recent improvements in weapons of offence and defence are exhibited by the War Office: the Enfield rifle in every stage of its manufacture is here, as well as ambulances, waggons, and carriages of all kinds employed by our army. Next follows Class 12, in which are models of all kinds of ships of war, showing the progress of naval architecture, boat-building by machinery, model lighthouses, life-boats, life-preservers, anchors, and many other things of maritime interest.

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From this we enter Class 34, devoted to specimens of glass manufacture, which are mostly of very high character. The immense chandelier of Messrs. Defries, of Houndsditch, is particularly noticeable. We could specify many most beautiful productions in this material, but must pass on to Class 35, devoted to pottery. This is a most interesting and extensive class of productions. Severals firms have contributed most elegant and costly services in the various wares. The very choicest works in china, parian, and earthenware are found here. This branch of art manufacture has advanced most rapidly of late years, and it will well repay one to make a thorough inspection of these courts.

We now enter the space devoted to works in precious metals, Class 33, which we find exceedingly attractive. Here are works of art in silver and gold of all descriptions, and though out of the range of utility, still the most tasteful ideas may be gained by a study of these specimens of delicate workmanship. A few hours devoted to a close examination of these wonderful productions of taste and skill would not be lost time to any workman.

A wise man need not blush for changing his purpose.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR OF FACT AND RUMOUR.

THE International Exhibition continues foremost among the subjects of journalistic gossip and public interest; as it must of necessity be the chief with the sight-seers or boliday-makers, who, despite the unfavourable weather, continue to increase in numbers; the tide setting more strongly each day towards South Kensington. Opinions vary on the question of how far the present can bear comparison with the Exhibition of 1851—the fact being, that all final judgment, as regards the interior arrangement, must be yet suspended; completeness being not yet achieved. A melancholy unanimity reigns upon the experiences of the commissariat department, which, with few exceptions, all agree to have found dear in price and unsatisfactory in quality. The issue of tickets for the lower rate of admission has given universal satisfaction; it obviously invites one class of purchasers, viz., the benevolent; who, however kindly disposed, could far less readily offer the objects of their good intentions the actual shilling fee for entrance; the graceful presentation of a ticket overcomes all difficulty. Her Majesty, the Queen, in the retirement of her own grief—still ever mindful of others, has already purchased 222 half-crown tickets, one of which has been presented to each of the young lady-pupils at the School of Design, Queen Square. The Directors of the Bank of England have taken £150 worth of the three different priced tickets for distribution in their establishment. Messrs. Coutts & Co., Bankers, have presented a season ticket to each of the employés in the firm, at the same time granting a three days' leave to all in turn, for opportunity to avail themselves of the gift. We doubt not such generous examples will be followed by other employers.

It has been formally announced that no drawingrooms or levees will be held by Her Majesty this summer; in the strictest privacy and retirement the Queen seems to find the only possible assuagement of the terrible grief it has been her lot to endure; it is, however, most gratifying to learn that the health of Her Majesty has received much benefit from her Highland sojourn.

Such of the strangers in London who had not before had the pleasure of hearing Madame Goldschmidt-Lind, will no doubt have availed themselves of the opportunity which has been afforded them during the past month, of at once delighting their ears with the strains of that sweetest of singers, and assisting two of the most meritorious and charitable institutions. The performance of the "Messiah," in Exeter-hall, on the 14th ult, was an unmistakeable proof of the undiminished favour in which the "Swedish Nightingale" is still held by her admirers; the hall being crammed; the same satisfactory result attended the performance of Haydn's "Creation," on the 28th. The societies for the relief of distressed needlewomen derived the benefit of the first; to the Brompton Consumption Hospital the profits of the second were devoted; the third and last of the present series is announced for the 4th of this month, the proceeds of which are destined for the Royal Societies of Musicians. With such aims in view, and with such unapproachable gifts of nature and talent brought to the service, we can but pity those contemporaries who find cause for cavil in the fact of Jenny Lind's resuscitation, even were it for the three hundredth instead of the third time. Long may the Nightingale warble to such good results, and with as little diminished powers!

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keen have again made their

appearance in the metropolis, and have met with their usual meed of triumph among a class of admirers at the Princess' Theatre, where they are at present fulfilling

an engagement.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed have outdone all their former entertainments, in the one to which they now invite the attendance of the public. The perfection of that especial talent in which the lady stands unrivalled is certainly attained in her character of Babette, the old Frenchwoman; anything more true to nature, it is impossible to conceive. The Scotch lunatic in search of her lost son is painfully exact, and would elicit higher applause, did not the subject stir emotions too deep for loud bravas. Mr. German Reed improves with every fresh visit, and forms quite a strong point in the little company. His Pilkington, the butler, is inimitable: he can by no means afford to "bury the head," which has power to evoke the roars of laughter that convulse the refined audiences of the Gallery of Illustration. The group of the Welsh harpists is a study in itself; and no small praise is due to the neatness and skill with which the ghost-scene is managed. As to the "Colleen Bawn" of Mr. John Parry, we can only say, we had dwelt in utter ignorance of the resources of a pianoforte, (though tolerably familar with the instrument,) till the "header" of that gentleman enlightened us. Mr. Boucicault might, with reason, feel envious of his rival.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews are again putting in their claim, a very pretentious and satisfactory one too, for their share of the public attention. It is fair to say that Mr. Mathews has decidedly improved upon his opening entertainment, both in point of subject selected and in the style and effectiveness of its delineation. The "sensational," highly-wrought style of dramatic representation now in favour, is at once the butt at which the clever actor aims, and the foundation on which he rests his scenes. Mr. J. H. Byron is the author of the sketch, which we need hardly say is crammed full of the most reckless punning and fun-poking from beginning to end. The troubles of a manager deserted by his company, upon the very eve of a great "sensation" drama, form the groundwork of the piece. The various characters which appear, all of the most different description, are sustained by Mr. Mathews, aided by his accomplished wife. The "Sensation Fork" is the title of the drama, which they (the manager and his wife) decide upon performing themselves unaided. A patter-song in Mr. Mathews' best style, is among the attractions of the entertainment, to which

we accord our heartiest meed of praise.

Mr. Woodin has again put in an appearance at the Polygraphic Hall, King William Street; among his new characters, appears a remarkably good impersonation

of Mr. Sothern as Lord Dundreary, Wiljaba Frikell at the St. James's Hall, and M. Robin in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, are rivalling each other in magical wonders. Truly, there is no lack of amusements, to attract our country cousins, and the accomplished foreigners who honour us with their presence. Even stress of weather will hardly interfere with so large a range of attractions, and should skyey influences prove more indulgent, is there not the Crystal Palace, with its thousand delights, its green slopes, and gay flower beds, its sunny nooks and shady corners; its inspiriting band, and its sparkling fountains? Can we wonder, if the counters of Mr. Mudie are somewhat deserted, and if his corps of elegant and highlytrained young men fall a prey to ennui in these summer

But we have not now to do with the book emporium of Oxford Street. Our selection lies this time in an-

other direction.

A noticeable feature in the signs of these progressive times is the increasing favour with which a certain class of literature is received, and the claims which the books themselves have set up to such favour. In them we find piety without cant, sound practical teaching, divested of the whining tone of mock humility, and false deductions, which too often formed the characteristics of the so-called moral productions of a by-gone day; and, above all, in them we have the inculcation of far loftier and more unselfish motives than were wont to be held up as the highest possible source of right-doing. Foremost among these stand the publications of Mr. S. W. Partridge, of Paternoster Row; a small detachment of whose admirable little volumes lies now before us, whence we take at random a few for brief observation.

In the days of "Jack the Giant-killer," "Mother Hubbard," and others of the same family, what a boon would such a gift have been to a child as this one prettily-bound and excellently-illustrated "A Mother's Lessons on Kindness to Animals." No réchauffé of stale anecdotes, impracticable adventures, or instances of sagacity hard of belief, and impossible of attestation; but simple everyday occurrences, simply told, reasoned upon, accompanied by pleasant anecdotes, facts easy of remembrance, valuable additions to the mind's treasury. Verily we children of a larger growth, who sported pinafores some half century ago, lost much by our

precedence of this generation.

The Mother's Picture Alphabet, dedicated by the especial permission of Her Majesty to the Princess Alice, is one of the best, perhaps the best, of the rudimentary class we have met with. Holding, as we do, the belief that the infant eye cannot too soon be familiarized with objects of beauty and taste-that the education of the child commences in fact with the first use of its five senses—we heartily accord our unqualified admiration and approval to this volume, in which the illustrations, both in design and execution, form a collection of real works of art, exquisitely true to nature, and attractive no less by the artist's skill than by the taste which has been exercised in the choice of subjects. Each letter is accompanied by a page of rational rhyme; in this, forming an exception to most previous productions of a like nature; the letterpress is excellent, the type of a size and quality unexceptionable; when we remember the rubbish which was, not so long ago, deemed sufficient for all the purposes of initiation into alphabetical mysteries, we cannot feel too grateful to the inaugurators of a system so different.

The Widow Green and her Three Nieces, by Mrs. Ellis, is a capital story, full of the strong common-sense teaching, and high moral purpose, which characterise most of this author's productions; while it is far less strained, and overdrawn in the characters, than some which we have occasionally met in works by the same lady. The interest of the story centres in one person, the Widow Green, whose earnest and prayerful endeavours for the good of all with whom she is brought in contact, are signally crowned with success. The examples given are not overdrawn, and the moral constantly borne uppermost,-that industry, sobriety, and perseverance will, in the end, conquer most difficulties-is, to a great extent, borne out by facts, whatever our modern Mephistopheles may mutter to the con-

The Gardener's Daughter; or, Mind whom you Marry. by the Rev. C. G. Rowe, is a tale containing a very seasonable and earnest warning to young women especially, as the latter portion of its title implies. The story is very powerfully told, and interests by the exciting character of the incidents, as well as by the genuine tone

of sincerity which pervades it. The gradually downward course of a young man beginning in petty deviations from truth, and a habit of indulgence in strong drink, is naturally drawn, and though painful to contemplate, cannot fail to be of essential service in leaving a deep impression: which indeed is necessary with a large class of readers, to produce permanent effect. We must not omit to add, that the Gardener's Daughter is enriched by a number of very capitally ex-

ecuted illustrations.

Whoever remembers that thrilling and life-like picture, by Dickens, in his "Sketches by Boz," of the drunkard's home, and the last moments of the miserable wretch perishing by his own hand, yet grasping frantically, when too late, at a straw-will agree that such pictures, and the lessons they convey, do not of necessity form a class so apart as to exclude them from admission into the gallery appropriated to the cultivation of our moral and social welfare. The little volume entitled, The Drunkard's Death, will, in many of its forcibly written passages, bear no unequal comparison with the sketch we have quoted above. The gradual decline, the yielding to temptation, the faint struggle, the misery, sorrow, degradation, and finally the death of the drunkard, are here depicted with an exactitude, which-aided by the very excellent cuts that accompany it-constitute a general warning to youth, and an especial one to those young men whom the habits of society may betray into temptation unawares.

We have lighted upon a literary garland of sweetness, strung together by the hand of a lady, whose name, while not unknown to fame, we would gladly find even more prominent on the bookshelves of our girls' and boys' libraries. Mrs. C. L. Balfour has aided more than any one, by the calm and dispassionate yet earnest and truthful tone of her writings, to dispel the cloud of prejudice which rested upon a certain class of literature. The young, especially, stand to her indebted, and perhaps no one author, since the days of the immortal Edgeworth, has contributed so largely and so valuably

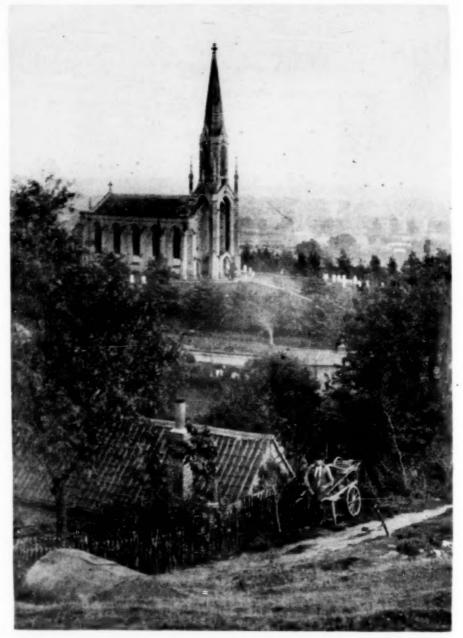
to the list of really good books for the young. The beautiful volume, to which we now especially allude, is A Mother's Lesson on the Lord's Prayer, with illustrations by H. Anelay, engraved by John Knight (S. W. Partridge). Each sentence of the prayer is taken as a text whereon is founded a little story, adapted to the capacity of a child, leading up to and illustrating the text. The excellent engraving which accompanies each, serving at once to adorn the tale and excite the curiosity of the little reader. Simple language, suitability of expression, practical teaching, and a human standard of possible achievements, are the attractions of this lady's writing. She is never too lofty for her readers, even when treating of the loftiest themes; never descends to puerility though rendering herself thoroughly intelligible to infancy. The book is a gem (albeit a large one), and should find a place in the nursery of every good mother throughout England.

Precisely the same may be said of the next, The Wanderings of a Bible, by the same lady, in which the author has introduced many facts come to her own knowledge, aptly interwoven with the fabric which fancy has designed. Many of the scenes depicted in this story are told with very graphic effect; we may instance as an example that where the terrific thunderstorm bursts over the meeting of the infidel society; the lesson conveyed never becomes wearisome, and the moral is implied rather than pointed out. We may add that a strong vein of earnest Temperance teaching runs through the tale, without, however, obtruding itself upon the

attention.

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Printed by P. Frith Relate

A LANDSCAPE IN SURREY—EARLSWOOD.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

LANDSCAPE IN SURREY, EARLSWOOD.

Travelling by rail from London to Brighton, soon after the train passes Red Hill, the passenger cannot fail to have his attention attracted by a handsome and extensive building, lying some distance back, on the left side of the road. Its wide spreading façade, the style of its approaches, and highly ornamented appearance, might become a palatial residence. It is, however, simply a place of refuge for idiots, known as Earlswood Asylum; and may be seen in the background of our frontispiece, backed by the green Surrey hills, and pleasantly bosomed amid the spreading groves and flowery parterres, which are the charm of this spot.

The foundation-stone of the asylum was laid by the late Prince Consort, by whom on its completion it was opened—and is admirably adapted in every particular for the charitable purpose to

which it is appropriated.

Standing upon a terrace, at some little elevation above the grounds which surround it, a lovely view is obtained: peace and tranquillity the presiding geniuses without; within, all is comfort, suitability, and neatness. On each side the principal entrance, in itself a handsome structure, are the wings appropriated respectively to the males and females. A lofty and spacious hall is first entered, whence, on the left the reception room is attained; from its window the visitor looks upon the extent of grounds belonging to the asylum, with their smooth lawns and radiant flower beds, the pupils in the blue aprons working away, like professional gardeners, and busy as bees. The chief ornaments of this apartment are the drawings and work of the pupils, and to those who have not beheld such in progress under their ingenious fingers, it would be almost impossible to believe them the work of the imbecile. Here too, as everywhere throughout the building, the perfection of neatness and tastefulness of arrangement, with thorough clean liness, are visible.

The lofty dining-hall is at night lighted up with gas, the jets so constructed as to form the words "Peace and Prosperity;" and a very pretty effect is produced. There are play-rooms, provided with every needful adjunct for the relaxation of the pupils; they are thoroughly warmed in winter, and replete with every comfort; as are the neat well-fitted dormitories, patterns in their way.

Out of doors there is every provision made for all kinds of healthful gymnastics—indeed the first step in the plan pursued at the asylum seems to be the developement of the bodily powers: these being improved and strengthened, the qualities of the mind next come forth. On reception into the house, every pupil is carefully examined, and for a time vigilantly watched for whatsoever latent spark of intelligence may be elicited. He then becomes an inmate of a certain series of rooms, to which belong certain rules and modes of discipline, ranging according to the mental capacity of the objects.

A large range of workshops is one of the most interesting portions of the institution. There the inmates are initiated into the various avocations for which they evince the most fitness. Matmaking, tailoring, shoe-making, carpentering, and many more callings are here exercised, and in most cases, the highest degree of skill is attained. There is a whole corps of gardeners, and the elder boys assist in the cooking department with considerable proficiency. Farmers, too, are to be found within the walls of this beneficent omnium gatherum, the inspection of whose live stock—pigs, fowls, &c., will be found to testify to the zeal and intelligence with which they have fulfilled the duties of their especial calling.

It must be borne in mind that many of these unfortunates are in a state which would have been commonly pronounced "helpless idiotcy." Many have been long accounted deaf and dumb, from their sullen and unsympathetic demeanour, but have, under the kind and judicious treatment of this institution, given sudden proof of their

capabilities of speech and action, and even distinguished themselves by signal evidences of mechanical skill.

It must not be supposed that all are so fortunate, however, or that even the kind and consistent method pursued at Earlswood will in every case overcome the mysterious infliction of the mental disorder. One class is devoted to the really incurable cases: the idiots afflicted with epilepsy, and other infirmities, are in so much worse plight, that their state admits of no mental or bodily

employment.

The portion of the building appropriated to the females is entirely separate, and under precisely similar regulations with respect to sanitary and other arrangements. One peculiarity, which a kindly spirit of amelioration has introduced, is an aviary full of canaries, which appears to be much favoured by the unfortunate inmates, who entertain a remarkable affection for all dumb animals. There are classes for reading, writing, and singing; plain needlework is made an especial feature, and fancy work permitted by way of encouragement and

Everywhere cheerfulness and contentment appear to be the rule; a sorrowful face or tearful eye is an exception rarely met with. The sense of benefit conferred, and a consciousness of interest taken in them, appear universal, and, with a spirit of emulation quite remarkable, form the most healthy stimulus to perseverance and good conduct.

There is to be seen nothing of that helpless vacancy of eye, or aimless wandering of fingersincompetent, and all untrained, even to the first purposes of their being. We have most of us been accustomed to regard such a state as one which to contemplate, is to experience nothing but aversion and pain. A visit to Earlswood Asylum would go far to dispel such an impression, and by the incontestable proof it affords of how much may be done to ameliorate their condition, may raise up new friends to the afflicted victims of this mysterious dispensation.

INDUSTRY.

THERE is a music richer, sweeter far, A nobler and a more inspiring sound In labour's din, than when the despot's car Sweeps in its glory o'er the trembling ground, Crushing the captives to its iron wheels bound; Than when the flags of empty victory wave Above the murky clouds that gather round; And hymns of gladness from the bleeding brave Mingle with groans from out their dying brethren's

We sing the triumphs of all-conquering mind, Triumphs to which Utopia is a dream ; Triumphs that in their chains of beauty bind The scattered people, and whose glories stream

Above the mountains with a fervid gleam; Victories that usher in the dawning morn, When thro' the gloom a brighter sun shall beam, When sweeter songs shall in the soul be born, And sweeter roses bloom without the prickling thorn.

Weave a bright chaplet round fair Science' brow, Crown her as empress of the barren land; March to her music, in her temple bow, Beside her altar fires devoutly stand, And feed the vestal flame with heart and hand; Spread out her snow-white banners to the breeze, Clasp all the nations in her silken band, Till toiling limbs be swathed in balmy ease, And sails in quietness blow across the summer seas.

There is a poetry grander than the lore, That burns and blazes in the page of song; A poetry swelling far above the roar Of millions, in the city's teeming throng, Leaping and rolling its bright waves along; Sounding amid the rattle of the loom, Pealing above the factory's sullen gong, Mingling its thunder with the hammer's boom, And e'en on parchëd sands causing fair flowers to bloom.

Blind eyes may see no beauty in this strife; Deaf ears may hear no music from its roll; Dull brains that feel within no moving life, Think 'tis a chimæra of the dreaming soul, That Science' votaries ne'er will reach the goal For which they pant, with aching feverish limbs; Yet soon meek Peace shall link each sundered pole, While Beauty o'er the happy world skims, And nations rise and join great Love's victorious

Science has taught us that the earth is young, Younger than when stern Jupiter was Lord Of all beneath, than when blind Homer sung, Or Chaldean shepherds the vast heavens adored; Thro' all the fields of æther has she soared, Seen Beauty glowing, like a midnight star Above the elemental dark, explored The hidden springs that move the suns afar, And yoked all Nature to her grand triumphal car.

Waft, waft her wonders to each distant clime, Ye poets, sing her beauty and her praise; Tune your bright harps, and in the noon-tide prime Shall mount to Heaven your golden-winged lays; E'en now the splendour of those better days Is falling on the soul in sunshine free, And Love, e'er long, with his enchanting rays, Shall roll along in streams of melody, And gird each heart, as earth is girdled by the sea.

Move on, ye nations, in your rival race, Nearer ye reach the beauty of the sun; Move boldly on, 'tis not a phantom chase, Your sons will reap the labours ye have done; Improvement's ball its motion has begun, Stay not its course; but with illumined mind, Watch it rush down the steep, till hindrance gone, It bounds along fleet as the northern wind, And lays its offrings at the feet of all mankind.

JOHN V. HOOD.

Send a wise man on an errand, and say nothing

OUR DOMINIONS IN INDIA.

NO. IX.

It is with sorrow we notice that the exhausting field of Indian affairs has swallowed up another of our brightest administrators. The modest, yet reflective speech which Lord Canning uttered at the London Tavern, on the occasion of his health being proposed as the new Governor of India, left a hopeful impression that the son, who was about to go in the capacity which his father declined for one of the highest offices of State at home, would return to enjoy and fulfil the dignity which his father's brilliance adorned. No man's career was more tried, no man's personal character better served him.

Clemency Canning is not the least of the links of tradition with which India will have to be attached to England

attached to England. That a company of merchants should govern India was the derisive ad absurdum which the sciolists of the West-end felt conclusive as to the need for a change. The first impediment to rising through the strata of society, arises from the jealousy of those in equal rank who regard exceptionally the idea that one of no higher traditions than themselves should rise above them. The continued display of power overrules opposition, and these most warmly commend the success of one of their own rank. The second is, the reluctance that established families feel to the admission among themselves of new, adventurous men. The possession of power over large numbers of men is, however, too rich a property in an individual to fail to throw lustre on his associates. A moderate patience soon returns a full harvest of success over this second obstruction. Not alone, however, has a man to pass through these impediments, but a corporation which is perpetual, while men are changing, has in its acceptance to run the gauntlet through each generation as they severally in succession rise to political capacity. Without continual demonstration of its power and ability, the corporation, then, has to endure the cold shade of public disrespect, unless its elements are severally members of the honoured ranks of society, for historical recollections "are alms for oblivion which Time puts in his wallet," as men or societies pass noiselessly along. From no source did the opposition which struck down the East India Company derive greater assistance than the Manchester school of politicians, who yet are blatant against hereditary titles and aristocratical families. The apathy of the City of London favoured the aggression. There was a time when the invasion, by the Crown, of one of the great corporate institutions which constitute the building of that noblest of English monuments, the old Corporation of London, would have raised the deepest concern for the great principles of religious and civil freedom which have found such a safe home under civic protection; but men of smaller aims have succeeded to power,

and the organization which, as Macaulay observes, has deposed and restored kings, and in later days has displaced ministries, has sunk almost into a disregard for its own political purposes and powers. The merchants of Elizabeth's days were of another sort. The trading class of London still has its connexion with the manufacturers of the kingdom. The show-room of the City dealer is still related to the mill or factory of the Staffordshire or Lancashire manufacturer; but in former days the connexion was more intimate—in short, the manufacture which the merchants exported was produced on his own premises, almost within his own dwelling, and under his own superintendence, if not assistance. The different degrees of mental stimulus which the different departments of Society enjoy, is in favour of the producer, rather than the distributor. The energy of London in political questions has ceased since it became a city of shopkeepers rather than workers. Sheffield and Manchester and Birmingham, and the homes of the workers, are more influential in the events of policy than the large capitalists of the City. The accurate judgment which results from the daily analysis and synthesis of one subject, is a sounder and more salutary regimen than the loose perception of differences and comparisons which unavoidably deteriorates those whose energies are wasted in the mere distributive process of trading in goods, of which, though buying and selling, they have no more than a spurious knowledge. Even the then frequent necessity for men of the same craft to associate together by the agency of the Guilds which then were operative, supplied a higher standard for ambition in the respect of men competent, from similitude of pursuits, to form an opinion of merits than that which is now furnished by the grosser appeal to general opinion, which measures only by pecuniary success. That the men of the early days of the East India Company were perceptive of the principles favourable to success, is shown by the answer they gave to the council who endeavoured to recommend to their favourable notice Sir E. Michelbourne in the capacity of Governor.

To such a recommendation the Court returned for answer "that it was their resolution not to employ any gentleman in any place of charge, and requested that they may be allowed to sort their business with men of their own quality, lest the suspicion of the employment of gentlemen being taken hold of by the generality, do drive a great number of adventurers to withdraw their contributions." Oxenstiern's comment, with how little wisdom the world is governed, finds in such a regulation an effectual answer. To command the Channel fleet in sunshine and fair weather, might triffingly occupy the abilities of a less calculating master than Lord John Russell, but to govern and order when all around is difficulty and danger, is even more than the exigency Sydney Smith contemplated; but through difficulties more dire, the merchants of London have steered their course, and accomplished empire and unimaginable volumes of commerce; and, as well to the qualified judge as to the self-complacent critic, have sustained the proposition, that the discipline of trade, in its fullest meaning, is the true school for government-even the services of the Prince, the dukes and nobles of this country, at the Great Exhibition seem the late recognition of the idea that the producers of human comforts and man's endowments are the highest officers of society. That the East India Company did stipulate for exclusive advantages, is frequently sneered at by the elder Mill in his History of India, as unsound policy. That the doctrine of free-trade is not always a safe reliance, the Manchester mill-owners are now experiencing; but while recognizing the general principle contended for by Mr. Mill, or the Manchester Chamber, in the disturbing influences of passions, and the difficulties incident to new channels of occupation, there seems reason for exceptional modifications; but while the Company vigilantly watched the encroachments on their territory, which the success of their first voyage encouraged, they held an equal resistance to such encroachments as the power of the Crown attempted to make on the profits of the men of trade. One of the earliest acts of Elizabeth's successor, King James, was to require that a stock of pepper in which he had speculated, should be submitted to the public, to the prejudice of all the other pepper dealers, but chiefly the adventurers in the first voyage of the East India Company.

His royal prerogative was menacingly suggested, the large charges he was exposed to pathetically enumerated; but the men of the City stood firm. The council of the nation renewed the charge, but the Directors of the Company, by stroke of argument, dispersed the assault. The ensuing is an amusing spectacle of diplomacy pleading for an advance of price on the king's pepper, and valuable as a type of such intrusion on private rights, as it belonged to the citizens of London in the subsequent reigns, to subject to the rules of equitable law. That the king's pepper was as he described, wholesome and saleable, is by no means so clear, as that the Company's subsequent supplies were of that character, for among their earliest instructions to their factors is the repeated injunction to "keep dust out of the pepper and cloves, for to carry dust was unprofitable, and the

uncleanness disgraced the Company."

The cotton question need not have fallen into so disastrous a state as now exists, had the merchants of Liverpool caught more of the spirit of the old regulations enforced by the City guilds, which forbade the importation or production of disreputable wares. The restrictive character of such associations has beneficially passed, but their constant aim at excellence of production is still the desideratum of manufacturing industry. To secure the removal of such objections as have frustrated the cotton supply, the East India Company sent garblers, with their fans, to drive the dust from the spices their factors purchased. The book which contains the daily resolutions for the

conduct of the Company in the constant prefix of their minutes, Laus Deo, shows that there was a higher spirit in trade than belongs to the manufacture of devil's dust.

TO THE GOVERNORS AND COURT OF EAST INDIA COMPANY.

1603.—After our hearty commendations whereas there hath been alredie proposed by me the Lord Treasurer, on the behalf of the King's Majesty, to you the Governer and Company of adventurers trading the East Indies: These three things ensuing, first that although his Majesty, by virtue of his princelie prerogative, may lawfully restrain the sale of your pepper lately brought from the East Indies, until his own bulk of pepper, now remaining at Leadenhall, be first sold and vended, as by his Majesty's learned counsel, his highness hath been fullie resolved, yet nevertheless such is his Majesty's gracious favour and inclination towards you, having respect to your so worthie adventure, made at great charges suffered in this last long voyage by you sett forth, so much for the honour of his Majesty and the publique good of this realme as he is pleased to forbear the using of his prerogative for this time, and to omitt his own profit, and give means of benefit unto you. Secondlie that there should be a joint sale of his Majesty's pepper and a like quantitie of yours, and so to be uttered and sold together equallie and not otherwise. Thirdly, if you should thereof mislike then you to buy his Majesty's pepper at some reasonable rate, to be agreed on now for as much as we understand, that like as you doe humbly and thankfullie acknowledge his Majesty's great favor towards you in not pressing his said prerogative upon you, so you having considered of the two other offers, you doe with all humbleness and thankfulness embrace the second, namelie, to conjoin in sale with his Highness, being not able as you pretend to proceed with the latter, which is to buy the whole. These are therefore to signific unto you that His Majesty being informed of these things, is well pleased to allow of your said choice, namelie, of a joint sale as well of His Majesty's pepper as of yours, in a proportional qualitie, together; and for the better accomplishing the same, as well for the King's benefit as your own behoofe, we have thought good to recommend the whole ordering and managing of this business to your good diligences, cares, and discretions, praying and requiring you to assemble yourselves together to consider of some such course for the carriage of the same as may produce good effect of some speedy and reasonable benefett unto both, for the furtherance of which, we think it requisite, first, that there be an inhibition general, that no pepper be brought into this kingdom by either English or stranger until the said pepper proportionably agreed on as is aforesaid to be sold be first vented. Secondlie, that all such pepper as is already brought in, either by strangers or English, out of the Low Countries, or from the Straights, should be sequestered likewise from sale. Thirdly, that a present survey be made of all such pepper, as you the adventurers have already delivered, or shall deliver upon the divident to particular adventurers of your company, with special charge that no part thereof be sold untill his Majesty's part and yours proportionably be first uttered. Provided always that it may be lawful for any to transport pepper out of this realme at their pleasure. And it seemeth also most just and reasonable that such order be taken with the grocers that they buy no pepper but His Majesty's and yours, the same being wholesome and saleable pepper; and to that end that a present survey be made of such stores and quantities as the said grocers now have on their hands. These points we have thought fitt to remember, that we may with all speede be advertised from you, as well of your opinion on these things as of such other matter whatsoever, as you shall think requisite to be further added and devised for the better accomplishing of this service, whereof so soon as we shall have signification, we shall presently give order for the speedy expedition thereof as appertaineth. So now we bid you heartily farewell,

From the Court at Wilton, the last day of November, 1603, Your loving friends,

SUFFOLK.
CUMBERLAND.
HOWARD.
STANHOPE.
BUCKHURST.
DEVONSHIRE.

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CECIL.
FORTESCUE.
WORCESTER.
W. KNELLYS.
WOTTON.
HEXHAM.

TWO LIVES.

We live two lives in home and mart: One of our outer selves a part, One deep enshrined in the heart.

Two lives, distinct, yet each our own: One to the world around us shown; One hid, save from ourselves alone.

This, humble worth and virtue heeds, And o'er its neighbour's sorrow bleeds, And thrills at noble thoughts and deeds.

That, recks not if it mars or mends, And turns upon its dearest friends, To work its own poor selfish ends.

Round every heart there twines and clings Tho' tainted be its fairest springs, A yearning after better things.

And not one human heart, altho' Happy and gay to outward show, Is all contented here below.

The grand and gouty millionnaire Envies the sturdy hinds who stare, Mouth-open'd, at his gilded glare.

The faded belle, her charms decay'd, Envies the ruddy country maid, Who pines to be as rich array'd.

The cripple brown, who sits i' the sun, Envies the noisy boys who run Merrily by him, one by one.

The houseless wanderer o' the night Turns yearning to each dear home-light, That gleams around him, warm and bright.

The poor lost wretch whose weary feet Still pace the glaring gas-lit street, Dreams of a virgin, young and sweet: A happy maiden, pure and gay, Whose light and airy footsteps stray, Where summer streamlets gleam and play:

And oft in fancy strong, she sees, A happy home 'mid country trees, And children climbing on her knees.

The bard would win a nobler name, The warrior gain a loftier fame, The preacher thrill with holier flame.

Each age has its peculiar ruth: The boy would be a man forsooth The man would be again a youth.

The poet's noblest, loftiest strain Is but a shadow, dim and vain, Of the grand picture in his brain.

Each has his ideal, lov'd and dear: This, wholly vain and hopeless here; That, ever beck'ning us to near.

Oft by our yearning eyes, I ween, A fairer, better self is seen, A vision of the might-have-been:

A second self, more pure and fair, With deep true eyes and fearless air, And nobler manhood, grand and rare.

O shadowy Self! O ideal bright, That flits before our dazzled sight: Why do you mock us with your light?

We reach ye not: in vain, in vain, Our pleading, trembling hands we strain; The hard world drags us down again.

Some, after years of tears and sighs, Stretch forth their hands and grasp the prize, When lo! its beauty fades and dies.

Some in mute, helpless yearning stand, With listless foot and palsied hand, That never touch the promised land.

Some roam, like children in a wood, Thro' mazes dimly understood, Still further from the perfect good.

And some true soldiers of the Lord Still battle on with unsheath'd sword, And find in toil its own reward.

Such choice be ours, my lov'd compeers; Awake! shake off these coward fears, And dash away the useless tears.

Think not vain moaning o'er the past Will break the clouds around us cast, And bring the look'd-for sun at last.

No: let us buckle to the fight, Meek, patient champions of the Right: Keeping the golden goal in sight.

So shall we rise above the clod, And every conquer'd vice down-trod Shall be a stepping-stone to God.

Chelmsford.

E. C.

PUBLIC HEALTH OF THE MASSES.

THE PREVENTIVE BETTER THAN THE CURATIVE SYSTEM.

By Dr. Lydia F. Fowler.

I once read an account of a famous Academy. Its motto was Silence. Its peculiar tenets were, to say as little as possible, and to think the more. A celebrated doctor, learning that there was a vacancy, applied for admission, but before his application was received, a stupid fellow had been appointed to fill the vacancy. The president regretted this exceedingly, and was at a loss how to communicate the fact to him. He took a cup of water full to its brim, by which the doctor saw that another drop would cause the water to flow over. He understood the emblem, but seeing a rose leaf on the floor, he picked it up, crushed it in his hand, and laid it on the top. So little weight had it, that it produced no effect on the water. This delighted the president so much, that he received the applicant into their company, and he proved an efficient member. In the same way would I approach the subject of Health for the Masses, although the great difficulty is to present an important subject within specified limits, sufficiently full that its claims to attention may be appreciated.

Wherever we find animate matter, we perceive two antagonistic principles, *Life* and *Death*. Life results from an obedience to fixed, functional, or organic laws. Death ensues from a disobedience of these laws, which can be demonstrated and rendered so simple, that the child who runs can read,

understand, and obey them.

There are four propositions which I should like

to present for consideration :-

First.—Public health of the masses is the keystone of the arch which holds the great social compact together. Remove this, and the fabric will become a mass of ruins.

Secondly. — The want of public health is the greatest evil with which we have to contend in social

progress.

Thirdly.—Woman, as the mother of the race, in consequence of her ignorance of vital laws, (which, as before remarked, will, when obeyed, produce health,) is too often the stumbling-block, or the cause of the physical degeneracy of the race, which must either progress or retrograde.

Fourthly.—In order to cure the evil effectually, let women be taught physiology, and the 19th century will be the golden era in which sanatory, hygienic, and physiological laws are understood and obeyed.

If we wander through the deserted streets of Pompeii, we shall see in almost every roofless dwelling, a niche where the Penates, or Household Gods, were enshrined. This is a touching evidence of the devotion of those ancient inhabitants to something they deemed worthy of worship. I would rear in every dwelling throughout the land, a household altar, and my goddess should be Hygeia, or blue-eyed smiling Health, with its minis-

trations of joy and perfect happiness. It seems almost an absurdity to speak of the advantages of health, life's greatest blessing, and to attempt to interest the people in a subject which should be the

Alpha and Omega of life.

Suppose a machine were to be given to a man with this direction, that its possession would enhance his social, moral, and intellectual happiness in proportion as he understood the laws which regulated its actions. But if, on the other hand, he should remain ignorant of its machinery, its wheels would move slower and slower, till finally its own destruction would be involved, and that of the man, perhaps to the fifth generation.

We should think the man was hopelessly insane, if he did not lay aside all other matters, and apply himself with all his energy to the study of this

machine.

But the human body is one of the most complicated machines ever made. It embodies in its organization every chemical, philosophical, and scientific principle. Its levers are perfectly adjusted as to fulcrum, power, and weight; its pulleys and wedges are not impeded in their action by

friction.

The chyle passing through the thoracic duct apparently in defiance of gravitation, illustrates capillary attraction: the heart is the only example of perpetual motion, if we except the heavenly bodies, &c., &c. We may well say that the body is a little Cosmos, containing every element of mind and matter. Too often, every other science is understood before that which appertains to the body. Let me give you one illustration. An enthusiastic, theological student, trimmed the midnight lamp to learn the moral law in all its relations and bearings. He examined musty tomes and mystical hieroglyphics. When he desired to apply his knowledge, he woke from a splendid dream to a startling consciousness, that his spiritual essence was bounded by physical elements, and that though the spirit was willing the body was weak. He had stored his brain with ideas which he had yearned to utter, yet he was unable to do so, because his diseased lungs and bronchial tubes would not obey the mandates of his will. Then the pain in the side convulsed him with terror. The blood that he expectorated reminded him of that typical fount required for his own salvation. He folded his hands in anguish, and exclaimed, "Of what value is my education! my talents! my religious fervour! without a healthy body for a tabernacle! Where are the converted sinners to whom I hoped to be instrumental in pointing out the living way? Could I commence my life anew, I would investigate, first the laws of life, and then the laws of spirit; knowing, experimentally, that the condition of one affects that of the other. For if a man wish to be morally healthy, he must first be physically healthy. On my tombstone should be inscribed, " Here lies a man with splendid talents in embryo. He might have enlightened the world, but was like a wax-candle without a candlestick, a brilliant jewel with no setting."

With regard to the second proposition, as to the want of public health, let me adduce illustrations gathered from the most reliable sources.

Lord Shaftesbury has said that there are 100,000 preventible deaths in England every year. Truly hath it been said:—

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"Those who tread the earth are but a handful, Compared to those who slumber 'neath its bosom."

A small class of the community may perhaps afford to be sick three-quarters of the year, or to be so weak that every particle of dampness in the atmosphere affects them, yet the mass of the people cannot really afford to be ill, for the decree has gone forth to them, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." The family of the day labourer is dependent on his daily earnings for their bread. When he cannot work they must starve, so that sickness with him is equivalent to starvation for them. The poor sewing girl cannot afford to be sick, for

"Though a little weeping might ease her heart, Yet in their briny bed

The tears must stop, for every drop Will hinder needle and thread."

When vitality leaves her fingers, food leaves her mouth, and she is literally

"Sewing at once, with a double thread, A shroud as well as a shirt."

The widowed mother, almost crushed by her bereavement, has to provide for the wants of her little family. She cannot surely spare a single day for sickness from her woman's work, which is never

Neither hard times, nor a pressure of business, cause people to leave their farms, their merchandise, or the public marts; but, let an epidemic come like a whirlwind, it terrifies and depopulates villages and cities. The nearest and dearest ties in life have been profaned by a desertion at an hour when sympathy from friends is the most needed, because self-preservation for the time being has controlled every other emotion. The simoons of business may sweep away wealth; but if there is a vigour in the constitution, a person can laugh at calamities and have no fear for the rise or fall in stocks. As the spider, when her web is brushed away, can from her own life spin another, so can the person with physical energy and endurance battle with the waves of adversity. The tree can renew its foliage and branches, but if a worm at the root sap the vitality, its vigour is gone for ever.

Let us look at some of the diseases which blight society, nearly every one of which could be prevented.

First, the diseases of infancy and childhood. They are generally of the brain, throat, alimentary canal or stomach. With regard to difficulties of the throat, as croup or diptheria, when there is a disintegration of the mucous membrane of the larynx or trachea, there is not much hope of a cure. In nine out of ten cases of croup, if attention was paid to the early stages of the disease, it is the opinion of a physician who has had great experience

with the diseases of children, that the disease could be prevented. As to diptheria, in one neighbourhood there were twenty deaths, and five in one family died in a fortnight. The mother said that two months before, a large pond had been cleaned, and that when the same pond had been cleaned two years before, out of a village of 300 persons,

forty were sick with typhus fever. With regard to cholera infantum, a terrible scourge for children, a medical journal cites twentyone deaths in one locality in one week. The rapidity and fatality of the disease were remarkable. The advice was given in the same journal, that great care should be taken to prevent children from being exposed to cold and dampness, without sufficient clothing. A striking comment on the prevention of this disease! Nearly every case of congestion of the brain, or convulsions from teething, could be prevented by attention to the simple laws of circulation of the blood through the system. Hydrocephalus has been successfully treated by a Scotch physician, who combated it in the early stages.

My heart aches for infants whose first impressions of life are received from the workhouse. Existence to them is a curse, but being born, they ought to receive proper attention. An English journal states, that in the united parishes of three workhouses (I will not call their names, though they are printed) there is not one instance, in the living memory, of an infant surviving the treatment. You might as well kill an infant outright, as to give it the dregs of workhouse porter to drink, and the scraps of workhouse salted pork, or coarse bread soaked in boiling water, coloured with milk, for a diet. No wonder gastric fever supervenes. If perambulators could talk they might give us much information about spinal diseases. With adults, the diseases are mostly consumption, scrofula in its hydra-headed forms, dyspepsia, fevers, and insanity, &c., &c. A celebrated physician in Edinburgh states, that 70,000 people in Great Britain die every year of consumption, and that it is quite certain that more than half of these deaths could be prevented, if the proper sanatory arrangements for ventilation and living were enforced. That he has found that the most malignant cases of cholera have been among patients whose rooms were ill-ventilated, cleanliness neglected, and drunkenness prevailed.

All testify that small-pox could be prevented by vaccination. A physician in Ireland, connected with a hospital, told me last winter, that after they had effected a thorough drainage in their hospital, they rarely saw a trace of puerperal fever. When before that time they had been troubled with this terrible fever, so seldom cured. Having seen this fever in a hospital in this city, I do not hesitate to say that in every case the seeds of the fever had been planted before the patient entered the hospital, the consequence of a wrongly-spent life. No one can doubt but that when 123 men out of 146 died in eleven hours in the Black Hole at Calcutta, where they were confined in a space of

eighteen feet square, that every principle of respiration was violated, and that these deaths could have been prevented. When several young ladies imbibed arsenic while making green wreaths,

and died, it was simply cause and effect.

From the Medical Times we read that in Besancon, the watchmakers, who use much copper in their work, die early of consumption. Out of 200 deaths, 127 were of consumption; and from the whole number of deaths in the place, the watchmakers furnish 40 per cent., while they are only 5 per cent. of the whole population. Dr. Perron ascribes these effects to natural causes, as the absorption of copper, sitting in a cold room without much exercise. Dr. Lancaster states that almost every town-well is poisoned with the filth of streets and cesspools; while the water may appear clear, yet death lurks unseen. A woman lay dying in a town in England; she called her husband to her side, saying, "Hard work has brought me here." She was a victim to the desire of both to gain the riches of this world, but she did not live to enjoy it. We have not forgotten the 200 who were suffocated in the mines of Hartley, for the want of the requisite number of cubic inches of air to sustain life. In a city of America there was a great amount of sickness and death at one time. By investigation it was traced to drinking water which had become poisoned from flowing through lead pipes.

An important man, who lectured on Sanatory Reform in Dundee, advised the people, if they wished to become healthy and happy, never to take a house that has no means of ventilation, or a good supply of water and sunlight. If it be not a fallacy that the body is formed from the blood, and the blood from the food, then it would seem to be a natural inference, that most of the diseases to which flesh is heir are in consequence of improper diet. Dr. Carpenter says that the nervous system influences the organic functions, that it provides the conditions either immediate or remote, under which these functions can be performed, and when its activity ceases they can no longer be maintained. How important, then, to understand the nervous system, its influences on every physical condition of life. Insanity, which, like a vampire, destroys the happiness of a whole family could be prevented before it becomes incurable. I have said, thirdly, that woman was a stumbling-block, either negatively or positively, in the way of sanatory reform. First, Woman is the mother of the race. It is the culmination of her power, and a blessed mission. She gives to her offspring many of their characteristic types of character. A consumptive mother may transmit consumption to a dozen children, or she may endow them with a constitution which shall be full of vitality. Secondly, After birth, the mother has the power to mould the plastic bodies of her children as she likes. The sanatory committee may visit her dwelling and remove all outward, external causes of disease; but if they do not interest the mother in the principles of health, when they have left her dwelling she

may counteract all their good deeds of love and mercy.

She can develop distorted spines, crooked limbs, and other malformations, at pleasure. Believing that every child should have an inheritance of health, that nothing should pass into the stomach of the child but nutriment which can be assimilated into good blood, we cannot sit with folded hands and see so many blighted hearth-stones.

The Westminster Review complains of the ignorance of mothers. That when the most profound knowledge is hardly sufficient to train the young, it seems strange that those who are continually with children should deem the task as of trivial

importance.

How obvious is it that every woman should be taught life laws, that specific measures should be taken to diffuse light, not only by tracts, but by instruction in the school, at home, in the lectureroom. Then our cemeteries would not be as well filled by little blossoms nipped in their early youth. If this were the case, how changed would be the vocation of the physician, who would then be able to teach the people the art of living. The physician could give the theories, and the mother could put those theories into practice. Life would then be one gleam of sunshine, and as among the native tribes of the Hindoos, the perceptible difference in the physical formation among the tribes is an index to their moral peculiarities, so as the physical type of the Anglo-Saxon race—acknowledged to be naturally the finest—was perfected, so would the moral type develop in the same proportion of excel-

There is an old Grecian myth, of a sphinx, with the head of a woman and the body of a lion. It propounded a riddle to all travellers who passed through Thebes, and destroyed those who could not solve it. Let us rear a sphinx in social science, and our riddle to be proposed to the people shall be the Evangels of Health and Happiness, as the Penates or Household Gods.

Will that era ever dawn when these things shall

be?

Though it seems to be one of the improbabilities, as it seemed to Macbeth "that Birnam Wood could never come to Dunsinane," yet as the magician's prediction was wonderfully verified in that case, so hope whispers that the morning twilight has come, and anon the golden day will dawn, when health laws will be promulgated among the people. And woman, especially, will feel that the study of physiology is just as important as the study of music or French. But let us all work in faith, both men and women, without antagonisms, doing what our hands find to do with all our might.

May these things be."

[&]quot;Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
But like each other, even as those who love;
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men,
Then reign the world's great bridals chaste and
calm—
Then springs the crowning race of human kind—

A FEW WORDS ON THE TURKISH BATH.

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I suppose there is scarcely any one who, by this time, does not entertain some general idea of the nature and operation of the Turkish Bath; or who has not formed an opinion and, to his own satisfaction, come to some conclusion upon its merits or demerits; too often, however, without having made himself master of the whole subject, and certainly, in many cases, without having tested by personal experience the working and effect of the thing he condemns. This is too often done merely upon the testimony of some prejudiced witness, or, at best, by the application of rules adaptable to other cases, but which a simple experiment could not have failed to convince any one were in no way analogous to this.

In these few words I purpose to give the result of personal experience; and, as an apology for the minuteness of detail upon which I may enter, I may be allowed to say that I have repeatedly met with persons who, entertaining the most decided prejudices against the system of hot-air baths, and energetically labouring to justify that prejudice by theory of established cause and effect, were yet wholly ignorant of the minutiæ of the process, as, of course, of its results, and, in fact, entertaining the most absurd and erroneous notions thereupon.

That the readers of this magazine at least may not have ignorance to plead as an excuse,—that they may labour under no false impressions that they are to be "steamed," "soaked," "scalded," "peeled,"—that their joints are to be cracked, or unwarrantable liberties taken with their bodily presence,—is the definite aim of these, my few words on the Turkish Bath.

I have no tale of bodily suffering to relate, no painful or prolonged ailment or tedious disorder, whose wondrous cure I am about to adduce in evidence. Mine was simply the sickness of mind and brain—the weary depression, the sleepless night, the constant presence of some threatening catastrophe, the more terrible that it takes no defined shape, and which, though reason stoutly refuses to acknowledge, returns as often as repulsed. Finally, the dread growing day by day that the over-taxed brain may refuse to comply with the wonted calls upon its resources. horrrid consciousness that already that dread is producing the very evil which you shrink from thinking of, yet cannot banish from your thoughts, -these are the symptoms which you who have not known are happy, and for which no physician can prescribe; or if he do, we know almost by heart what the prescription will be-"Change of air, sea-side recreation, and bathing; cheerful society, and total cessation from mental labour."

This to a man chained to the perpetually revolving wheels of journalistic mechanism! As well bid the furnaces be extinguished, the engines sleep, the hands go play, and still the web be spun. I know, you know, many of you, how simply impossible such a prescription would be to obey. I

therefore, by experience grown wise, saved myself the needless compunction of disobedience by simply not seeking the advice; and, in much such mood as I can imagine inclines many an unhappy mortal to make an end of the temporary ills of this life in the short-sightedness of insanity, I betook myself to Westminster. Not to its bridge, not to seek council of the nation's represented wisdom, not to claim consolation of her saints and martyrs there reposing, but to the Turkish Baths, situated in Victoria Street.

I don't know but I might have entertained some vague hope that one of the many catastrophes predicated by the anti-innovators (as certain to result from the introduction of the hot-air bath) might come to pass; that I might be asphyxiated, steamed, peeled, or apoplexied out of existence, and so shift the responsibility of my decease on to the shoulders of the Oriental Bath Company of London (Limited).

But it was not to be; I am yet in existence, and that I, with a double zest, appreciate the fact, I owe, and with no limitation, to that very excellent institution.

Having first blundered into the horse department, and discovering my mistake, I made my way to the centre entrance—the further one being, I understood, appropriated to ladies (of which more anon). A lofty entrance-hall, with a domed top, and gallery running round it, a plashing fountain in the centre, the walls lined with flowers of every hue, sending forth the most delicious fragrance, pillars of scagliola marble, vases of sculptured stone, made the first impression a pleasing one. Depositing my entrance fee, I passed up a wide marble staircase, and entered a spacious room, round which were placed couches of a peculiar form, the use of which I was afterwards to learn. The floor was matted, so that not even a footfall sounded through its lofty extent. I was met by an attendant, and conducted to a dressing-room, where I undressed, and invested myself in a costume of the very slightest, and which is most frequently seen decorating the person of the "Bounding Brother" or "Athletic Arabian" while performing his wondrous feats of agility and skill, climbing poles, balancing kitchen chairs, and generally encumbering the thoroughfare. This (ought I to say these?) and a pair of wooden clogs completing my attire, I followed my attendant to a second room, whose floor was of tesselated marble. the sides of stone decorated with tastefully-designed The light, admitted through stained glass, shed a dim religious aspect over all, the atmosphere being, at least to my perceptions, about that of the palm-house in Kew Gardens. Here I was requested by my attendant (a Bounding Brother in costume as myself) to take up my position upon a couch, covered with thick linen sheets. I sat down, but the horizontal, he assured me, as indeed it afterwards proved, would be found most agreeable. My head was moistened with, I believe, tepid water, and I was left to my first experience of the Orientals' dolce far niente.

My impression is that we almost universally fail in realizing enjoyment. In the most delightful experiences of our existence, we are scarce permitted to say it is, ere it has vanished. We enjoy undoubtedly, but we fail to realize that we do enjoy. At least that has been a constant idea with me; and in looking back upon past experiences of pleasure in many of its phases, I have repeatedly had this theory confirmed. But here was an exception,—I enjoyed, I knew not what, yet to the full I realized enjoyment. Ease, luxury, rest, comfort-none of these words, nor all of them, can convey the smallest impression of my feelings as I lay, yielding myself up to enjoyment. Peace was descending upon me in some impalpable form; not sleep, but its quintescent essence of repose, stole upon my senses. I floated not in dreams but visions. I essayed to recall momently some of those harsh rebellious thoughts, those taunting cares which had burdened me and made life a misery within the last—what?—twenty-four hours? Pshaw! time was annihilated; care? what was it? Life? why this was to live,—and I resigned myself to repose, not blank unconscious repose, but the rest that is conscious, the peace that is a sensation.

The outside world had faded, here was a land of stillness and twilight; the hushed footfalls, the plashing of distant waters, the domed roof, the mosaic floors, the stained windows—all so new, so far removed from aught connected with the outer world, I make no doubt, had their share in that influence which, acting combinedly upon body and

mind, enact their final result upon both.

I was roused by the attendant, who brought me a glass of water. I drank it; it has the effect of promoting perspiration; though the heat of the bath produces no thirst whatever, which it assuredly would do if prejudicial. Soon I was requested to pass on into the inner room, technically the Sudatorium or Callidarium, that which I vacated being the Tepidarium. There the heat would have been, doubtless, intense, entered immediately from the outer air, but I had graduated in the furnace. and now found only a pleasant accession of warmth. I had heard of sulphurous effluviæ, of vapourous exhalations, which oppressed the chest and impeded breathing-none of these were here. breathed as freely, I rested as tranquilly, as if in my own room; far more than ever I had done of late, even in the open air. I resigned myself again to peaceful meditations, upon a couch similar to the last; but my time was come, I was pronounced in a fit condition, and the shampooer took possession

Dipping his hand from time to time in a bowl of water beside him, the attendant began by rubbing my arms from shoulder to wrist, not with open hand, but clasping the limb in his closed fingers, thus compressing the muscles, but not unpleasantly. The fingers were in turn successively rubbed and pulled; the legs, feet, and toes, went through the same process: my shoulders, chest, and back, were vigorously rubbed, pressed, kneaded; the thumbs passed repeatedly down the line of the vertebræ, the

loins receiving particular attention; not an inch of my body but thoroughly made answer to the vigi. lant requisitions of my persevering shampooer, I was then by him conducted into the Lavatorium, where, taking my seat upon a marble slab, he bestowed on me the most thorough scrubbing I ever received, I imagine, since I was born. Soap was plentifully applied to every part of the limbs and torso of this much-thumbed individual. Two taps, marked respectively "hot" and "cold," were set running, till the water mingling in the marble font beneath, became of the desired temperature; the attendant then commenced the "rinsing" process, dashing the water in bowls full over me, from head to foot; the sensation was of the most delicious that can be conceived. My skin had certainly acquired new powers; rather, I should say, had been renewed; I felt the track of the water as it coursed over my body, and realized intense purity.

Again a slush, this time cooler, so carefully graduated, that even when the ice-cold shower was directed upon me, it refreshed, but gave no shock.

The attendant quitted me for a minute, and returned, bearing a large sheet, which had been warmed by remaining awhile in the *Calidarium*. This he held up on extended arm; I, dropping my insigna of the B. B., enveloped myself in the ample

linen, and stepped forth a new man.

I was conducted into the outer apartment, the one through which I had passed on entrance: there I took possession of one of the couches, which are so constructed as to afford support to every part of the body. The sensation is, indeed, less one of lying than of being sustained in mid air. The process of "cooling down" is simply passive; but how common-place the words, how poor, indeed, are all words to describe the sensations—which, though none of my companions spoke, all evidently were sharing-indeed, to speak would have been to mar the full tide of enjoyment. The sensation admits not of description. I was born again, physically and mentally. That my skin was smooth as satin; that the very touch of it was electric; that I seemed actually to breathe through it, was little-it was the exquisite relief, the lifting off of a burden, the new animation, the lightened spirit, the restored balance of my powers; the dominance of mind over matter. No more carping and cavilling at life and its cares; no more shirking of its responsibilities. Life itself was an extasy-1 had been born anew. I am not certain, I think there were flowers in the room, and that drawn blinds only partially shaded the open windows.

"What! lying in a sheet and open windows," I hear some wise theorist exclaim.—Even so. I will enter upon no argument, wise person, with

you, I will only say, go you and try.

I say I cannot speak with confidence of the surroundings of this cooling-room or Frigidarium, I retain but a general impression of beatification, of a sense restored, of powers regained, of—and with no conceit I say it—a rendering back to self, which absorbed all minor subjects of remark.

I had some excellent coffee with biscuits; and let

me impress this fact upon my readers, who may be inclined to test for themselves the value of this bath, as a curative or restorative agent, never take the bath within two hours, at the least, after eating a meal; never quit it, without, if possible, taking some nourishment, however slight. Neglect in these points has, I am confident, given rise to much of the false representations circulated on the subject.

It is not permitted to you to dress until a certain time has elapsed, say ten or fifteen minutes in the cooling-room; indeed, the period so spent is one we feel in no way disposed to abridge; and the very act of resuming one's former garments seems repellant, and to savour of desecration towards the

I shall not easily forget the altered feelings with which I quitted the building and walked up Victoria-street. Every object had assumed a different line; the jaundiced veil had dropped from my eyes; I walked upon air, rather I seemed to float upon it.

"I moved and could not feel my limbs, I was so light, almost

I thought that I had died in sleep, I was a blessed ghost."

No ghostly meal was it, however, that I ate on my return home. Very long indeed since I had made such calls upon the domestic larder as that evening induced the not displeased comments of my kind caterer. What a blessed slumber visited me that night! the refreshed feeling with which I opened my eyes the next morning recalled in a flash of thought my boyish days, when the very sensation of waking to the daylight was a joy. You remember, my readers, nay, perhaps, you are

so happy as not yet to have lost it.

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Yet I know that I must address myself to a large class, when I speak to those who have felt as I have described—the lassitude to which no physician can minister, the depression no medicine can remove—and whom the perpetual "inheritance of toil" leaves no chance of change, no choice from sedentary applications. Great is the penalty, the suffering, and not the less, that their malady is nameless, and gains little pity-and, alas! great the temptation! The glass of wine, well, it stimulates for the time, but the reaction passes away; and we know the work performed under that temporary stimulant will not bear revision. Try you this, of which I have endeavoured to give a faint idea. From its effects there is no reaction, it restores the man to himself, it does not lift him up for the time, above the present, only to make the future yet more unbearable; it clears away from his mental vision the cobwebs which incipient disease have spun about his intellect and fancy, and sets him once more free, and untrammelled, to cope with the duties of his daily life.

I would fain insert here a few words from a lady friend, whom I begged to give me her experience of the Turkish Bath, believing that it is imperative its uses should be more widely known and appreciated among mothers and wives than it

has yet had any chance of becoming. I shall offer no apology for the emphatic style of my fair correspondent's communication. Knowing something of her previous suffering, and the signal relief she obtained from the remedy she extols, I can pardon a little enthusiasm on the score of gratitude.

To be continued.]

"FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO SHANGHAI."

No. 9

Gulf of Bengal, Nov. 23, 1861.

Dear M.,—At 4 a.m. yesterday, we sighted Galle, and very glad of it we were. A rocket fired as a pilot signal, brought half the passengers on deck, where many remained, until the anchor was let go, at 6.16. This decided the "Galle Lottery," a very splendid affair. Every one who entered for it subscribed 10s.; and there were sixty subscribers. So tickets were made out; forty-eight had a quarter of an hour each; twelve had an hour each. Thus one stood to win £6; the other £22; (£2 being for the second). The winner was an Australian. I did not go in for it. There was one man on board proverbially lucky; he won two raffles, and the Aden Lottery.

After breakfast we went ashore in a catamaran, about 9 inches wide; nothing but the outrigger could prevent its upsetting. I bought an umbrella, and a ring, apparently almost the only articles of merchandise in the country. For the umbrella I paid 1s. It is made of paper and bamboo. The ring was offered at 50s.; but as the setting is not gold, and the stone, though it tries to be a ruby, looks suspiciously like rock-crystal, I bid 2s. for it, which, after some chaffing about "Brummagem" goods, was taken. The design of the ring is very pretty. Do you remember a story, in one of the Agathos books, about a servant who was sent out to buy jewels, and got only glass? This might be done any day at Galle. The natives bring you little bits of unset stones, very like real, and for which they ask the price of real, trusting to the "verdure" of the new English, to keep up the market.

We got a carriage, and drove to the Cinnamon Gardens, four miles inland. A river flows by these; so we hired two boats [or rather rafts, for they are made of two hollow trees, with a gridiron platform tied across them], and a gun, and went shooting. One of us, Glasson, shot a kingfisher and a gull. Two fellows came out in white trousers; finding the ground muddy and watery, they took off their boots and socks, but a little farther on, they sank above their knees, and when extricated, their ducks were half black, half white, so they took them off, and gave to the boat-boys to wash, and

went on, "sans culottes," looking, in their solar helmets, short coats, and shirt tails, like a couple

of ancient Romans.

The river is very beautiful, covered with large water-lilies, and small white flowers, which shut up, when sunk. I picked two, to send home, but they are too fragile. When we returned, we went on board our new steamer, the "Pekin," a little paddle-boat; but, thank goodness, she does not shake, and there are only about twenty-five passengers; - only one lady, a Dutch woman.

Galle is the prettiest place I ever saw; palm trees down to the water's edge, and the vegetation just like the tropical court at the Crystal Palace. Nice little houses, with verandahs, and stone floors, clean-looking natives, and a general air of quiet, Brixtonian respectability, are its chief features. The natives wear capital whiskers, and comb their

hair back.

The crew of the "Pekin" is a very medley lot: Africans, Malays, Lascars, and Chinese; the latter, the only clean ones, -they were white blouses, blue trousers, and men-of-war's hats: they row the Captain's gig, and very nice they look.

On board the "Candia," the stewards had a nigger troupe among themselves, and very fair they were for amateurs; they used to perform on deck,

forward, in the evening.

November 25th, 1861.

My twenty-first birth-day, and I totally forgot it, until I had to write the date. I suppose you are patronizing great-coats and fires: I am dressed all in white. It is much warmer here than it was in the Red Sea. Yesterday, for dinner, I had some new dishes; pilaw, mangoes and Bombay ducks. Pilaw is fowl stewed with rice, onions, almonds, and raisins. Bombay ducks are little fish, like large sprats, dried, cured, spiced and flattened, till they are about as thick as brown paper. They are crisp, and very good. Mangoes are not nice, they look something like quinces. One day on board the "Candia," we had some figs, stewed like Normandy pippins.

We are getting shockingly out of condition, through want of exercise; a day or two ago we had a little single-stick play; but we got out of wind, strained and tired, in a most disgusting

manner. Won't we exercise at Shanghai!

Advent Sunday.

On Friday, at six P.M. we reached Penang. As the sun had just set, and darkness was close at hand, we got into a four-oared proa and went ashore. This is the first part of the Chinese territory; the houses are two-storied, and not more than thirty feet high, the shops open to the street, but closable with grass screens. A large gutter runs along each side of the street, and serves for various purposes. Every shop was lighted with lanterns, and at the back of each was the god of the owner. The name of each house is written in gold characters on a black board. A youngster who was with us, a French Hong Kong boy, could speak a little Chinese; so we went into some shops, a blacksmith's,

shoe-maker's, opium shop, &c. Here we met with lots of Chinamen, such as you see on tea chests,

wearing wide hats, and carrying scales.

The vegetation here is something marvellous. reaching up the hills for miles, and as close as possible; lots of rhododendrons, arbutus, cocoapalms, mangoes, nutmegs, round about which flutter huge green, blue, and other coloured butterflies, four inches across, also some of a bright yellow. A strong smell of spices floats over the island. Pine apples are quite common.

The water here is quite phosphorescent at night,

and sparkles like a glow-worm parliament.

The stokers are Nubians, called Seedy boys, (I can't answer for the spelling,) (Query Sidi)-the heat of the furnace is so intense, that their clothes get completely wet, and they are obliged to squeeze through the coal-hole, to get a little cool air. On deck, they do nothing but play at cards, and go to sleep.

No. 10.

China Seas, Dec. 10th, 1861.

Dear M.,—At Singapore we received our extra passengers, including the Bishop of Hong Kong. Landing at Singapore we walked to the town, about three miles inland, declining a carriage, (although the day was very hot,) for the sake of the exercise. At the town we found nothing to do; so we had tiffin, and played at bowls till the evening, when we went on the esplanade among the European residents, and listened to the music of a very good Sepoy brass band. This is the most English looking town that we have touched at: it is about as large as Dover. There are lots of Chinese houses, ornamented with lanterns and dragons, and shoals of Chinese and Malays in conical hats; but European buildings are filling up the best part of the town. We came on board at 1 A.M., passing several trees covered with fire-flies. These trees look exactly like the sprites' dresses at Astley's. Next morning we hired a sampau, and went for a long swim, the sun was just covered with clouds, which prevented it being too hot. The sampaus are built in the shape of a fish, and the rower sits on the tail, and rows forwards with one paddle. After bathing we went over a French steamer abominably dirty. The Siamese Ambassadors are in her, so she sported their national flag, a white elephant on a red ground, hoisted half-mast high in consequence of the death of the Queen. As our steamer did not sail till 2 P.M., we made the Malay diving-boys row a race of three heats in their canoes for a rupee. Four boats started, but one upset: the winning crew paddled very cleverly, and at a tremendous pace. As we turned the corner from Singapore, we came right on to the rough weather; a break-water was put on to the fore-castle, the anchors drawn on deck and secured, the boats hoisted up high as a supernumerary bulwark, and everything done to keep the water off. Lots of the passengers were seasick again, but neither of us. The sky was cloudy and the weather dull, lightning and rain occasionally, and a strong head wind. This lasted for about five days, but now we are out of it. We often have turtle soup for dinner, turtle pies and cutlets for breakfast, as these critters are common and cheap out here, but though this seems luxurious, next to our plate stands a tumbler of water a week old, lukewarm, and full of hair, dust and bits of string. One of my photographic pictures—Henry II., has gone to smash, both glass and frame. This one I had packed up carefully in flannel; the other, which is unhurt, I laid among my music, unprotected.

No. 11.

Shanghai, December 24th, 1861.

DEAR M., - Settled at last. We reached Hong Kong at 8 P.M., on the 12th, and H. G. came on board, to fetch me to stay with him, until it was time to go to Shanghai. (It strikes me you don't know him, he was a First Surrey man.) So we got three chairs, like Lord Elgin occupies in the nursery at home, and entered Hong Kong in style. It is too hilly to walk, except for pleasure; "pigeon" is transacted in chairs, & dollar a journey, long or short. The weather was hot and rainy-altogether nasty. Next day we called on our business correspondents, and idled away the day. In the evening, there was a capital military band at the parade ground. Next day, passed much in the same way. Really there is nothing to record at Hong Kong, except that pirates swarm in the harbour, and everybody carries a loaded revolver at night, likewise a big stick. On Sunday 15th, we started for Shanghai, and had a nice rough passage; one night, there was a heavy gale, and I, novice, was half suspicious about the soundness of the vessel, as the sea kept striking the sponsons, like a sledge hammer, and making her jump and tremble, in a very nasty manner, amid a chorus of knives and forks, glasses, chairs, and other articles of furniture, which made a point of falling down and breaking, whenever they had a chance. On Saturday 21st, at 2.10 p.m., we dropped anchor at Shanghai, and went on shore. The country about here is very low and flat, but very like some parts of England; perhaps this is due to running streams and willows all over the place. The town is about as long as Lewisham, and, all along the river-side, the houses are very fine, large and square-built.

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I have got a capital coolie boy, who wears a long blue cassock (pigtail of course), blue cap, and red button—in fact, a thorough celestial. He costs me, I suppose, seven taels per month. At 7 A.M., he comes into my room, lights the fire, and brings in a tray with a cup of tea, some toast and butter. I get up when I like, and go down into the office. At 11 A.M. we breakfast, and then back to "pigeon" until 4, when we go for a walk, or take some kind of exercise. Dinner is served at 7 p.m. A very absurd custom prevails all over the city—although there are (chez nous) no ladies, everybody puts on full dress, faultlessly exact, for dinner. Even a man dining solus, would do so, as,

should an acquaintance drop in to spend the evening, he would be horribly disgusted, if in dishabille.

The language we have to talk can be well gathered from the enclosed—" My name is Norval." It is a curious trait of the Chinese, and one which Dean Trench might like to know, that they have no word "to give;" everything is "pay." Give Mr. Smith this note, would be, "Pay Mr. Smith that piecee chit." If you ask a boatman why he paints an eye on his Sampan, he will say, "No hab eye, how can see? No can see, how can savee? No can savee, how can do?" These boys are generally very honest. Mine empties all my pockets to brush my things; but puts everything on the table, from percussion-caps to dollars, and they may lie there safe till doomsday. He is responsible for every good and chattle I possess. Smoking is allowed everywhere, from the office to the drawing-room.

But I ought to have mentioned the church. No boys exist in the city, so no human power could raise a choir. It is as ugly a building as I ever saw, square, with a chancel stuck on the west or south end, horsebox pews, and kaleidoscopic "east" window.

I tried to play a sonata last night, but found that the voyage has taken nearly all the play out of me, and I feel disgusted, and rather like the boy who resolved not to go into the water till he could swim. Mr. H. is a splendid musician.

An Englishman's room here is his castle, sacred to himself and his coolie, and he may remain unquestioned all day, when not wanted for "pigeon."

"PIGEON ENGLISH."

My name belong Norval. Topside that Hill, talkee Grampian, my father pay chow-chow that sheep anything. He savee No. 1 take care that dollar. He likee too much anything more large that day. That day before, besides, he likee my stop inside, because he got no other son for my. Any man outside talkee have got largee fightee, and my wanchee too much go along, some largee Mandarin do fightee pigeon. My father no likee, but very soon my catchee handsome chance, &c., &c.

HUMAN MORTALITY.

NO. II

The tabular figures quoted in our May number, of course, indicate the rate of mortality among the population generally. A little consideration will, however, soon render it obvious that this is a widely different thing from the rate of mortality prevailing in any given district; among any specific class of persons; or amongst individuals engaged in any particular occupation. The rate of mortality ex-

hibited by the English Life Table portrays, as nearly as may be, the average duration of life in the United Kingdom, but it by no means indicates the value of life among particular classes, or in particular districts. A table of mortality which deals with the entire kingdom, treats every individual as a mere unit, and deals with healthy and unhealthy alike. Its inexorable ledger is no respecter of persons. It records that A. or B. lived so many years, "and then died." This is the summing up of the history of all the patriarchs of old, and it does not appear that we can make much advance upon it now. A life table which attempts to go beyond this is liable to fall into errors innumerable. Death is death; it is a fate from which none of us can escape, but when we die off one by one, the record of the circumstance of each successive death is simply the record of a fact. There lies before the survivors the dead body, and none of them can recall it to life. They accordingly bury their dead out of their sight, and the mortuary register gradually swells with the list of those called to their last account. All registration connected with such events, is, as we said before, the simple record of a fact. The moment, however, we seek to go beyond this, sex alone excepted, which is likewise an ascertainable fact, we encounter a risk of error at every step. If we advance to record the ages at which particular individuals died, we introduce a suspicious element, open to doubt, and approach towards a commingling of fact and opinion. The death itself is a fact unquestionable, the accuracy of the register of the age at death may be affected by a variety of circumstances all tending to impeach its complete reliability. But if we pass on to the next step, and seek to assign the cause of each particular death we get into a complete fog altogether. We then get into a thorough conglomeration of fact and opinion. And it is just at this point that the real difficulty of collating vital statistics begins. Indeed, the actuaries and statisticians have not really mastered this point yet. The cause of death is usually certified by the doctor in attendance, but this, after all, is merely his opinion, and may or may not be correct. A second medical man might be of a totally different opinion about the matter, and who shall decide when doctors disagree? If we advance a step further still, and inquire into the effect of different occupations upon longevity, we are still met by a mixture of fact and opinion. And we are also met by a further element of difficulty. Children are not born to any particular occupation, and whatever occupation in after life they may be disposed or compelled to follow, will very much depend, in its effect upon the mortality tables, upon the age at which they entered upon it. Nor is this all; for persons are continually changing their occupations, passing into other lines of life altogether. A most pitiful story might be written of the mortality existing among dress-makers, for example, and nobody can say that they are not over-worked; but the ages at which they die are but a fallacious test of the mortality after all. And for two reasons.

1. They enter upon their duties in early life, and therefore if their occupation really has a tendency to produce premature mortality, the total of their ages will not count for much in the death roll; and 2. Young ladies will do such things as get married, and so they pass into another class of society, leaving their poor suffering sisters to pine and die, while they themselves become buxom mothers, and rejoice in a number of "olive branches round about their table." The age at which a person enters upon a particular occupation, and the age at which he quits it by death, or otherwise, ought to be taken fully into account in assessing the damage done to the human constitution by the class of employment in question. If, for example, we were to take the case of ensigns, and applying our mortality table to them, were to ascertain the ages of those who died as ensigns, we should get a remarkably ugly table of premature mortality, for the simple reason that all the lives are young, and in the natural course of things either die or pass on to a higher rank before they get very old. If, however, we took a list of generals and tested them in the same manner, we should get a widely different result. And for a precisely similar reason. The general does not reach his rank until he is well on in years, and, therefore, cannot figure in any list of premature mortality. Hence it would be clearly absurd to argue that an ensign must have an unwholesome berth because he dies young, while the general enjoys just the opposite state of things because he always lives to be old.

But we must advance still further, and again fresh difficulties present themselves. The healthiness or unhealthiness of particular towns and districts is a fertile source of tribulation to the statistician. Here we have fact, opinion, Acts of Parliament, Boards of Works, drainage, and nobody knows what besides, all jumbled up together in most admired disorder. Who on earth can get out of this "rudis indigestaque moles" any thoroughly reliable facts? Take the City of London for example. Only the other day Dr. Letheby made his annual report as medical officer of health for the City, and in the course of that report he

says :-

"In Table III. the deaths are classified in the same manner as the births. They are arranged to show the mortality, male and female, for each season of the year, and for each district and sub-district of the City. Of the 2,845 deaths in the year, 1,472 were males, and 1,373 females. These numbers are in the proportion of 107 of the former to 100 of the latter. In the Eastern Union they are as 97 to 100; in the Western, as 117 to 106; and in the City proper as 111 to 100. In all England the proportion is as 103 to 100. The actual death-rate of the two sexes can scarcely be estimated from these numbers, because they do not comprehend the proportions of the living; but if looked at from another point of view it will be seen that the mortality of the several districts of the City has ranged from 21.5 per 1,000 inhabitants to 28.9. The first is the death-rate of the Central district, and the last of the Western. In the Eastern Union the mortality was 25.9 to the 1,000; and in the whole of the City it has

been 248. It may be that the actual death-rate is not nearly so high as this, for the census of 1861 was taken at a time when a very large proportion of the City population was employed beyond its boundaries; when, in fact, the demand for labour in the hop-fields and market-gardens of the adjoining counties had drawn the poor population from their homes. This has, doubtless, caused a smaller return of the population of the poorer districts than there should have been; but still, with every allowance for this, it is manifest that the death-rate is excessively high—that it is nearly double of what it should be, if measured by the standard of mortality which better circumstances have rendered attainable. I know that the conditions of a city life are hardly comparable to those which exist in a rural district; and that a penalty must always be paid for the privilege of civilization, and for the right of partaking of the greater luxuries of the metropolis, but this penalty need not be the half of a lifetime. In fact, although there are inevitable disadvantages in such a kind of life as the City presents, there are also many compensating benefits. If, indeed, in the hard struggle for subsistence, there is a greater strain upon both mind and body, there are likewise more ample means for maintaining it; for every want which human necessity creates has here its supply; and the resources of curative science are almost unlimited. That which aggravates the conditions of a City life is altogether apart from this; it is the dense over-crowding of the population; the living in houses which are unfit for human habitation; the close and ill-ventilated state of the courts and alleys; the systematic neglect of cleanliness among the poor, and their living continually in an atmosphere of decomposition."

Surely we need add nothing to this extract to show the various conflicting elements which enter into the question, the moment we wish to get beyond the registration of the naked fact of death. From the moment we seek to go beyond this, we find ourselves embarked upon a sea of difficulties, over which we have probably not yet found a pilot sufficiently skilful to conduct us to the right haven. Mr. Neison stands pre-eminent for the immense efforts which he has made in years gone by to ascertain the relative degrees of mortality existing in cities, towns, and rural districts; and he has also strenuously endeavoured to work out the comparative mortality as between various occupations. But we believe, that even he will admit, that the most perfect data procurable can never be brought up to the level of abstract and indisputable facts. Pure statistics should contain nothing which, in any way, savours of opinion or bias: and for this reason we feel inclined to view with something like distrust, any figures which deal in this matter with anything but the number of deaths, and the respective numbers of the sexes comprised in these deaths.

It is for these, among other reasons, that we would advise insurance offices to be a little more courageous than they have hitherto been in their acceptance of lives. Years ago nobody was accepted unless he was regarded by the medical man and the board as a "first-class" life. If he did not pass muster at the first venture he was "tabooed" for life, for none of the contemporary offices would accept him. And so he had to live and die unin-

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sured, and all because, probably, he was examined by some eccentric doctor who had notions of his own with respect to particular diseases, or a supposed tendency thereto, and proscribed the unhappy proposer accordingly. Now, the fact of the existence of disease, or of a tendency to it, is no proof either that the party afflicted, or expected to be afflicted, will die sooner than a healthy man. The old proverb says that "A creaking door hangs longest on the hinges." And this we know, from daily experience, to be a correct view of the case. Who does not recollect among his relatives and friends, persons who years ago were regarded as possessing lives not worth a year's purchase, while others who were then in robust health have long since gone to that "bourne from which no traveller returns?" The old system was, therefore, a most iniquitous one. If, indeed, the transaction had begun and ended between the proposer A and the office B, no particular harm would have come of it; but inasmuch as A, in proposing to another office C, was obliged to state that he had been already declined by office B, and that office C, on this ground alone, also declined him; and that then, when he applied to office D, and was in turn again declined, because he had already been declined by offices B and C; the cruelty of the reckless declining of lives became at every step more and more apparent. Fortunately, this very injustice led to the establishment of fresh offices of a less sensitive character; offices which took lives even if they were below the supposed "first-class" standard. The mode in which they met the difficulty was to charge the persons assumed to be below the level of the first-class, an additional premium, estimated to be equal to that requisite to place all classes of lives upon the same platform. This process consisted in charging the parties a premium corresponding to, say 3, 5, 7, 10, &c., years beyond their real age. These extra rates were, of course, calculated (?) by the medical men, but there certainly was never a greater absurdity committed in Life Assurance practice than that of seeking to measure the abridgment of a man's life in the fashion above quoted. It may be true that the person is not in robust health, but still he may be a tough, wiry customer, and live a long while. There is a species of vanity in the attempt of medical men and boards of directors, to measure lives to such a nicety, which savours very much of presumption. By what possible process can any medical man determine that some certain person's life is deteriorated so much that a premium corresponding to the age three years higher ought to be charged to meet the extra risk? How does he arrive at his judgment? Simply from his own notions and experience, and as these notions may be bigoted on the one side, and his experience limited on the other, we are again reminded forcibly of the admixture of fact and opinion, to which we have before adverted.

A correspondent of the *Times*, a few days ago, incidentally characterized the forms sent out by insurance offices as a "broken catechism of human disorders." He could not have adopted a more

perfect simile. The whole subject of medical examination preparatory to an introduction to a life-office requires re-consideration. Our statistics have not reached so high a pitch as to enable insurance offices to refine upon the "classes"

of lives in the manner usually adopted.

In the foregoing remarks it is not intended to convey, that a tolerable approach to accuracy cannot be made: all that is intended, is to point out the difficulties which beset the statistician the moment he gets beyond the region of downright facts. The utmost care and skill are required where the figures to be dealt with contain many disturbing and erratic elements; and seeing that speakers and writers have, somehow, an almost invariable inclination to plunge into statistics, there really does, after all, exist some ground for the popular notion that figures may be made to prove anything. Even the striking of an average is not so simple a matter

as would be commonly supposed.

After this digression we will return to the consideration of the process adopted by insurance offices in the acceptance of diseased or doubtful lives. The method is merely a "rule of thumb" one, and certainly requires more consideration than it has yet received. The medical profession have, certainly, a good deal still to learn in dealing with lives supposed to be below the standard of robust health. They have been attempting to be too clever; and the consequence is, that they have retarded the progress of Life Assurance. A man naturally objects to being charged a premium commensurate with that demanded of somebody three years older. He is conscious of no infirmity; and it is simply absurd for any medical man to attempt to measure any life and strike off three years from its supposed expectation. The trumpery addition to the premium is no real help to the office, but it disgusts the candidate for assurance, and he, very likely, refuses to complete his policy. And so the office loses by its "penny-wise and pound-foolish" policy. A more common-sense view of matters ought to be taken by the Life Offices generally. We do not say that all candidates for assurance should be accepted indiscriminately; but we do say, that some mode may be hit upon which is far simpler than that of medical examination in every case. If it be true that

"All men count all men mortal but themselves," there is not much chance of a rush of bad lives. But even if there were, the supposed bad lives do not all drop early. Furthermore, the facilities which would be given to the dissemination of Life Assurance would go a long way towards the liquidation of the losses which might be caused by

premature deaths.

There would be an immense saving in the matter of medical fees to begin with, and in the next place thousands of eligible persons would rush to insure their lives who are now deterred simply from the fear of a medical examination. For, be it observed, it is the supposed "first-class" life that has the horror of a doctor: your second or third-class life has been accustomed to a medical man's manipu-

lation, and he, therefore, thinks nothing about it. Which then, is the safer?

The delay, too, which occurs in getting the medical examination concluded, is also a fertile cause of mischief. We know of a case, for example, in which the medical man called five times upon the proposer, and the proposer called six times upon the medical man, and yet they did not succeed in meeting. The consequence of this was, that the proposer, in disgust, washed his hands of the entire affair. And this is, by no means, a solitary

specimen.

The "broken catechism of human disorders," to which the correspondent of the Times so pertinently alludes, is an elaborate contrivance for excluding good business on the one hand, and suggesting fraud on the other. The frightful array of questions which some offices send out is sufficient to drive many a wise man mad, and scarcely any one below the level of an angel from heaven, could pass through the ordeal triumphantly. Now, what is the use of all these elaborate inquiries? All that is really wanted to be known, is that the party is in reasonable health, and pursuing his usual avocations; and this information can be obtained without the interposition of a medical man, and without the agency of a "broken catechism" of some 200 or 300 questions. Not only so, but the greater the number of questions asked, the more certain is the office to be misled, for it must not be forgotten that all general practitioners are not really capable of giving correct answers to the minute questions put to them, and, therefore, the more searching the inquiries, the worse, by an infinite degree, for the office. A plain common-sense answer from a medical man to a few practical questions is of far more value than an elaborate report extending over two or three pages. But there is yet another element of difficulty, and one which has been generally overlooked. Great pains have been taken to find out the physical condition of a proposed life, but very little effort has been made to ascertain the domestic and mental conditions. Now, these latter may break up a hearty life sooner than any attack of bodily disease. Two men shall appear at an insurance office so like to each other that their respective mothers shall scarcely know "which is which," and yet though they are fully equal in point of physical strength, the one has mental trials which the other is exempt from, and he droops and dies; the other lives on, possibly, to a good old age. And yet, examined from a medical point of view, and according to the code of questions usually propounded, they were both first-class lives.

The point we wish to urge is, that more of common sense, and less of medical technicality should be introduced into the formulæ for the admission of candidates for assurance. Let us have as good an account from a non-medical point of view, of the man and his habits, as we can obtain, and then both sides will be gainers: the public, by a restriction being withdrawn, and the offices by an influx of good lives which are now kept out by the dread of

a prolonged medical examination.

LOSING, SEEKING, AND FINDING.
By the Author of "Aden Power."

[Continued from p. 78.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DOUBT .- A HAPPY RELEASE.

"Oh, had I faith, as in the days gone by, That knew no doubt, and feared no mystery!

And yet perhaps 'twere best
That she should die, with all the sunshine on her,
And all the benedictions of the morning,
Before this affluence of golden light
Shall fade into a cold and clouded grey,
Then into darkness.

Longfellow.

Five years have passed.

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A bold assertion it seems. By a few pen-strokes claiming your credence, O patient reader, to the fact that in these four words we dismiss the time of seed, blossom, harvest and slumber; the hopes, births, and joys, the deaths, marriages, and sorrows, of twenty recurring seasons.

Such a tax on your imagination as when honest Tom Noddy—whom you have known as an exemplary tallow chandler, an immaculate cotton spinner, or "waste-dealer"—rising from his genuflexion to royalty, you are requested henceforth to behold in him the loyal, trusty, and well-beloved knight, whom, as such, you are bound to respect and honour. All by virtue of the stroke of no less mild a weapon than has brought you and I acquaint.

Five years—not long—"It seems but yesterday, this day five years." The well-saved furniture is little worse, the thrifty housewife eyes complacently her yet fresh tapestries, her curtains and coverlids, still unsullied. "Who'd think they'd been in wear these five years?" and shakes, and smooths, and triumphantly prognosticates for them another five years' career, as free from speck or tarnish.

A brief, swift time to some.

Five years of taking in pussy's meat, and pouring out her milk, of toasting the mussin, and dozing over the weekly paper in the chimney corner, or the seventh day's sermon in the cozy pew.

Five years of gentle flowing, quiet little stream. Five years of dash and unrest, ne'er spent, headlong torrent.

Five years of the stone cell, the grated loophole, the painfully scratched register. Five years! there are three times that to come. 'Tis but a small part, yet oh, it seems a lifetime! The babe that was just born, when he came here first a prisoner, must be a man by now. Only five years! The iron has worn away the skin upon the poor ankle, the manacle hangs loose upon the wrist. Three times five!—will it have worn to the bone by then? Ah, it will not last; he shall die, long before another five! Up and down, pace the cell, bow the head, count the shadow of the grated bars—still the same

-eight each way. Five years. Three times that

—sixty seasons yet!

Friend of the minute, across this page, what may not the five years have brought you? To your hearth and home little faces and pattering feet, in which your own childhood is renewed, and for whom new words are added to your daily prayer; or, haply, for whose misery your tears fall more bitterly than for the pinch iron want has fixed upon yourself? Looking back across those twenty seasons, see you the summer or the winter plainest? Call you to mind the improved opportunity, the good resolve acted out, the evil impulse crushed; dear friendships formed, new ties drawn close—Hope your household guest?

These five years, have they brought you good fortune, in the marring of your dearest aspirations, or misery, mayhap, in the granting of your heart's desire? In them you have—favoured of Heaven—found its best gift, the one of all, to walk with you through life unto death. Or you have perhaps awoke, to find the temple you had raised a baseless ruin, to count the shadow of your prison bars, and mark the wearing of the iron, day by day.

It is a fine May morning, the daisies will be glistening on the grass-grown graves of "Piert's Rest;" but we have not now to do with them. We are far from the old scene, though the same sunshine lights up a huge formal-looking building, standing alone in a wide extent of open country.

Upon the slip of grass, on the side which receives the morning sun, two gentlemen are pacing to and fro; one, by his dress, we know is a clergyman, the other the superintendent of the reformatory.

"Yes," continues the latter, in answer to a remark from his companion; "a singular lad, an exception to every ordinary case, one that it is impossible to deal with by any general rule."

"He seemed intelligent, thoughtful."

"Yes, more thought than is natural, or good for any boy in his circumstances. He broods over some one idea, night and day, with the perseverance of a monomaniac. The fellow's life is actually devoured by the fever of his thoughts. He had a severe illness when he was received, I am told—was on the verge of death, in fact; since then he has been just as you have seen him. Tractable enough, with one exception, but in that perpetual mood of brooding anxiety."

"You say one exception."

"Yes; one of the lads informed us that Steyne never joined throughout in the Lord's Prayer with the rest; it was inquired into—your predecessor, Mr. Limpett, had the boy up to question him."

"He denied it, of course?"

"Not a bit—he owned to it, and when Mr. Limpett took him to task, confessed that he could not, in his conscience, ask to be forgiven his sins as he forgave, since he had from his heart determined never to forgive one man as long as he lived."

"A young heathen-shocking!"

"Well, there's not a doubt but the lad had been hardly used. It was pretty clear that he was innocent in the matter that sent him here; and it seems his family had suffered some wrong at the hands of the prosecutor; but Mr. Limpett very kindly showed the boy the error of his notions, and insisted on his repeating the prayers with the rest, though I believe the young rebel was only half convinced. It's astonishing, when some of these young folks do trouble themselves to think, what work they make with their philosophy - must puzzle you sometimes, I fancy, to help them out of the slough. But Steyne's a good lad, take him all in all; we have had less trouble with him than any other in the place; I only wish he had made a better start in life, and in more eligible company than he can't help having occasionally here."

"Yes, it's a pity. He leaves to-day; what does

he follow?"

"Nothing. He has shown no particular talent beyond a slight knack at mechanical construction. His whole mind is bent upon going in search of a baby sister, who was stolen years ago."

"Ah, I have heard something of it."

"A wild story-book notion; but the only person who seems to take any interest in him gives way to it, so nobody else can interfere. Now they have opened the doors, we can go through, I will show you the vaults; you'll be surprised at the extent—this way."

Meanwhile in one of the large airy dormitories, near an open casement, sat two boys, upon one of the clean narrow beds, on which, in marching order, lay all the worldly possessions of the elder.

Whom five years have not so changed, but that

we at once recognise him.

The earnest eyes, with their deep shadows, add to the intense expression of the pale face, with the short upper lip, square chin, wide brow, and thick dark hair. It would seem that Philip's solitary prison life has improved upon the poor promise of his childhood, though the great prerogative of humanity has set its mark already upon his young features, and he looks much older than in fact he is.

Upon the bed beside him sat a young boy; he could not be more than six years old, so stunted, pitiful, and sickly, yet with so much of the flaxenhaired innocence of the pretty child remaining, you must have wondered how even suspicion could charge such a creature with worse fault than its

mother's hand might well correct.

He held a hand of the elder boy between his own, his head resting on Philip's breast, for a painful hacking cough shook his weak frame, and made the support welcome as it was lovingly given. The eyes of both were fixed upon the road leading across the common to the house.

"And when it comes in sight, shall you be going then?" asked the younger one, breaking silence.

"Yes, Bob; almost directly," said the other,

drawing the little fellow closer to him.

"Quite gone, Philip, you'll soon be," returned the child, sorrowfully; "and I shall be all by myself."

"Oh, not all; there's Sam Free, and Ned Lamb, good boys; you'll get along with them, Bob."

"They're not like you, Philip, you've been so good—the only one that ever was good to me, 'sides my mother; you will go and see her, Philip, won't you? and tell her it wasn't me that took the clothes, only as they allus had a spite again mother; she knows it wasn't though; but if you'd see her and tell her you'd knowed me. You'll not forget the name?

"Deering-no, indeed, I'll not forget, I'll find her out; I will, indeed, Bob, the moment I get to

" Are you a-going straight to London?"

"Yes, Bob, as fast as ever I can, and I do wish you was coming out with me; but you won't be dull, will you? They're very good here; and as to the bad boys, when they see you don't want to hear their tales, they'll let you be. Your mother'll get to see you, I dare say, and three years will soon pass, Bob. Why, see, I have been five, and now it's gone by."

The child shook its little head with unnatural

gravity.

"I shall be in there, long afore that." And he pointed to the burying-ground, just visible where

"Oh, nonsense, Bob; you mustn't talk so! 1 used to think so when first I came; but see, here

I am, all right."

"You hadn't got a cough like I have. Mother used to say it'd be a mercy if it took me afore her, there'd nobody care for me when she was gone. I would like to see mother though; but you'll tell her, Philip, won't you, as I didn't take them things, upon my ——." The boy stopped short, and clapped his little hand upon his mouth. "Oh, Steyne! I forgot then! I'll remember!—I'll not say those words-I won't, indeed, when you're gone; but I want her to know it wasn't me, an she knowed nothing about it that night, though she'll not think it was her Bob, I b'lieve; but they'll have told her so."

"Was she ill, then, when they took you?" "No, no, she wasn't ill—she'd been a-drinking, though --- " The harsh cough stopped his words, and strained every feeble limb, as he clung to Steyne, who put his strong arms about him, and bowed over him with the tenderness of a woman.

The paroxysm past, the poor sufferer lay pale and exhausted on the little bed, and Philip knelt by his side. He soothed him, forbade his talking; spoke of his mother's visit in anticipation, of what they had done together, of little things he had taught him, of tales he had told him. The poor boy lay with his eyes fixed upon his kind comforter, who, strong in his charitable deed, even repressed the loud beating at his heart as he heard the cart drive into the court-yard, which he knew was to restore him to liberty. He never moved, but the child's quick ears had caught the sound.

"It's come!-they're calling you-you're going," he said between the painful fits of coughing. shan't never see you again-but you'll tell mother-I'll be good-I'll think of all you've told me-

Tears, which come with softness, that hard child-

hood had scarcely known; but as the cart jogged slowly across the common, and Philip turned to wave his hand for the last time, the forlorn creature put its thin hand before its face, and, sitting down by the heap of boyish treasures, the last legacy of his friendly protector, sobbed and cried bitterly, "I shall never see him no more—never no more!"

Meanwhile, we will over the common, to catch up the cart of good David Crump, restoring Philip

Stevne to liberty and new life.

Crump's cart it is, but not David himself, as he had meant three weeks ago it should be. L'homme propose, &c.; and no man's plans could have been more fully laid than had been David's a month ago. He had, after all endeavours failing, so entirely given up the hope of ever finding poor Rose, that he had trusted to prevail on Philip to do the same, and accept an offer he was prepared to make, of opening a way to fame and fortune in his own trade, and near himself. He was disappointed to find the lad still continue firm in his resolve to prosecute the search himself, regardless of all else; but, anyway, Crump had settled to have his old favourite with him for the first few weeks of his emancipation, to talk matters over, to start him, if he would go, on his travels in a fitting manner, and above all to make a last effort to keep him near them altogether.

But, see you, great vessels will wreck, and swamp the lesser craft—firms will be bankrupt, and the little children of the workers be hungry—and the cinder fire, and the blanketless bed, and naked toes, teach them betimes a practical lesson, that will chance to stick by them when you shall read abstract truths of how virtue is its own reward here below,

to doubting ears.

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Secure in the faith of his own honest soul, poor Crump had in an evil hour trusted more than the value of his own labour to the high and mighty showing of the dashing firm in whose speculations he had largely embarked—from his own pocket good cash had been expended to a much larger amount than, for his life, he had dared acquaint Polly with—had anticipated, with pride, the lustre to be added to his fame, and the not inconsiderable addition to his means finally to be gained.

As the handwriting upon the wall shook the very soul of Belshazzar's feasters, so the fatal word bankrupt struck to the heart of poor David, when, shivering and shaking like a guilty thing, he hardly dared inquire the extent of his loss. Simply all—no hope, no prospect, and happily, not the cruelty

to keep him long in suspense.

Vain for me to attempt to describe the agony of the poor fellow, sharpened by remorse at the recollection of his own imprudence, by the certainty of an avenger at hand; for Polly was at her mother's at Buxton, but would be home in two days. Serious thoughts of deferring that meeting, as far as this world was concerned, rushed upon his mind. The worst unknown could be better dared than that of which he now felt, alas! he had even yet only tasted in moderation.

But—"the back is fitted to the burden"—"the

wind is tempered to the shorn lamb"—there is a law of compensation runs throughout the great plan—or "misfortunes never come alone."—You

may put it which way you please.

Mrs. Crump had caught a bad cold; the cold became influenza, influenza quinsy. Mrs. Crump lost her strength; worst sign of all, lost her voice. Mrs. Crump survived just long enough to enjoin her heart-broken husband to have her buried in the new churchyard; to let all the children come to the funeral, baby and all—and—as he hoped to meet her in another place—not to have it christened after his eldest sister, whom she could never forgive for not coming to her in her last "trouble"-finally, specially exhorted him not to marry till the youngest should be nine years of age—and so departed, in happy ignorance of the faux pas in worldly wisdom made by poor David-who, good fellow, spared her last moments the pang, not perhaps free of a misgiving that had she learned it, she must undoubtedly have rallied and cheated death, rather than miss so rare an opportunity of fulfilling her mission.

So within a few short weeks was changed the plan of Philip's staunch friend, who, true to the last, offered to make him a sharer of his fortunes; when, his whilom "angel" deposited in her earthly home, the remnants of his poor belongings gathered together, he yielded to the persuasion of some fellow-sufferers by the smash, and agreed to make one of a party about to found new hearths in Australia.

Of course Philip, with all due gratitude, declined. Crump would fain have come to fetch him away to say farewell, to give him advice, but his hours on English earth were limited, his cash still more so; the care of his young family pressed upon him, the journey was long, the money would do Phil more good. To a friend who had some commissions to fulfil at the town where young Steyne had intended to go, Crump entrusted the charge of a letter, heavy with good wishes, honest love, and kindly warning; heavy, too, with all he could give, more than he could spare, and an earnest wish that, for itself, was worth the reality of such effusions in general.

"God bless you, and keep you what you are!"
Such the benison that started young Philip on his travels.

CHAPTER XIX.

A GOOD TURN-A WHISPER.

What is a trifle? In the acorn cups
Dwell the great ships, the mighty seas that ride;
The tiny moth-egg yields the silken web
That clothes the palace in its purple pride.
A bodkin point hath let out lordly life,
A woman's face whole cities brought to grief,
A slackened shoe-tie gained a man a wife,
'A well-turned limb made "hero" of a thief.

ANON.

The ideas of the young traveller were changed, since, five years ago, he started on the sea-beach with somewhat of the same project in view. His destination was unaltered, but that was all. In that

space of time Philip had learned and had thought much, if, as we have seen, not always with the best result. In his first acquaintance with the forbidden tree, it might be he had plucked of the bitterest fruit, and that the knowledge of evil was now to guide him in his almost hopeless search. From the conversation of boys older, if not in the world, in its ways, he had learned to dread the worst; and, while confirmed in his determination never to relinquish his quest for his lost sister, he had been even more impressed with the probability that in the largest towns, London above all, would that inquiry be best pursued.

Whether experience, too, had led him to put less faith in the Mr. Plunkett of old than at five years ago, I know not; but that idea occupied a very small space in Philip's plan of action now, if indeed it remained at all. It seemed as though the great conclusion arrived at was, to rely upon himself.

In yet another way had the corrupt source of knowledge been not unfruitful to him. Eagerly he had
listened to, and stored up, the sad histories of his
unhappy companions, their misfortunes, their
wretchedness, their crimes, too often related with
a triumphant zest, and pride of superior villany;
and Philip had silently noted the recurring fact,
almost invariably the same—drink. The parents'
or the master's vice—the miserable home, the lax
guardianship—drink constantly at the root—the
public-house and its meretricious belongings—again
and again, the lure, the pitfall, the Judas, the
executioner.

I say the lad marked this; and even, though loathing the terrible histories, so much of one fashion, he would, on the arrival of a new inmate, in the hours for relaxation, draw him on to tell his tale, and with nervous eagerness wait for the creaking of the same cruel hinge on which so many of

these pitiful child lives turned.

Feeding the fire that already burned at his heart, strengthening the bitterness of those dreadful recollections which each day rather seemed to brand more strongly into his memory! and on which in the reticence of his nature he had brooded, till he believed life to contain for him but two purposes—the recovery of the child sister, destroyed, castaway, as she might be; and, second only, but awaiting that—Revenge.

It was late in the day when the cart stopped, and the driver, with a hearty shake of the hand,

bade his young fellow-traveller good-by.

Philip had expressed a wish to stop at this town in preference to going on a few miles farther. Crump had furnished him with a recommendation to a relation of his own at the next town, some fifty miles on; but Steyne had learned from one of his late companions some particulars concerning this place, which had determined him on visiting it.

His small stock of money securely hidden in his boot, having left his bundle at a humble shop where he found he could sleep that night, he made his way to the part of the town so clearly described to him.

Here, amid dirt and noise, vile sights and sounds, poverty so merging into vice, vice so kin to want; charity and justice alike forbear to question, Philip made his way, now lingering by a tamp to catch the glimpse of a passing face, now turning away with a shudder, lest he might indeed see what he looked for.

At one corner, where a gin-shop threw its noisome glare across the road, the sound of a piano and singing arrested his steps. Involuntarily he turned towards the door, his foot was on the step, closely were the ideas associated in his mind, he almost believed he should find her. As he hesitated two young girls almost reeled against him.

"Was you looking for me, my love?" said one, throwing her arms about his neck. The other slipped her arm through his; and while Philip strove to extricate himself without violence, they

had dragged him into the public-house.

"Stand off, there, you Sal," said the first, "it's

me he's a-going to treat."

"You get out," returned the other, with an oath; "he can treat which he likes—it's me, ain't it, my dear?" at the same moment adroitly slipping her hand into Steyne's pocket, which the other perceiving, she flew upon her like a tiger. Philip turned to leave the place, but the girls darted after him, each swearing he had promised to treat her.

"Now, then! rowing again!" said a constable, as the door was thrown open upon the struggling,

vociferating trio.

"Take 'em all off, the whole lot," shouted the indignant barmaid. Philip, freeing himself from the unwelcome embraces of the rivals, in a few words explained, turning his pockets inside out, as a convincing proof he could not have made any such overtures as had been attributed to him.

"Well, young man," said the constable, "my opinion is, that if you're as you say, you'd best keep out of such company. There be off with the pair of you! and don't let me catch you again, that's

all!"

With a shake he set free the girls, who took to their heels, the one with a derisive grimace at Philip, the other spitting on his foot as she passed him.

"There ain't one going in, nor coming out o' this house that ain't as black sheep as is to be found; now that house below there is quiet enough; but take my advice, young fellow, if you want to keep clear of that lot, don't come here."

To such an authority Philip thought it might be well to disclose his purpose, and in a few words he

made it known.

"Eh, eh, eh—bless my soul!—why, my lad, you might as well look for a needle in a bottle of hay! And turned five years, you say, and no mark, no nothing. Why you wouldn't know her!"

"Oh but I should, I should know her anywhere,

of a thousand."

"You think so, but there's many things to alter a girl in that time—why it might ha' been one o' them very wenches—they're neither of them more than twelve or fourteen." Philip sickened at the thought.

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"No, no; it's just a wild-goose chase in my opinion you coming to such a place, my good fellow. If she's here anyway, depend on it she ain't worth the finding; and if she's a clever piece, as you say, she's likely turned to better account."

"What was that music up there?"

"That singing and strumming?—that's the young German that plays for the landlord; he owes him no end of a bill, poor devil, and has taken to play it out. He is a good hand too."

Brief programme of another domestic tragedy.

They had reached the end of the narrow street, and the constable turning back, bade him goodnight, with a parting piece of advice,—"Now, young man, you advertise, and offer a reward, and all that—but don't you come here a hunting and bothering, take my word for it you'll get no good, not a bit—good-night."

Sick at heart, Philip was fain to acknowledge the hard truth—slight indeed was the chance on which he had come to that den of misery and corruption; but, after all, what were his best chances

of success but mere probabilities?

He turned away, and had walked some distance before he found that he had taken a different direction, and was leaving the town by another road. It must be a long way to the place where he had left his bundle and engaged his bed. It was getting late, the roads were deserted, and Philip, who had taken no refreshment since morning, was both tired and hungry.

He retraced his steps for a short distance, and came to a wayside public-house which he remembered to have passed before. With his deep-rooted dislike of such places, he could not prevail on himself to even inquire the way; but having refreshed himself with a draught from a friendly pump a few yards off, he sat down to wait the coming of some passenger of whom he might obtain the necessary

directions.

Here he had not sat long, resting his burning forehead against the cold iron, when loud voices from the public-house attracted his attention.

"Now I tell you it's no use! not a bit!—I'm not going to be done in that manner—I've had enough of it! Coming and drinking and eating, and a using of the house, and then think to gammon me with a pack of lies. It won't do, so I tell you."

Philip's instinct told him it was the publican who thus vented his indignation on some unfortunate,

whose humble tones he heard in reply—

"Indeed there's no lies—I didn't think it would have run up so, and I haven't called for much, though I own I've been sitting here a good bit, for I was foot-sore, and heart-sore too, for that matter."

"Well, I can't help that, can I? I don't keep house to cure people's hearts, now, do I?"

Most fervently the young hearer might have responded in the negative to that—but his attention was absorbed in what followed.

"Indeed, I'm sorry enough, from my soul I am, that I stayed; but I'd been down home, hadn't been

there, nor heard nothing of 'em for five years, and my wife's gone—the little girl I left her with dead—not a soul remembered me, or cared to—I came right away, and I felt like I could get no further, when I turned in for a rest."

"Well, well, it's a bad job; but it don't pay me,

now, do it?"

"I have but the shilling."

"That won't pay three, now, will it?"

"I shall get in to barracks to-morrow night—I will send it you, on the honour of a soldier."

Philip's hand clenched at the loud laugh of the publican. "What's that?" he said, "something rottener than any other body's, I guess. Now, I tell you what I'll do; you leave that 'ere thingummy at your back, and I'll keep it safe and sound till such time as you sends the money. It'll be no mortal use to me, so you're sure I'd sooner see the brass."

"I daren't, indeed. I should get into disgrace."
"What odds to me!" cried the man, now getting furious. "You should know what's in your pocket afore you crams your belly. But, there, it's no good a-talking, if you can't pay, and won't leave what you might, why, the constable must see about it, that's all. Here, Sam!"

"Well, if I must, I must," said the soldier; and as Philip had now approached the door, he could see him, as he proceeded slowly to unstrap the knapsack from his shoulder, where he had just

fastened it, after his rest.

Had it been the veriest cripple or outcast so circumstanced, it would have altered nothing of Philip's intention; yet I will not say but his feet moved the faster up the steps when he looked at

the face of the subject of the dilemma.

He was a sun-burnt haggard man, who had seen good service; his dark hair was grizzled, his face worn and careful, his tall form slightly bowed—the more for the last few hours, maybe, that had added the final straw to the burden. But the publican saw nought of all this. Three shillings was owing to him, and in default of the hard cash he claimed security. Honest man, who can blame him?

His hand was extended for the case, when Philip

laid his upon the arm of the soldier.

"Don't give him that," he said, and he put some silver into the hand of the other, as he stood in silent wonder at the interruption. "Pay him, and don't let him have that."

"God bless you, boy! whoever you are," cried the soldier in amazement; "but I can't take your

money, I don't even know your face."

"I know you don't, but you'll take the money and pay him—take it, quick; don't give him that!"

All astonishment, the soldier paid the no less wondering publican, to whom Philip had not even turned his eyes. To him they were all of the one type—the smooth-spoken, white-vested Crichton, as he thrust his pale mother from the door that night, as over that mother's grave the boy defied him five years ago.

"God bless you, and thank you, my lad, again, whoever you are!" said the man warmly, taking the

boy's hand as he followed him to the door. "Where will I send the money?"

"You can't send it; I don't want it; I am going

away," said Philip, hurriedly.

"Well, but don't run off! see here, there's a trifle left, you'll have something this chilly night."

"God forbid!" said young Steyne, so fervently, that all near him looked up, and the landlord retreated a pace within his bar, as one who scents

hydrophobia.

"Ay, but you've done me the best turn ever was done me by mortal man, and I can't let you go so, and never, maybe, see you again. Stay; here, my lad, listen! I did say I'd never tell it, but you've done me a good turn, and I've nothing else.'

He drew him aside and discoursed for some

moments in a whisper.

"It's a sure thing, I know, but I'm off to India. You're young and daring, it'll be a good thing to you one of these days."

Philip laughed. "Thank you," said he; "but you'll serve me more, I expect, if you'll tell me my

way to the market-place."

"Ah, that I will," said the soldier; and he walked with Philip to where the road lay straight before him, again thanked him, and shook him by the hand, bidding him not forget. "It'll make your fortune one of these days," said he.

Philip shook his head, and went upon his solitary way. He was thinking of the gin-shop, the alley, the fair young castaways, and of another, whom some day-some day, he was sure-he should find, and had soon forgotten even the cause of the soldier's friendly whisper.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FOUNDRY-TIDINGS.

"Pile high the fire-let the furnace glow, While the red molten torrent runs below."

" Dead !

' Ay, dead! we all must die,

'And why not he?

'Alas! my task is o'er—gone, gone for ever!" THE BROTHERS. (MS. Play.)

"No use, my lad, as far as that party's concerned -been left here these six months and more. There's a good many would be glad to know where; but I don't expect he's to be found anywhere just handy; it's not likely, I think."

Such was the answer returned to Philip's inquiries, when he presented himself one evening, tired out and travel-worn, at the destination of

Crump's recommendatory letter.

It was a foundry, situate in one of the close back streets of the dense manufacturing town, where, by a rambling circuit, with many a halt, and many delays, young Steyne had arrived. His small stock of money was nearly spent, for in the course of his ill-directed, uncertain inquiries, not a few had been the advantages taken of his inexperience and your seeming so taken with it,—but it's a pity too.

evident anxiety, by those who, while they led him on by delusive hopes, made them a source of gain.

Cast down by repeated failures, yet no way turned from his resolve, Philip entered the town where he had determined to prosecute his search with somewhat more method than heretofore, and at the same time to procure some employment, to recruit his scanty funds, ere he started for his final destination, London.

He had counted much on his friend's good word to put him on a firm footing with his relative, and here was a sore disappointment. The head of the establishment had quietly taken his departure some months since, under circumstances which rendered it unadvisable to leave any clue to his

destination.

It was a stirring scene, the high open building with the glowing fires, the huge blowers, the ponderous machinery, the clang, the din and roar. The swarthy giants moving to and fro from out the dusky shadows athwart the gleam of the furnace, like unearthly assistants at some demon rites, their brawny arms swinging to and fro the masses of metal, and the heavy castings, with a disregard to size or weight, that seemed to set at nought all ordinary human capabilities.

It was such a novel sight to Philip, that he stood for some minutes absorbed in the contemplation

of the fiery labour.

There was an attraction for him in the might, and strength, the reality of the work; and when the mouth of a furnace opened, and down came the red-hot torrent, and flowed, liquid fire, into the receptacle beneath, the boy's heart leaped at the sight of the power that could sway the fierce lurid mass, the very emblem of durability and resistance, moved to pliancy by men's ingenuity and will.

"Lend a hand here! will you, my lad?" shouted a man at a truck which had just lumbered into the

yard heavily laden.

Philip sprang up, right willingly, and lent material assistance in quickly unpacking the load.

"Eh! but you're a strong chap, you are," said the man, as young Steyne shouldered a casting he

would have put aside for four hands.

"You'll never do it," said the head man, who stood by. "Dashed if he hasn't though! Well, upon my word, I haven't seen better than that; he looks but slight too. You'll have a drink of something though, after that, my man."

"No." Philip wanted nothing of the kind, only if he might be allowed just to stop and see them finish that casting. "Stop and welcome."

"Was it work you was wanting in that letter?" asked the foreman, coming up to where Philip stood after some time had passed.

"I do want work," was the reply. "I can't say what's in the letter, but it was his uncle wrote it, to speak for me, I suppose."

"Ah! I see-you've been used to this?"

"No." Philip was bound to confess he was but an admiring ignoramus.

"Eh, eh, but I might have guessed as much, by

Now, see that man there feeding the furnace; do you fancy you could make any hand of that?"

Philip modestly gave assurance of his belief that

at least he could "try."

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"Well, so you can do that," said the goodnatured foreman, slapping his thigh; "and you shall too. We lost a boy here a couple of weeks back—a young scapegrace he was—I said we'd do without better than with; but dashed if I don't give you a trial. I liked the way you stepped out

to handle those things just now."

There and then Philip would have given a sample of his abilities, but the foreman would not hear of it. It was Friday night; he shouldn't have such a bad chance as to begin on a Friday anyway. He kept Philip beside him that evening, pointing out the various operations in the process of casting; gave him an idea of the different rules and regulations of the "shop;" and bade him come in the

morning to commence his new duties.

Such was the first step of young Steyne in his new independence. That it required no extraordinary exertion of talent, that it afforded no scope for the discovery of any latent genius, may be cause why he succeeded, as he did, in giving perfect satisfaction, in justifying the predilection of the foreman, in overcoming the little jealousies and prejudices against a new comer which can find breathing-room, even in a foundry. Hard matter though, at first; for Philip's principle touched on the tenderest point of the swarthy giants' habits. He would help them in the hottest, heaviest, most vexing of their labours; was ever ready to bear a hand, even in the midst of his own special duties—and his aid was not that which even a Hercules could afford to despise—but he would not budge a foot to the adjoining public-house—not even to give the order for the brackish nectar for which these fiery devotees thirsted from morning till night—would pay no footing—would join in no boyish carouse, nor stand treat upon any pretext.

At first, little less than martyrdom seemed likely to be the reward of his staunch adhesion to what was, in fact, the neutral working of revenge. So deep, so fervent, was his hatred of the thing that had struck at the root of all his promised life—so complete his conviction of the undying curse attached to its use, its existence, its very presence—he loathed the houses where it dwelt, its scent upon the air, its written names upon the wall. But his new companions knew nothing of all this, and resented his difference of practice as a tacit assumption of superiority over themselves.

Has it never struck you, by the way, what singular exceptions people make to general rules in the matter of drinking? Now, you might refuse mutton, or beef, or pork, either one—you might make the exception in favour of turbot, turtle, salmon, pineapple, marmalade, whitebait, or artichokes, to the end of your days—and no more remark would be made than, if your acquaintance wished particularly to compliment you, to remember you "did not like so-and-so"—more especially if the dish be an expensive one. But the moment your dislikes extend

to the bottles and decanters, people begin to "wonder if you think you are any better than they." You may refuse the venison, or turn from the Irish stew, without fear of compromising your claim as but frail humanity; but decline the champagne, reject the porter, dear friends begin to look askance, to think over "what have they been saying?" to wonder if "they can talk before him;" and, in short, to regard you as one who has private reasons for considering himself several notches

above mere sublunary perfection.

Again; if I chance to meet my landlady coming from the bootmaker's, the milliner's, or even the butcher's, she seldom fails to make a dead stop, to greet me cordially-hope Sally is attentive-that my cough is better-heard me cough in the night, &c., &c. But, if returning home, rather later, it may be, than usual, a trim little figure pops out of the side-door of a brilliantly-lighted house at the corner of our street, with a smart silk apron thrown with careful carelessness over the hands, there is no stopping to ask about the cold, or what will I take for supper, or if I am tired, or hungry, or anything else. Now, though I may be a stranger of fortyeight hours, the black dress flits before me up the steps, in at the door, and is down stairs before I am on the mat, while any doubts as to my not being known are dispelled by Sally's instant appearance with the candles.

Why is this? Does her mind misgive her that her pretty face and trim widow's cap will appear to less advantage in the doorway of the "Vaults?" or is there anything more to be ashamed of, fetching in a bottle what one wishes to drink, than in a basket what one wishes to eat or to wear?

Anyway, 'tis but scurvy treatment of such an intimate—this disowning and skulking with him into corners, this tacit acknowledging of his disreputable kinship. But it is the same, from the

mansion to the foundry.

Be given, then, the more credit to the power of quiet, firm, and persistent kindness; which could overcome even prejudice and ignorance, and made young Steyne, in the course of a few weeks, to be, at least, respected by his companions. I will not undertake to say but he might owe it somewhat to his proved strength and power, so far beyond that usual at his age. On the whole, it was judged prudent to be friendly with one well disposed to be so. His friend the foreman had not deemed it prudent to interfere in his behalf, but saw with satisfaction the course things were taking.

Meanwhile, Philip had abated nothing of his zeal in the great object of his travels, though his efforts were pursued with better success. He had obtained an audience at the head-quarters of the police in the town, at the workhouse, at the infirmary; and though information was readily afforded, and promises given, all was qualified by the declaration of the hopelessness of success at such a distance of

But young Steyne was not one of those to be easily discouraged; undismayed, he continued to devote every spare hour to the planning or acting

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out some new scheme. Present difficulties seemed but the fitting price to be paid for the triumph he felt to be secure.

In London centred all his hopes; the full force of his energies he reserved for the final search in the great city, where, in his own mind, he had laid the scene of his success. Already he counted the weeks that must intervene ere he should have secured a little sum sufficient for the journey; to his friend, the foreman, he intended confiding the purpose in view, and hoped from him to obtain an introduction to similar employment in the metropolis.

His scheme was not badly arranged, and he worked the more cheerfully, and returned at night to his very humble bed, with a heart much less heavy that his purpose lay so clearly defined before him. But though Fate, slackening at times the tether, seems to slumber at her post, she will but the more hastily assert herself; and, by the sudden curb arresting man's presumptuous career, remind him of her supremacy.

"Rum chap, that!" observed one of the men, as Philip one morning quitted the foundry on an errand for the foreman.

"He'll run his legs off anywhere for you, except to the public. Queer, ain't it?"

"Eh, it is so. I couldn't bide the lad noway, at the first, but somehow he comes over one. You can't fall out with him."

"He's a rum un for staring at the girls."

"What! Steyne?"

"Ah! I walked behind him down by the Nunsgate t'other evening, he didn't know it was me, you're sure; and if he didn't look into the face of every girl he met; ah, and when he got to the corner, round into Black Alley, he stood by the gin-shop there, and watched every mortal petticoat as came along."

"Did he speak to any of 'em?"

"Not he, and when one of the wenches stopped right facin' him, he drew himself up and walked away."

"He's a queer one !"

"He just is; but he is the right sort for work, and no mistake. I say, Bishop, 'ha ye seen anything of Hinton lately? Is he never comin' no more?"

"Ay, I suppose he is, when he's got the fit past."
"You don't mean to say as he's on the spree still?"

"Ay, but I do; I saw him yesterday mornin' as drunk as a lord."

"He came in last night," put in another. "He lodges where I do. He said he was just done up, and meant to come to work again."

"Seven weeks, aint it, he's been on the drink?"
"Six weeks and three days, he says—he can tell

you to a minute, that's the best of it.'

The men laughed.

"It's almost a sin to keep on such a fellow, it is so," said the head man, "but what can one do?—he's worth any three at a day's work, if one could but depend on him."

Sure enough, about twelve o'clock that day, in lounged the absentee; shaggier, blacker, grosser,

and more brutal even than in the days when poor Cary cooed upon his knee, pinned jasmine in his button-hole, leaned her laughing face against his bull head, and called him her "dear Old Tom."

Tom was popular here too, if we may judge from the fact that he was welcomed with a buzz of approval by the swarthy Vulcans, among whom, even, he was a giant. Something of this, perhaps, might be due to the vision of the pot-boy from the adjoining house, who appeared behind him, bearing a liberal supply of the favourite nectar, which—it being the dinner hour—was largely distributed among his fellow-workmen; for in this manner he was wont to atone for his periodical absenteeism from the foundry.

The health of the donor had been drunk with unanimous honours, and all were inclining an attentive ear to the recital of his exploits during his prolonged debauchery, when the tinkle of a bell was heard, and a little greyhound ran swiftly into the building and through the group of men with

Hinton in their midst.

"It's that —— dog again!" shouted the bully;
"sure as I come back that dog follows me. I'll do

for un one day, I will so; whar be't gone?"

The men separated; some of them pursued the animal, Tom struck at it; and the terrified creature, darting past Philip, who was just entering, made his escape.

"Curse thee; what did th' let un go for? thee young ass!" was the complimentary adjuration of Hinton, as Philip, not heeding him, passed on to his own work.

"Whose dog is it? I haven't seen it this long while before," said one man.

"It belongs to you forin' wench, as lives 'longside of my place. She's been away, I reckon; I han't seen her till this mornin'."

"She's a pretty creatur', said another.

"Hoo's a stuck-up wench, she is," said Hinton.
"Winna look at a man, nor gie'n a civil word. I'll do for that beast one day, I will so."

"I lodged in the same house awhile since," said one of them; "and that girl, I'd hear her singing

-ay, she do sing, and no mistake."

"Them foriners mostly do," remarked a third.

"Eh! talk o' singing," said Tom, who had not been unmindful of himself, in the distribution of the liquor—"talk o' singin', ye should ha' heerd a bit of a lass as I had the care on—eh! a many years ago, now it is!—sing! eh, like a bird, that child would! a wee bit of a creature too, she wur—and dance, eh! Fond o' me too, she wur—could ne'er make enow o' me; greadly little wench! Hoo journeyed wi' me many a mile too. Not that I care for the brats, not I! but, see thee, I owed her father a grudge, and when there was an honest penny to be earnt, it wur killing two birds wi' one stone, it wur. Eh! but it was a game, it was so."

"Tell us, Tom! how was it?" cried the men,

"Well, ye see, he, the father, had used to bring her to the public-house o' nights, to dance and sing. He wur nowt, and t' landlord had 'n under's thumb, see th'—and they brought t' brass to his pocket for sure, they did so—and a young chap, as were there, he'd seen her, and ses he, 'She's a greadly wench, Tom, and if you'll do it for me, I'll mak it all reet.' Eh! but it wur a game for sure; hoo wur spirited away, in a big cloak, and I rid that night twel' mile, wi' the lass afore me,—poor wench, hoo skriked a bit for her father and brother, but —." The narrative stopped suddenly, as his own arm was violently grasped, and Philip stood before him—panting with excitement.

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"Where !—that's my sister!—That's Rose!— What have you done with her? Where is she?"

Hinton stood, for the moment, silent with astonishment. Philip actually shook the giant in his grasp, and reiterated his demand.

"You brute! tell me! tell me! you shall! where is she? Let me have her! I know you now—I remember, you are Tom Hinton—it was you stole her then! you wretch! tell me!"

"Fair words, youngster! fair words! Why, if it ben't Steyne's brat, I swear," cried the bully, coolly disengaging the boy's hands, and holding him at arm's length. "So, thee's father didna' cut thee's throat afore he did for himsel'—thee's growed too, youngster."

"Where's Rose? where's my sister? tell me, what have you done with her?" cried Philip, struggling to free himself from the vice-like grasp.

"Thee canna' mind, maybe, when I axed them very words o' thee's father many a year ago, when I lost my wench—eh, but I swore then he'd rue the the day."

"Tell me, where is Rose?" was all the reply. "How dared you take her? where is she, I say?"

"Whar I'd thought [thee'd been long ago," returned Hinton—"dead, and buried."

"Dead!" Philip ceased struggling.

"Eh! dead! and a blessed job for them that had the keeping of her. Hoo'd a bad fall, and put out some mortal joint, or bone, or such like, and skriked hooself fair into th' grave. There's all about it, youngster."

He was watching the face of the lad, as he spoke. It went very pale as he repeated the word, but by no other sign did he give evidence of the agony which rendered him oblivious even of the iron fingers pressing into his flesh.

"That's all, youngster. And when thee wants to ax owt at me again, thee munna fly out i' that fashion, or I'll maybe serve thee as I will that beast one day."

He flung the boy violently from him, burst into a hoarse laugh, and walked away to his employment; most of the men having resumed theirs, rather than seem to interfere between the dread Tom and his victim. Stunned, crushed, by the fearful intelligence, so sudden and unlooked-for, the lad mechanically resumed his work.

The words rang in his ears; he heard nothing else, and was fortunately deaf to the scraps of information concerning his own family history, with which Hinton was regaling his nearest neighbour.

So he worked on, till the hour at which he was released from his duties. In the same stupified state he walked to his lodging, and, sitting down upon his bed, leaning his face upon his hands, he tried to recall what he had heard. Of the truth of it he could not doubt—so plainly avowed, so terribly accounted for.

This then was the termination of all his hopes, his plans, his oft anticipated reunion with the only being belonging to him in the world—all ended here!

He groaned as he remembered all his long indulged hopes, as he realized the terrible truth that he should see no more the little tender sister—sweet, loving, beautiful Rose—tortured, stolen, perished, far from all kind fostering hands?

Then came the recollection of what had caused it all. Another added to the fearful reckoning.

"It must be! it shall be!" he said aloud, as he paced the room, and clenched his hands fiercely: "a time will come, when I shall avenge them all. It may be years, it may cost me the toil of a lifetime; but I can wait, ay, and work too, for that—to be revenged on that accursed man, who has destroyed them all."

As one fire puts out another's burning, so the violence of his wrath allayed his grief, and left him only thought for his now sole aim in life.

His first idea was to quit at once the neighbourhood of the ruffian whom he felt his utter inability to punish; but then came a painful longing to hear more of the sad particulars of poor Rose's death.

"No!" he said, still pacing his quiet chamber, "though I detest the very sight of him, the sound of his voice, I must hear all. In his drunken fits he can keep nothing—Yes I will, I'll force myself to stay, till I can hear what hand that other wretch had in the villany; and then—oh! if I starve for it, if I work my flesh from off my bones, I will have revenge.

"Yes, Richard Crichton! you shall yet rue the day when you made a weak man your tool, and profited by our ruin and grief! Dead!—the best—the dearest—dead!—yes, from this day forward I shall live only for revenge."

Howlittle do we know, even guess, of the workings of the creature we call "self." Little thought Philip that an occurrence was at hand which, within the next forty-eight hours, was to scatter the substance of his solemn resolution, and open to him a more delightful phase of existence than any of which he had ever yet dreamed.

CHAPTER XXI.

FIRST LOVE.

"The hallow'd scene is ne'er forgot,
Which First Love has traced;
Still it ling'ring haunts the greenest spot
In mem'ry's waste.

'Twas odour fled, as soon as shed,
"Twas morning's winged dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On Life's dull stream." Moobe.

It was the second day from that of Philip's rencontre with the bully Tom: the former had

returned to his work, to the surprise of the rest, who had hardly given the lad credit for "pluck" to face his avowed enemy. They now heartly sympathised with him, by many tacit tokens of goodwill, consistent with fealty to their giant boon companion.

Hinton seemed disposed, for the present, to ignore the presence of young Steyne, who pursued his avocations unobtrusively, and a perfect calm reigned—too perfect, indeed, not to herald a storm.

The dinner hour had passed, and Tom, having absented himself rather beyond the usual time, returned, showing symptoms of having indulged just so far as to render him irritable and overbearing. We have seen, some few years back, how he was accustomed to evince these delicate variations of temper, and time had not improved him.

"Who's been here?—Who's been meddling at th' work—I left it fettled a'reet when I went."

An unfortunate new-comer yielded to an involuntary burst of laughter at Tom's dialect, which was quickly stopped by the clang of a piece of metal, furiously hurled in his direction, by the offended individual, with an anathema against sundry of his members, which had the effect of inducing silence, except for the roar and din familiar to the building.

Suddenly there was a shout, a curse, a crash—and Philip, looking round, beheld Hinton chasing the little greyhound, which had frisked into the foundry, and run—hapless fool!—between the very

feet of the drunken man.

The men laughed, and stepped aside, as Tom, overturning everything in his way, rushed in pursuit. The scared animal flew round and round, oblivious of the entrance, involved itself in the intricacies of some lumber, at the farther end of the foundry, and finally sank panting in a corner; whence Tom dragged it, and triumphantly displayed it, grasped aloft in his huge hand, which almost covered it.

The men laughed again, believing it all a joke; but the dog, struggling to free itself, and doubtless pained by the rough grip of its captor, bit sharp

into his finger.

He cried out, with an oath; the mirth was redoubled, but quickly changed into a cry of horror, as they beheld the little animal dashed into the mass of molten metal at that moment pouring from the furnace, and which Steyne and another man

stood waiting to bear off to the casting.

The yell of the poor beast, as it touched the liquid fire, passes all description: but at the instant Philip darted forward, and, with the iron bar in his hand, tossed the creature from its bed of torture upon the ground; then, running to a pail of water at one corner, he dashed it over the half-flayed animal. Alas!—mistaken mercy!—the poor victim writhed and threw itself from the ground, sending forth cries of agony so piercing, that the rough men turned away, sickening at the sight of such evident torture.

"Poor devil!—It can't live, you know"—said one, as Philip knelt down and endeavoured to ascertain what chance of life remained. "You cursed

wretch!" cried the lad, turning upon Hinton with a gesture of hatred, while tears stood in his eyes.

Tom darted upon him, his savage fury needed a victim—his fists clenched, his eyes glared. The lad instinctively raised the iron bar still in his hand, but the men closed in between them.

"Let him be, let him be!"—"You've done enough"—"No fighting here!"—"Fair play, Hinton!—he's but a lad"—they all cried; and Tom found himself for once in the unpleasant minority of one. He walked away, muttering vengeance.

The yells of the suffering beast still rang through the building. "Better put it out of its misery," cried an elderly man among them: ere Philip could interpose, he mercifully let fall his hammer upon the agonized little head, and the creature lay quieted for ever.

A woman's shriek echoed through the foundry, a figure darted in at the open door, and dropped on its knees beside the ghastly remains of the once elegant little greyhound, weeping, wringing its

hands.

"My dogue! oh! my littel dogue! oh what afe happen him?—oh my chéri littel Bonbon, my dogue! my dogue!" she cried; then suddenly springing to her feet, she confronted the merciful executioner, who with the rest stood gazing in astonishment.

"You vile, bad man! you—what afe you done to him?—for what you afe killed my own dogue?—

cruelle, vilain man!"

She stamped her foot, and raised her little hand. The great fellow positively recoiled before those gleaming eyes. "Them furriners"—he said, afterwards—"one never knows when a knife'll whip out

upon you."

Philip approached, anxious to explain that what she had witnessed was but an act of mercy. With a brief glance the girl seemed to understand she might expect sympathy, and she listened, weeping, while he quickly related how the creature had "fallen" into the boiling metal; and how, to its intense sufferings, death was a release to be thankful for.

"It was my own littel dogue, so long as I had it; it did so lufe me—it did follow me all the day; oh my cher Bonbon! he is dead, quaite dead!—

is he?"

Kneeling still—her tearful eyes looking up at him, through her long black curls, she put the question. And Philip answered it; and when, still weeping, she would have lifted the shattered thing into her little apron, to bear it away, he interposed, and suggested that evening would be a fitter time, and a box the more suitable receptacle; in short that he would take upon himself to befriend the dead as he had the living.

"And will you bring him to mee?" asked the sobbing voice and the glistening eyes again.

Philip answered that he would. The lithe figure made a graceful reverence, and, with another long look at the dead pet, departed.

Philip went back to his work.

It was late when that ceased for the night; and Philip hurried across a street or two to a small shop which he was wont to patronize in the way of thread, shoe-ties, blacking, and such-like important articles.

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He remembered to have seen some boxes in which many of the multifarious articles of trade were supplied to the humble dealer, and had already in his mind converted one of them to his purpose.

A bargain was struck, though not quite so easily as Philip had imagined; for the good woman had, singularly enough, discovered a new value in those boxes, hitherto available only as firewood, and in fact would not have parted with it on any terms to "any one but him."

However, the box was bought, and by the help of a few tools which one of his fellow-workmen had brought to the foundry, for a job of his own, a day or two back, a suitable receptacle was contrived for the canine remains, and Philip started on his walk.

Then it occurred to him, for the first time, that he had never asked where the young girl resided—had not even an idea of the locality.

He tried to call to mind something that might give him a clue; he remembered hearing Hinton say that she lived next door to him. That was not much, since he had not the slightest idea where that worthy resided, though it could not be far off. The men were all gone, and no alternative presented itself but to wait till morning.

But Philip had promised, and with him that was ever a sacred obligation.

He stood at the corner of the street, pondering, with his burden under his arm, when the door of the "Vaults" swung open, and two men tumbled lazily out.

"Nay, nay, I tell thee," said one, "I dinna care, not I; Tom said it, and Tom'll stick to't, he will; Tom's a good fellow, he is so; he's Lancashire, so am I; he'll stick to's word, will Tom."

"You'll not find him at his place, it ain't likely," replied his equally sober companion.

"Thee come along, and hold thee's tongue, I know th' road."

Away they stumbled, and close upon their steps followed young Steyne. He remembered it in after-life—that journey at the drunkards' heels, bearing the remains of the dead dog beneath his arm. But he thought not of it now. At every period of his eventful life Philip was ever prompt at a charitable action.

Up one street, down another, through the shambles, across the fish-market. A peaceful little street enough where the two men at last stopped, in front of a corner house, and Philip, not waiting to see how their errand prospered, hurrying on to the next, knocked at the door; and then suddenly remembered he did not know even for what name to ask. Just as the awkwardness of the predicament had struck him, the door opened, and he was saved further embarrassment, by the cry of delight uttered by a head that appeared over the bannister, and a nimble figure running down into the passage, cried—

"You afe brought him! you are come—you will bring him up to my room for me—you are so goode."

The old woman who opened the door hobbled away, and the girl closing it, hastened up the stairs.

Philip followed with his load.

A pleasant room was that they entered. If the French girl's language be deficient in some expressive words, she certainly had the reality. Home and comfort, more tastily set forth, young Steyne had not seen for many a day. The ornaments on the mantel-shelf might be but frail and cheap; and the halo'd saints, in their black frames, lacked something of the type of sanctity or dignity. But all was so neat, so pretty; the gay carpet, fringed by the margin of white boards; the bright irons, with which the jolly fire coquetted; the small round table with its scarlet cloth, the same curtaining the windows; the rush chairs; the neat chest of drawers, on which stood the bright looking-glass and pincushion (covered with rich embroidery)and which only the eyes of a clairvoyant or a broker could have suspected of being a sleeping apparatus—all united in such a whole of snug pure homeliness as would strike any one, without entering into details, as it now did the new-comer.

"Will you put him down here?" said the girl, tapping hurriedly a large black cushion that stood

at the hearth—" he always lie here."

In silence Philip set down the box. She rapidly uncovered it, and looked at the disfigured remains

of her favourite, beside which she knelt.

"Ah! ce cher pauvre Bonbon!—ah! my pauvre petit chien!—il ne me parlera plus!—he will nevere speke to me no more—nevere, nevere!" She shook her head mournfully, the tears filled her eyes, and, looking up at Steyne, she laid her hand upon her left side. "He did lufe me so, so—he sleep on my pillowe, he eat of my han—and nevere he go, not so far, (putting out a tiny black boot,) without me. Ah! mon pauvre Bonbon, he will nevere lufe me no more!—nevere!—I shall call to him, and he will run to me no more, nevere, nevere."

Again shaking her head, laying her hand upon her side, looking down into the box, then up at

the mute listener still standing.

"So long as I afe had him!—he was my ami—my friend. When I wake in the morning, I say the first, 'Bonbon,' and he jump, and run, for lick my face; I say, 'Is it fine day, Bonbon?' and he run to the window, and stan up for see. If I wake in the night, I say soft, 'Bonbon,' and he come, pat-pat, for not wake no one, and lay by my head to sleep. Now, I shall wake, I shall call; but he will not come: he will nevere pat-pat more at the door, he will no more jump upon my knees for hear me sing—ah! he lufe me!—now there is no Bonbon—no lufe—no friend!"

She rose, Philip in silence lifted up the box and replaced the cover. She stayed his hand for a

minute, and looked a last farewell.

"It was cruell to take him from me—he was all—all!" she said, through her tears, pressing both hands upon her breast, as if to suppress her grief, as she turned away. Their eyes met—the next moment the cold passive hands were clasped in his, the wet cheek touched his face, the black curls

drooped upon his shoulder, and her sobs died inar-

ticulately upon her lips.

The silence broken, the full heart poured out its sympathy with the grief of desolation it so well understood.

There was no more weeping over poor Bonbon that night.

Poor flayed, crushed victim! at least you sleep in peace, insensible alike to torture and caress.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHÉRIE LESCROQUE.

" Heart, thou wilt grieve no more, Darkness is past! Storm cloud, and gloom are o'er, Peace come at last. Fate smiles, at length, on The web she hath wove, Gives one to love me, Heart! Some one to love !"

A month had passed, and young Steyne was no longer a stranger in the pleasant little room at Queen-street. It took a prominent part in all his day-dreams. The labour of the long hours was lightened by the anticipation of the evening; when, with a lover's speed, he betook himself to the presence of his beloved.

Oh frailty of human resolve!—oh potency of circumstance!—where are now the vows of ven-

geance, the dedication of a lifetime!

Scant leisure had young Steyne for such ideas: occupied in recollection or anticipation of the moments when, gazing into the sparkling eyes, listening to the piquant chatter, of Chérie Lescroque, he forgot the Past, and looked not to the Future, his whole life centred in the Present.

Long before that month had gone by, Philip had learned the romantic history of the pretty brunette; how her father had been exiled from his country, "for reasons what you call politique,"—his death the struggles of her young life-her lonelinesshad all been related with the broken speech, the abandon de douleur, the pretty pantomine of touching helplessness. Like himself, she was forlorn and solitary, appealing for sympathy and love, to a heart yearning to bestow them, and Philip yielded,

without a question, to the attraction.

Evening after evening found him a welcome visitor at Chérie's little home. The toils, the annovances, the hardships of the day, were all forgotten in the sunshine of that smile which greeted him; or as he paused upon the stairs to listen, delaying a fuller happiness in the pleasure of hearing the clear voice of his darling, trilling out some What though bully Tom had favourite song. railed or cursed? What, though work was slack, and wages fallen?—As he made his hasty though careful toilet at his poor lodging, as he pictured her look, which in a few moments he should meet, as he rehearsed involuntarily all he would tell her -did he bear one grudge against Fortune or humanity? His fare might have been of the

scantiest, his limbs ache with cold, his bed hard as the floor; but did he envy the wealthiest? What noble would he have changed places with, when, kneeling at her feet, her long black tresses showering upon his head and shoulder, he heard again and again the assurance in that broken speech, dearer to him than music: "Yese, Philippe, you are my ami, so very deare and goode." The king upon the throne might envy him, he thought: for had he not Chérie?—Sweet, dear Chérie—was she not his?—his only?

Mine own!—how jealously the god clings to this first condition!—this test of the reality of his empire—how imperatively rejects the shadow of

another's right or claim—mine alone!

How the white teeth glistened, how the bright eyes danced, as she laid down that everlasting embroidery, and extended her hands at his ap-In her tasteful attire and coquettish head-dress she was pretty to any eyes—to the young lover earth never yielded vision half so fair. How she loved him!—How gracefully she accepted his humble offerings—poor as they were, how much she made of them. The ribbon, the bracelet, the smart apron—unworthy of her as he knew they were - how her eyes sparkled, and her broken accents extolled the goodness of "Ce cher bon Philippe."

He, poor lad, had, not unlikely, half-starved himself for a week to make the offering upon the shrine of his deity, who smiled graciously upon all, even to the dainty pâtés and choice fruits, with which, in default of more costly gifts, he was wont to deck her little tea-table; and to do the pretty Lescroque justice, she made no secret of how she enjoyed these bon-bouches, which her devoted

admirer made but a pretence of sharing.

Reward enough for him, to sit at her feet, (upon the cushion of poor Bonbon defunct,) to watch the progress of her swift fingers covering the delicate muslin with the flowers and leaves of her own ingenious devices—to listen to her sweet broken talk -to guess at the meaning of sentences in her native tongue: and make attempts at it himselfto be encouraged, chidden, and corrected by his laughing instructress—often to sit in silence, even happier perchance, to steal a hand and hold it imprisoned—till the owner ransomed it upon his own terms, then used it for his chastisement.—Ofttimes looking back upon his life and all its hardships, he would say, with tears in his eyes-" I would suffer it all again, Chérie, to have your love-dear, beautiful Chérie!"

"You are my goode Philippe," was the reply: "you are so kind, you nevere forget bring me

quelque chose-"

"But you love me, Chérie; you'd love me if I couldn't bring you anything?"-asked the eager lover, holding one of her hands.

"Assurément qu'oui !-- oh !-- je t'aime toujours, mon Philippe—there, you learn that now—n'estce pas? you comprehend me?

"Yes, yes, I understand you quite, darling-" "Let me then now-allez-let me go; you see, I must put this in the cupboard, then I shall take home this work—"

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And with a long kiss upon it, the hand was let go. These walks, to take home Chérie's work, were

welcome events.

The bazaar for which she was employed in embroidering collars, sleeves, vests, and handkerchiefs, was quite on the other side of the town, and Philip enjoyed the duty of being her escort. His heart swelled with pride, his head was more erect, as her arm rested upon his, as he charged himself with her parcel. How carefully he guided her steps, how shielded her from contact with the rougher passengers; how courteously bent his ear even to her slightest remark. In those days beat the heart of a true gentleman under that coarse jacket of thine, Philip.

On such occasions their return would be late; he was never permitted to enter the house. Chérie always insisted on parting at the corner of the street, though he would watch in shadow, till the door had closed upon her, and then hasten to his poor lodging and hard bed, glorifying all time and fate, that had sent him such a blessing.

Pretty Chérie punctiliously observed a fixed hour for her lover's departure. There was no clock within hearing; but the sons of the old woman who kept the house came in at a certain time, and the clumping of their boots and the odour of their pipes gave the signal. Ten minutes were allowed for farewell, and off Philip must go.

Meanwhile he had not stood still at the foundry. Better work and better pay he now got; and, to add to his comfort, Tom Hinton had taken his departure with a final blessing, in his own peculiar style, upon young Steyne, and a hope they should meet again.

Tom had got a start in life, so he hinted—found patrons in some branch of art more lucrative than any he had yet put his hand to.

With visions of happiness came reminiscences of old acquirements, and a strong wish to render himself more worthy of the prize he had obtained. Philip stole two evenings during the week, from his heart's worship, to attend the evening classes, held for young men at the Mechanics' Institute in the town. His friend, the foreman, had procured for him the use of the library belonging to it, and many a volume was carried to the little home in Queen-street, there to be read, expounded, and explained to his queen.

None of the deepest or most edifying, doubtless, were these volumes, and more enjoyed by the reader than the listener, who would too often interrupt the "bon Philippe" with a yawn, a request to wind off a skein of silk, or an inquiry as to the time.

The eyes of the belle Lescroque never sparkled as when she had, by dropped hints and wishes, induced him to take her to the one theatre the town boasted—where, decked in every atom of available splendour, the pretty girl, seated as conspicuously as was possible, gave herself up to the double enjoyment of the evening—the seeing and being seen.

Truth to say, Philip was totally out of his element in such a place, it was a sacrifice of his own comfort and wishes; but what would he not have sacrificed, to call up that grateful "Oh! merci, mon cher ami"—and that glance of Chérie's blue eyes? Could he foster tastes or wishes which she did not share? In one solitary particular only did he take a stand not to be shaken.

"Eh, que c'est drôle!"—cried Chérie one evening; "and, mon ami, tu n'aime pas l'eau de vie?"

"No, Chérie, dear one, and I would not for the world you did. Ah! I am sorry to see that on your table. Do put it away, love."

"Eh mais!—but why?"—asked the girl, standing before the table, on which appeared a more luxurious spread than ordinary, in honour of her fête-day. "You do not take the bière, nor no things of the sort?"

"No, love, I'll tell you why, I'll tell you—only put it away, or let me throw it through the window."

"Eh mais, non!—no, no! one might be ill—that would be wicked—"

With a little pout she removed the small bottle of French brandy, which she asserted had been left since her father died, and with which she had intending celebrating her fête.

The pout was not put away with the liquor; the pretty trifle, which her young lover presented her with, hardly sufficed to banish it; but when the table was cleared, and Philip had taken possession of his constant seat,—holding both her hands in his, looking up 'into her lovely face—he told her briefly something of his sad history.

The blue eyes filled with tears, over the fate of "cette chère petite;" and as his voice faltered in conclusion, she drew his head towards her, she caressed it with her soft hands, she laid her face to his—"Mon pauvre ami, my goode, deare, poor Philippe"—she said soothingly. The next moment she was singing, oblivious of her tears and the cause.

"Bon, I will sing to you; I will not work tonight; it is my fête. Do you like that?"

Like it! What had he done to deserve it?—was a thought that often crossed his mind, while his very soul floated in the melody of her sweet voice, or he watched the lithe movements of her graceful form as it flitted hither and thither—so fair a creature given for his own.

"What should I do without you, my Chérie? You are my world, my life"—he would say.

"You will always love me, beautiful darling that you are: won't you?"

"Oh yese, truly, my Philippe, I will—I shall nevere forget to lufe you—nevere—nevere!"

So sped those precious days—so flew the time; and out of the happy Present he began to shape a Future yet more blissful.

He had always worked hard, now he slaved. Overhours, odd jobs—at the houses of those who looked encouragingly upon his efforts—every moment was employed; and every penny hoarded, with the rigour of a miser.

Fewer presents found their way to Queen-street now, but Chérie knew his hopes and wishes; she certainly could pardon an omission founded on so

good an excuse.

Those days of willing labour—those nights of deep repose, or dreams of more than waking happiness! Those visions of a coming time, that should crown with success all his hopes, unite every condition of mortal felicity, and make him of all mankind the happiest!

What now were revenge, retaliation, to him?—where buried all the gloomy images of the past? Vengeance was not for him, basking in the sunshine of the Creator's best gift. Rather he felt he had not suffered enough to render him deserving of the

boon.

Sneer, you who remember not seventeen, and its trusting faith. Sneer you, who know not the want, who measure not the value—through all time and age—of one loving heart. Your sneers will not move us, nor our belief harm you. You have your beef and your broadcloth, your blankets and your bargains—sufficient to your existence.

Golden bridge of hope!—rainbow-hued, gemmed with mercy and with peace, spanning Life's troubled stream, shedding soft light into its gloomiest depths, lifting above shoal and whirlpool the rapt wayfarer, who hears but music in the roaring of the waves, and smiles in the face of the hurtling blasts.

"I love you!" marvellous utterance, which—by look, by smile, by tone—hath power to raise that structure; of all that is earthly, nearest Heaven!

(To be continued.)

LIFE AND LOVE.

Life is a garden fair and free,
But 'tis Love that holds the golden key;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's flowers are dashed with storms of sorrow,
And bloom to-day may be blight to-morrow;
Then reckless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be linked together.

Life is a diamond rich and rare,
But Love is the lustre that danceth there;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's jewels grow dim in the breath of sorrow,
And diamond to-day may be dust to-morrow;
Then reckless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be linked together.

Life has a sweet and a sunshine face,
But Love is the dimple that gives it grace;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's brightest beams are quenched in sorrow,
And blest to-day may be blanched to-morrow;
Then reckless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be linked together.

ALSAGER HAY HILL.

SUMMER.

What a joyous season is the present! Ripe, rosy, summer! All nature is now in her full beauty, the whole earth clad in her richest garments; well might those old mimic singers sing to the summer-tide, and dedicate to it their sweetest poetry. No sound but that of the birds and the hum of insects is heard, and for a time the tempestuous storm-wind hath left us. The air is perfumed with the manifold, sweet-scented flowerets; the lanes with fragrant honeysuckles. The fields with the hay, for even in death the ruby-tipped clover is sweet. In the sky, the lark soars and sings, but he alone doth not rejoice; his song is a lament for the lost ones, while the mother hovers over the spot, where once had been her home, seeking in vain for the young ones whom she hath nearly reared; those whom she hath tended, but, alas, in vain! the mower hath stolen them all away, and never more will they greet that mother's sight. In the quiet valleys, or the shaded woodlands, the brooklet glides in silence along, slowly, as if it felt the heat of the noontide sun. It is not until Cynthia rises that the Naiads converse, then their sweet voices from their liquid homes are heard; then the birds are asleep, and the blue-bottle flies, the busy bees, and the gaily-hued butterflies are likewise; and the bereaved lark-mother for a time hath forgotten her sorrow, for a few hours that refreshing, heart-reviving one-he whom the old mythologists have named Morpheus-hath lulled her to rest. In the noisy world he reigns likewise, and with his soothing powers makes the brokenhearted and the sorrow-stricken forget awhile their woe; he leads them away into that gilded, flowery dream-land. But short are the summer nights, and soon are they over; at the first touch of Tithonus the birds awake, and the flowers open their sleepy lids, and are refreshed by the crystal sprays of the morning dew. How grand to see the sun rise, to watch the uplifting of night's mantle from the hills; the disappearing of the stars, the stately sailing away of the moon, and it is day. The childless larks awake once more to their sorrow; but the great healer, Hope, whispers something to them in as soft a tone as that of the Hamadryades, and again they begin and build a new home, which, alas, poor birds, in the second mowing will be destroyed; and of this they know not, so in their happy ignorance they twine the long grass together in the scented clover fields. So passes with them the summer, and so passes it with us, ever and anon being shaded by some dark cloud, which after a time is dispersed, leaving all in serenity and peace.

LEILA.

GREAT souls attract calamity as mountains the thunder-cloud; but while the storm bursts upon them they are the protection of the plain beneath.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

"What an eve for a festival! more like penance than fête. But never mind, we shall relish the more thy cheery fire, Marian, and though 'tis bleak without, it will make all seem pleasanter within."

"Truly so, dear Carl, but we must not forget that all the world is not indoors to-night, nor do all keep holiday; and 'tis bad enough for the wayfarer: even the light from our windows I often think must

be a comfort on such a night."

"And so thou leavest undrawn the curtains. I know one that will be looking this way impatiently enough," said Carl; "I saw his light, too, as I came in: how steady it shines out in the distance. A welcome sight, as I know, sister,—when one has been beating about uncertain of one's whereabouts. Ah! that night, poor father and I—there, there, Marian, forgive me! I'll not speak of him again, only it was thy brave Philibert saved his life"—

Yes, alas! why was he not near when his aid

might have "-

"No, Marian, no earthly power could have helped us that night. The marvel was, that even I and Paul escaped; it was his skill alone did that."

"A poor return thou makest to him for his good

offices."

"I cannot help it, Marian. I do not like him, and I will not pretend otherwise. I wish from my heart, I could be quit of the debt I owe him, then I could hate ungrudingly."

"Brother! hate the man who saved you."

"Nay, I but said I could. There is that in him I cannot read; when I try to be friends, or to understand him, there is I know not what chills me; something as much at variance with his smooth words and gentle speech, as his handsome face with his ill-shapen body."

"Carl, thou art severe! Paul has ever seemed

to me all kindness and good feeling."
"Truly, because he admires thee."

"Admires me!" Paul Leroux admire me!" Marian burst into a hearty laugh—"but thou wert always fanciful, my brother; I will humour thee, if so it please thee to think—"

"Nay, it doth please me ir no way, but is not

less a fact."

Marian shook her head with an expression of dissatisfaction, and rose to put a finishing touch

to some of her little arrangements.

Of all the hearths and homes, keeping holiday that night, I care not where, rich or poor, high or low, you would not look on a prettier or more pleasant sight than in the cottage of Marian Ellsler and her brother Carl.

The great oak table and shelves, with the floor, scrubbed and rubbed to a state of shining self-congratulation, the wide fireplace filled with a whole life of its own, reflected in every burnished pot and platter, covering one side of the ample kitchen: the glistening green branches and garlands of wild-flowers, clustered about every available nook and ledge, the high-backed settles, which Marian's in-

dustry had converted into luxurious lounges, by well-stuffed cushions—the same busy hands had supplied curtains to the high latticed casements,—a rare innovation in that time and place—made it a perfect picture; whose minor details, filled in by heaps of winter fruits, cunning pies, rich cakes, and dainty meats, at once spoke to Marian's good housekeeping and the ample preparations for festivities on an extraordinary scale. Nor was the general effect at all decreased by Carl's bronzed face and strongly-built figure, unusual in its well-developed proportions for a boy of sixteen; while Marian's smiling face and neat attire, smart jacket, short skirt, and unexceptionably clothed feet and ancles, filled up the sketch in a way that left nothing to be desired.

"It grows dark, they should be here by now, at least some of them—" said Marian, as she pinned

a rose-bud in her bodice.

"I know who will be here first—" said her brother, looking up—" I only wish I could read this off as he does. It seems to me Philibert does every-

thing well that he takes to."

Marian laid her hand affectionately upon his shoulder, as she leaned over the book he was reading. "Here they are!"—she said, as a foot sounded outside, and the next minute the door opened.

Some one paused on the threshold to stamp and shake off the snow from his garments; Marian had hastened to meet the new comer, but she stopped

short as he entered.

He was a short, thick-set young man, whose misshapen, crooked body, and deformed shoulders might entitle him to be considered a cripple, but for the brawny arms and hands, and the wide chest indicative of unusual strength and power. His handsome face was lighted up by brilliant dark eyes, and his black hair curled thick and long over his head and neck. His regular features bore an expression of calm earnestness one might liken to that of a Grecian statue; it gave you the idea of the whole energies of the mind being fixed and absorbed by one subject ever present.

Taken by itself, the fine face spoke of patient resignation, and thought, winning from its very intenseness; yet viewed in conjunction with the warped frame, there was a something sinister, indefinably suggestive of a determination, not the less to be dreaded, because undemonstrative.

He had taken off a tarpaulin wrapper, and hung it upon the latch of the door, ere he closed it, that the sea spray with which it was laden should not drip upon the floor.

"You, Paul!" cried Marian. "I thought you

were already at l'Etoile de l'Orage."

"I have been," was the reply, in the gentlest of tones, "but Philibert is ill."

"Ill! oh Heaven!"

"'Tis a sudden attack, I stayed with him awhile, but he is worse; he says you have a sure remedy. I made all haste, but the wind is right off shore."

"Tis what my poor father took, my mother only had the secret; yes, it is a certain remedy; but oh that Philibert should suffer!" cried the poor girl, as she hurriedly threw about her her hood and cloak.

"Marian!" exclaimed Carl, now first looking up from his book, "where art thou going?"

"Where, but to him? Dost thou not hear, Carl? Philibert is ill."

"But thou wilt not go, surely, my sister, alone!"

"Here is Paul, he returns." Marian said.
"I will go, sister, and when the attack is past

will bring him back here."

"Carl, Carl, how could I rest, what could I do, the while?—Philibert suffering! he might die! I must be with him, we are long betrothed, he would have been my husband ere now, but for our father's death. Should I not go to my husband? Stay then, Carl, and welcome our friends. God willing, I will bring Philibert back to greet them; the medicine cannot fail, rightly given."

"At least take some one else. Who will row thee back?" asked Carl, whose disinclination that his sister should accompany Paul was but too evident; though no one saw the scowl which disfigured the handsome face of the cripple, while the other was speaking. It was placed again the next

minute, as he said,

"Lauzun and Voghern are both away with their families, to mass at Levalle: the houses were dark as I passed. I will row your sister back, Carl, and Philibert as well, if he can come. I would have carried him to the boat but now; he writhed with pain and cried out, I could not."

"In pain! yes! and we delay," cried the girl, hurrying to a closet and taking thence the medicine.

"Quick, Paul!"

Carl accompanied her to the beach, the other following close. The brother made a last effort to keep her back.

"I could give the medicine, my sister; I well

remember how our father-"

"I tell thee no!" cried Marian, hastily stepping into the little boat, which lay quietly awaiting them. "Wilt thou go, Carl, in my place?" said Paul,

stepping back.

"No, Carl, no!" said Marian! "thou couldst not assist Philibert, should need be, nor row us back; see, my brother, the wind is right off shore."

"In truth it needs a strong arm," said the deformed, still however holding back; but Marian, in an agony of haste, caught at his arm to hasten him, and with a brief adieu to her brother they were off.

Skimming over the dark waters, into whose depths the rain fell constantly, silently, fast; resting for a brief moment on the black salt waves, ere they engulphed its drops for ever: farther and farther from the shore, nearer to that bright speck from which the girl's eye had never once turned, growing brighter and more visible with every stroke of the powerful rower.

Who sat, with bowed head, every sense apparently

absorbed in making rapid progress.

She, engrossed by that distant beacon, had flown in spirit to the side of her suffering lover, her feet lay carelessly at the bottom of the boat, and touched those of Paul, her mantle falling across his knees.

Neither had spoken when the boat grazed the

rock, at the foot of L'Etoile de l'Orage, and Marian sprang on shore, regardless of the proffered hand of her companion. Ere she reached the first step of the dimly-lighted staircase, Paul was beside her, and led the way to a small low room, where by the light of a feeble lamp she beheld her lover stretched upon a couch. His face was pale, his eyes half open, by his heavy breathing only he gave signs of life.

"Philibert!"—cried the girl, as she sprang towards him, then recoiled, with a cry of affright, and with clasped hands turned towards her silent com-

panion.

Who stood between her and the closed door by which they entered, gazing upon her, and in his dark eyes was a look that made the girl shiver; while spell-bound by the sudden change in his demeanour, she gazed at him, incapable of motion.

"Your medicine is useless"—Paul said, in a tone as changed as his own features—" He is

mad "-

"My Philibert !- why have you bound him, with

those cruel ropes ?-why !- " she gasped.

"Listen, Marian Ellsler!" and he drew nearer to her, his dark eyes dilating—"Thou knowest how I have loved thee—"

" Ah !—loved—me !—"

"So long, so earnestly—oh! thou couldst not but know—nay thou didst, girl, and it pleased thee—well I know—it pleased thee, though thou madest no answer to my silent pleading, my love, my worship, my idolatry—" He had come nearer, nearer still, and still, with horror in every feature, she stood gazing on him, her hands clasped, yet motionless.

"I risked my life to save thy brother; for thee, I quitted the home, the occupation of my fathers; I accepted a poor, a hazardous livelihood; I dared want, and danger and death for thee, Marian; to be near thee, to breathe the same air, to tread the same earth, to look upon the same sky-for thee, oh, Marian! Marian! For years I have toiled, worshipped, served silently and humbly and distantly. To look upon thy face was enough, to lie at thy door, to listen to thy voice, even though it spoke to others; Marian, I asked no more; and thou wert gentle and kind-I ventured to hope-why should I not?—" his voice rose harsher—" Am I less worthy than he?—is it the accident of a birth that shall take thee from me; that he came straight into this world, is it cause that I should lose thy love? Till he came thou didst look kindly on me, thou hadst no better word nor smile for any, thou wouldst have loved me, and for that end what could I not have become?-what endured, what striven-but he came and all is changed-he is straight of limb and light of motion, but does he love thee as I? Marian! Marian!" Those deep calm eyes glowed with unnatural fire, those placid features kindled into more than human passion; his words, wrought into the agony of earnestness, failed him; with outstretched hands, he made as if he would have caught her to him, but she stepped back-" Love !-you !-crippled Paul !-"

A fierce cry escaped the deformed, at her words;

his very limbs quivered with the effort he made to suppress more; but his hand did not even tremble as he laid it on the head of the bound man.

"He is mad—mad, Marian. I have caused it, and I only can cure it. Raving, I bound him to this pallet; raving, in three hours hence he will most surely die, unless thou wilt save him, unless Marian,"—and he bent his head to her ear—"thou wilt be mine."

With a shriek she threw herself upon her knees at the couch, calling upon her lover, adjuring him by every tender name to speak, to look at her, his Marian, his betrothed. Her tears fell like rain, over her clasped hands, upon her little bodice, and her heaving bosom; nay, they wetted the very floor where she knelt, and Paul, standing by, gazed down upon her.

"He hears thee not, girl—thy handsome betrothed cannot aid thee. He is but a babe in my hands. If within one hour he drinks not of this drug here, see, he will die raving. Thou canst save him if thou wilt, remember, Marian."

"Philibert! Philibert! my life! my soul! my husband!" cried the poor maiden.

"He will never answer thee, never know thee again, unless I so will it. Marian; unless thou art mine."

"Hear me, oh! my love, my Philibert!" she shrieked. The sick man moaned, cried out painfully, then opened his eyes, and turned them full upon her. Eagerly the girl threw herself towards him, grasping his hands, pulling at the bonds which held him, calling upon him to save her. Alas! he knew her not, he glared upon her an instant, with wildness in his eyes, then moaning and muttering, relapsed into unconsciousness.

The Deformed laughed, as he said, "He has forgotten thee already, Marian—such love is not to be weighed with mine. Thou wilt choose—"

She sprang to her feet as he approached her. "Do not touch me! wretch! crippled monster! I to love you! hideous deformity! I did but pity you ever, I hate, and loathe, and curse you now—curse you!" She spat towards him, spurning him with her foot, as she spoke.

"Hark!" he said, as the waves beat upon the rock, their hollow monotone changed to an angry dash, "the sea is rising between thee and all help. Those waves will soon run mountains high, thy brave lover is but as one already dead, thou wilt not say the word that might save him. His death will not make thee less mine. Mine I have sworn thou shouldst be, mine thou art, Marian Ellsler, curse me, spit at me as thou mayst. I give thee time, that of thy choice thou mayst yet save him. Willingly mine, and I give to him this drug, that sleeping, his reason will be restored, and the morning find him in perfect health, remembering all but as a troubled dream. Otherwise, a few minutes will see him raving away his remaining hour of life, the dawn find him a corpse, and thou not the less all mine own, sweet Marian, mine own, as I have sworn."

"Beast! execrable wretch! do you believe you

should live, one hour after he had discovered your infamy?"

"Nay, my sweet, I fear not, I would brave all for thee; but my plans are not so badly laid, thou shouldst not remain to face his anger. Our bridal night in l'Etoile, Marian, then with the dawn we will away. Thou wilt see life, my girl."

"You are indeed, then, one with those sea robbers; that is thy calling. Oh! Carl, my brother, little did I think—"

"Ay, honest Carl! he too owes me a grudge for saving his life, but I forgive him for thee, Marian. Ah! the time is almost past, two minutes more!"

"Oh, Paul" cried the girl, sinking on her knees, and again bursting into tears, "oh for the love of the good God, for the mercy that gave us this blessed day, Paul, have pity! spare him! oh, spare him! he never barmed you! he was good to you."

"I have told thee, Marian; speak! say but the word, he is saved! Thou canst serve him, his life cannot save you from my love—my love, Marian."

"Mercy for him, Paul! save him! oh let me die, but save him, forgive me for the cruel things I have said; oh! forgive me! I cannot love you, indeed, indeed, I knew not you loved me, but I will pray for you. I will leave the world, and go into "Les Saintes Sœurs," I will never marry, but oh, spare him."

"The time is past—all is over," said the Deformed, as, with flashing eyes, he stooped to lift her in his arms. His hands were upon her, his hot breath burned her pure cheek; she, weeping, still clung to her insensible lover for protection, but he, without an effort, unloosed her fingers and dragged her away.

With a sudden bound she sprang to her feet, and threw him from her. Ere he had recovered himself she, tearing open the door, had flown up the narrow staircase with the speed of the wind. Up, up, up, without rest or stay for breath, and quick behind her, closer and closer, came the heavy footsteps of the Deformed, till, breathless, she darted out upon the little gallery that ran beneath the lantern of the old lighthouse.

She slammed to the door at the stairhead, but quicker was her pursuer, his foot between it and the post. He laughed at her defeat.

Marian sprang to the rail, which she clutched with both hands—

"Keep off!"—she cried—"only touch me, only stir towards me, and I will throw myself into the sea."

And in truth, as she stood, her unbound hair, her disordered dress, flying in the wind, her eyes gleaming through the darkness, the embodiment of despair—the cunning plotter felt for the moment at a loss. The rain had ceased falling; sharp and keen blew the wind, and the waves dashed each moment louder and higher upon the dreary rock.

Again and again the hapless girl raised her voice, crying for help—but the wind threw back her words mockingly in her face.

Ashore the lights gleamed brightly from many points; she knew it was the various churches lighting for midnight mass. Oh! for one prayer of faith, one gleam of the mercy of the blessed day to her! No hope, no help; alone on that isolated rock, with the murderer of her betrothed—was then self-destruction her only resource? Better that, though, than to betray her faith.

"Help! belp! Oh! murder! help!"

The waves dashed angrily at the lighthouse foot, as awaiting her resolve; the wind howled wrathfully, and yes—upon the blast was borne the solemn chant, and the deep tune of the organ from the choir.

Once more—

"Help! for God's sake, help! Carl! Brother!

Help!-

The wind lulled for an instant, still as the grave. "Help! here! Oh! come to me!" Again her voice rang out across the waters. Ha! what was that? A shriek so unearthly, her flesh shivered upon her bones; her hair started from her head; again, again, shriek upon shriek, howl upon howl; eternal torments never drew forth sounds more horrible.

She turned her head; Paul still stood behind her. He, too, was listening, ghastly pale, as shriek and howl and blaspheming cry came louder

up the staircase.

Her blood ran cold, almost she could have clung to the Deformed for protection from this new horror. For a moment all was still; then came a heavy fall or blow, a loud, cold, maniac laugh; then up, up, up; leaping, shricking, howling, came

the madman, up those narrow stairs.

He stood in the doorway, pale, torn, stained with blood, where those cruel ropes had cut him. Paul retreated before him, but with a howling laugh the other was upon him, and held him in a grasp of iron. They staggered to and fro; they wrestled with superhuman power, nearing the low railing. But the cripple was sinking beneath the murderous clutch—one struggle—a shriek, a laugh; then, as the horrified girl clasped her hands before her eyes, they fell, in that death-grip. Shuddering, she heard the dull blow upon the rocks, the plunge, the last faint cry.

She knew no more-till with a kiss upon her

lips, and a loud laugh—she was aroused.

"I said so! I said so!" cried a flaxen-haired fairy, skipping and dancing about her, "I said that would wake her."

The laughing, the clapping of hands, the merry

eyes, and joyous faces, all fixed upon her.

Marian looked for the dark night around, and beneath her, she saw but a glowing fire and bright hearth; she listened for the angry waves and howling winds; she heard still the merry voices, and that—why that was more like the tuning of a violin in the next room, than the chant of the nuns.

Oh, she must be delirious, and she closed her

eyes again.

"There, don't be going to sleep again, child," said a voice, and there was no mistaking the tone of Aunt Prunelle.

But some one else whispered, of "the cruelty of shutting those eyes," &c., and Marian opened them wide, and, looking up, said, wonderingly, "Thou, then, art not mad."

There was another laugh then, and Aunt Pru-

nelle cried out-

"'Tis thou who art most mad one would say, sleeping while thy pies are boiling over in the oven, and thy fricassees turning to jelly on the stove. There, get thee to the dancing, and leave me to cook."

"She was tired, Aunt, she has worked so hard

of late," said Carl, just coming in.

"Oh, my brother, forgive me," said Marian.

"Forgive thee! for what?"

"Thou wert right about Paul."

"They have, then, told thee," said Carl. "Told me! why who but I was there?"

"Thou art dreaming still, my Marian," said her lover, as he led her out to the dance, in which he acquitted himself astonishingly for a man who had just fallen from a height of some hundred odd feet into the sea, under the influence too of a maddening potion.

But at supper-time all was told. How Paul Leroux had that very evening been arrested by the authorities as an accomplice of the pirates, long

suspected.

Then Marian related her dream.-While all

were laughing.

"But thou wouldst not, I fear, have come so readily had I indeed been ill," whispered Philibert. I do not report Marian's answer, but another question followed, very earnest it was too, concerning the morrow, and, with much blushing and confusion, Marian whispered—

"Yes."

F. O.

TRUE DESTINY.

O heart so full of sadness, O eyes so red with pain, O lips so sweet that badness Of mine hath made complain.

Spirit of perfect beauty Adorn'd for love's abode, For me content in duty To pace Earth's miry road.

Champion of God untended, Victor o'er sin and death, Whom angels high descended To praise with reverent breath.

Dear Hope, to call thee brother, Transformed thine image bear; Life hath no guerdon other— Be this my daily prayer.

J. J.

FAN FAN AND HER UNCLE.

CHAPTER I.

In a comfortable room sat several merry girls; one was reading aloud a poem, and every now and then interrupted by the remarks of the others. The reader was a tall, graceful, dark-eyed girl, of rather masculine firmness, and even too perfect outline of feature, firmly-compressed lips, and yet fine intellectual brow and expression. She read well, and felt all she read. Near her, lolled, with her head resting on her arm, and that arm reposing on a soft cushion, Marie Antoinette; her auburn braids, blue eyes, and Madonna face uplifted to the countenance of Helen, as if drinking in the love-passages as they fell from her impassioned lips.

Amarantha sat busily working at some hard, coarse seam, to clothe the poor; and rarely looked She was a little brunette, lively and energetic, but had no great depth of character; her neat little foot and ancle, and symmetrical figure, made her excel in dancing; and her long, thin, white hands told of her powers as a musician; her little graceful head and small rounded ear, as perfect outwardly as within, kept time, as she charmed the constant company in the Castle by her musical talents. Who is that child near her? looking so kindly towards her, assisting her in her labour, and asking her if her fingers are not sore? Her own little hand is bleeding; but perseverance in benevolence is Amarantha's forte, and little Fan Fan is ashamed to complain. Two Dandy Dinmonts, of the pure breed, repose upon Fan Fan's dress, and she cannot shake them off; they look so kindly from their little black eyes, so enveloped in long, wiry hair, and lick her wounded fingers with their pink tongues; growling at each other, if she caresses one and neglects the other. "Fan Fan," it is plain to see you are a romping boy, a little sportsman, preferring rabbit-hunting to sewing; and the society of dogs to even the "Harmonies Poétiques" of M. de Lamartine. " Ma sœur, que de charmes !" Helen said, and the wearied Fan Fan yawned, and said, "Pas pour moi," to the horror of the enthusiastic reader, and the disgust of the sentimental Marie Antoinette, who replied, angrily, " Go away, child, if tired, and do not interrupt us."

Fan Fan seemed so accustomed to rebuke that she never resented it, but gently and respectfully asking Amarantha if she might stop working, softly left the room, and, followed by her friends, "Dandy" and "Pepper," how joyfully she ran to the door, down the sloping grassy lawn, and to the old garden, so warm, so sheltered; then, taking out of her pocket a letter, she looked round to see if no one was there, then read it over and over, till she knew its contents, kissed it again and again, and pressed it to her little breast; then tore it in bits and dug its grave, accompanied by her canine friends, who, when forbid, forbore to scrape up the buried fragments of this cherished letter.

Fan Fan, when vexed, curled herself up on the grass, and rocked to and fro, muttering to herself (we must suppose this relieved her), "If I had a father and mother, and home, as others have—if I was not living on charity-if I was rich, or, far better, if I had been born a boy, so that I might work-but there are my dear brothers, more wretched than I am, more unkindly used: I do not know what to wish." And, poor child! she leaned her beautiful, but now sad, face on her girlish hands, and the tears streamed from them. She had learned to pray from her cousin Amarantha, and for this she chiefly reverenced her. We never can forget our instructress in religion, especially one but a few years older than ourselves, whose only motive is for our good, and eventual happiness. A simple prayer for herself and brothers, especially the youngest, whom she loved to idolatry; he, whose letter she had so prized, composed her; and, as she heard the old gardener's foot near her, she looked up and smiled, and knew not that the old man saw the pearly drops hanging still on her long dark lashes. "What ails the bonnie wean, the sweetest flower in a' my garden, my rose! my lily, and my violet!" "What more, gardener, I am a funny flower, a mixed body!" so saying, the young girl laughed; the dogs barked; and several strangers passed the gate, and drove up to dine at the Castle. "Oh!" said Fan Fan "I am so glad I am out, and

and yet how selfish! Do," she said," like a good man, gather a flower for the table, and I must go in and help my cousin about the dinner, she will be so uncomfortable sitting with her untidy work." So Fan Fan hurried away, and was soon so busy ordering rooms to be prepared for the visitors, getting wine from the old cellar swarming with rats, arranging the dessert, working for others; then hurried up to her nursery where, although sixteen years old, she still slept, and changing her dress she plunged into a refreshing bath and shaking her hyacinthine curls which clung to her noble head, and left the brown, smooth, but finely drooping shoulders uncovered; without ornament; her white muslin dress and blue sash completed (with her tiny blue shoes) her attire. Her cheek was usually pale, but now the hurried toilet had flushed her, and as she bit her rosy lip with agitation, and on entering raised her soft gazelle eyes in search of her uncle, uncertain whether he had returned from his day's shooting, truly Fan Fan was lovely. But generally she was too unformed, too thin, too colourless, and as yet ranked among children, as her short curls and short dress were intended to remind one of. What a trial to enter that room! But her Uncle's kind voice reassured her, and petting her in the same manner as he had just before caressed his dogs, and sending her to fill his snuff-box, Fan Fan again forgot herself, and was only anxious that Amarantha would be dressed in time, and that cook would have the dinner ready. But an incident occurred, so like her cousin Amarantha: she ran in her white dress to the scullery to speak to and console some poor persons, she knelt down to caress a little orphan, her white dress sweeping a number of pots and pans, and as the gong sounded for dinner her dress was being

washed by the maid.

"That will do," said Amarantha, "it will never be seen. Just run for Fan Fan and she will put it all right." So Fan Fan appeared in the kitchen, where the dress was being hastily dried. "Shall I do, darling?" said the fond cousin, and the child's fingers smoothed and arranged it, her little heart beating lest her Uncle would be displeased, and the two girls hastened in to dinner.

An officer of high rank whispered to the Laird, "Really your youngest daughter will be a beautiful woman. What eyes! and something so noble about

her."

"Indeed!" said the Laird: "for a filly she's well enough; but did you see 'Blucher' to-day? Good blood there, the best in England." And in the praise of his horse he forgot to think further of his niece.

But there was one who heard it, and bitterly did the young Frascinella suffer from her jealousy. The second daughter of this noble house was as different in appearance as in character from her kind-hearted sister; she turned pale with rage, but smiled upon the gentlemen at dinner, always looking at her little cousin as if to wither her with a glance. Poor Fan Fan felt some cloud was hanging over her, and her lovely evpression was gone; and during the evening, when General Stuart came near and kindly asked her if she would come and pay a visit to his daughter? She raised her large liquid eyes and said "If my cousins can spare me."

"But I have your Uncle's permission," said the General, surely this is enough! Helenium has no sister, and her brother is at school; she would enjoy

being with you.

But poor Fan Fan well knew Marie Antoinette would prevent her going. So softly she said," I will ask my Uncle to write to you after he has arranged with my cousins. She looked so nervously, so timidly round, that the General saw something was wrong, and putting his hand kindly on her glossy curls said,—

"You are welcome, come when you may; may

I ask your cousins?"

"Oh no! they would not like to refuse you, and

yet they may wish me to be at home."

So again the little breast heaved, and the General was called to play at whist, so saw no more of the interesting child. In a few days he received a short note from the uncle saying, "Fan Fan was so useful at home she could not be spared." But Fan Fan's sorrows were not lessened by the General's attention, many a sneer met her from the envious Marie Antoinette, and the child's step grew slower, and she became so wasted and sad, her eldest cousin said she must have a change; but meanwhile, unexpectedly, a letter came to the kind Laird from the youngest brother of Fan Fan saying, " He had got a situation abroad and would like to come and see his little Fan and his cousins before he left." Oh, what joy at first beamed in Fan Fan's eyes; her cheek glowed with pleasure.

"Oh yes! little one," said the fond Uncle

"write and tell him we shall all be glad to see him. and to bring his 'traps,' and you will mend them up for him." Even Marie could not dislike this openhearted, beautiful boy, his broad brow, sunny smile. and dimpled cheek, his large blue eyes and handsome slender figure, all had a strong resemblance to Fan Fan, but there seemed to have been a mistake, he should have been the girl, hers was the firm masculine character; although she was but two years older, her brother looked up to her and was guided and influenced by her; in fact, as you gazed upon the two young creatures as they stood with their arms entwined around each other, you felt the dark-eyed brunette would have been a splendid fellow; and the boy a lovely girl!!! Six happy weeks flew past, the Castle filled with company, captains and lairds, majors and admirals, young and old, surrounded this good old country gentleman. Fan Fan lived in, and for, her brother. He sang beautifully, and she trembled with joy and pride, as his sweet voice thrilled through the room. "Sweet evening Bells," "The Rover's Bride," for years, for ever, they lingered in the memory of the sister; she felt his singing through life, it haunted her. But the day of parting came, and the agony of the child was intolerable; in vain her brother whispered words of love and consolation in her ear, twined his boyish arms around her. She missed the loveliest curl of her jetty locks, he murmured "I took it." She sickened with grief, and implored her uncle to give her a little room where she could sleep and weep alone. It was granted; for days she never tried to rise; she shut the shutters, she would not look upon the sun, or trees, or flowers; at last her uncle, after sitting holding her to his bosom, caressing and remonstrating with her, brought in the little terriers: he thought their love would comfort her; she smiled at her dear uncle's idea of comfort, and her uncle almost wept for joy to see how well his stratagem had succeeded. She could not make others unhappy, she roused herself and appeared as usual next morning, and none knew how much she suffered, what sleepless nights, and what floods of tears—for her favourite, her idolized brother, truly Fan Fan made an idol of that boy. Her uncle wrote to General Stuart and accepted his kind invitation, for he feared to lose Fan Fan, so she went to Perthshire and spent three months of almost perfect happiness. The young Stuarts were kindness itself, and the General's son and Fan Fan were inseparable; how charmed the General was, no girl had ever pleased him in character and person so completely as Fan Fan; and her sensibility, her love for her brother, and grief for him, but made her more perfect in his eyes. Helenium and she were indeed sisters in affection, but gratitude chained Fan Fan's lips, and she dared not reveal her sorrow, the curse of her life, the bane of her happiness, namely—the envy of her cousin Marie. She returned home, well in health and so merry, her loving uncle was half jealous. "How is my child so well and blooming?" said the Laird. "Oh! Uncle, I have been so happy." "Happier than at home?" the child blushed; she could not deceive.

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Marie curled her lips, and said, "Flirting no doubt with the General's son; Fan knows the value of an estate worth £2,000 per annum." A burning angry blush rose to the cheek of the little cousin, but her uncle said, "Never mind, Fan Fan, you are too young for such fancies; you have no love but for your old uncle;" this soothed the maiden, and caressing her dogs, and receiving a kind welcome from all the old servants, numbers of whom were grumbling encumbrances, eating, drinking, and sleeping at the Laird's expense, and abusing him and his family behind his back. But, was any sick? Fan Fan attended the invalid; Fan Fan never forgot their little comforts, a good cup of tea, a smoke, &c., was all arranged by the child. A cloud had hung over the Castle till her return, she could not now find time to take off her bonnet; every one wanted her. At last, weary, she went up to her little nursery, where a print or two hung upon the wall, gifts of friends, a female head crowned with thorns, and a picture of her carrying a dove, some of Booth's sunny landscapes, and a picture of her three brothers. She gazed at them, leaned forward, and kissed the youngest; then, locking her door, prayed for strength to bear the trial of separation from (the beloved) Gordon, prayed for him and all, and for her dear uncle,—and that she might be able to do her duty to Marie. She dressed for dinner; and the inward peace gave a composure to her features almost amounting to dignity, that Marie began to shrink from openly tormenting her, but the hatred was only deeper, and she injured this fair flower whenever she could. Amongst the visitors at this time was an elderly Major, who fell in love with our heroine, and asked her to be his wife. Oh, naughty Fan Fan! she behaved so badly. A peal of merry laughter rang through the room: and when she recovered and saw her admirer was not joking, she felt almost ashamed, and "No," "no," "never," decided her fate, as far as the Major was concerned. So Fan Fan's relatives were obliged to see she was no longer a child, and, to the horror of Marie, her dresses and hair were allowed to grow, and the cousin grew up a fine, showy, handsome woman, very much admired; but between the cautious prudery of Amarantha, the burning jealousy of Marie, and the Laird's selfish love for his niece, she refused, kindly but steadily, a great many offers of marriage.

The General's son had entered the army, and was coming home for a little on leave of absence. Helenium wrote to Fan Fan, inviting her to come to Perthshire, but a daughter-in-law of her uncle, a bride, was expected and Fan Fan had to stay at home, as the old Castle was again crowded, and Fan Fan's services were indispensable. There was to be a ball in honour of this occasion, and the General and his son and daughter were invited. What a fuss—what a labour—how worn out was Fan Fan; how hard she worked to save Amarantha; and Marie lolled on a sofa, giving her orders as though she was a Queen. And as she was the favourite daughter—the beauty—all had to obey

and humour her. She was engaged to be married to a very dashing officer, very handsome and extravagant, and as selfish and exacting as herself. But she flirted for amusement, and he did the same. Fan Fan detested him; and owing to her constantly repulsing him he fancied her bad-tempered, and spoke of her as such.

CHAPTER II.

GENTLE reader, -picture to yourself a pleasant, old-fashioned Dining-room, the furniture originally very handsome, but decayed by time, and with faded window curtains, and shabby, worn sofas; yet something so hospitable in its kind and warm look, something so inviting in the well-worn carpet, your own heart glows within you as you enter even unseen into this room. Never mind the pictures of the ancestors on the walls, in their richly-gilded frames, in the costumes of olden times. We cannot help being nobly born, any more than others can be blamed for rising from the scullery to the dininghall. It is of no use looking into the virtue or vice of pedigree. Those who are high-born generally know, that, unless accompanied by goodness, education, and talent, it is worthless; and they inherit keen feelings and a sensitiveness which cause to them, through life, additional suffering. slight an imaginary insult makes the cheek glow, and the blood boil, of those of gentle origin, of purely aristocratic breeding; and if poor and supported by others, to walk unclothed through a wilderness of thorns can but feebly depict the tortures hourly endured. Oh! ye high-born, aristocratic men, think what a crime ye commit in leaving unprovided for, your daughters, with such refined and sensitive souls, as well as lovely, fascinating forms, which, from their very delicacy, never fail to attract men of rougher mould and lower origin, but a fuller purse than theirs. To have a home, to be no longer "the dependant," "the poor relation," the high-born maiden sells herself to one who has no sentiments in common with her; she either lives a life of hatred and scorn or else is a slave,—a white slave, placid to all appearance, repeating to herself daily, "How thankful I should be to have a home, to be independent; no longer sneered at by wealthier relations." She hardly trusts herself to think of her position. She has the name of Mrs., but no more. If of a grateful nature, and she wishes to repay the kindness, or rather expenses, of her childhood, she is refused; and weeping and reproaches follow, and at length an unwilling consent is given; and "the mite," bathed in secret tears,a twofold slave, loving none and beloved by none. What snares lie in her path, introduced into a society of which she is the star; -because a lady of education and gentle breeding; and in no other position does birth tell so much in favour of any, as in a mixed and general society. No airs, no simpering, no self-idolatry, such as one sees among those persens who wish to assume a higher place in society than they are entitled to, the true lady cannot change her manner, even though uneasy, and seeing much different from what she has been accustomed to. She suppresses any inclination even to smile, and is grateful to those around her for their kind hospitality. And the young bride and wife is not so sorry she was "well-born" as her mother, a somewhat haughty old dame, proudly says to her, "My child is a universal favourite, because

she is a lady."

Ah! poor young wife, you will suffer well for all this; better and happier to be born of the same rank as your lord and master. Unequal marriages are misery. But enough, too much of this; the little olive branches or twigs of discord may come, and we must leave all disputes (for many must arise) to be settled by father Time, who will soften the husband, and, above all, the father; and we will hope that the common sense engrafted by the one parent will counteract the too sensitive and susceptible propensities of the other; and that, as the outward man of such a mixed offspring is generally beautiful in the extreme, so the minds may by education, that master-moulder of the intellectual capacity, become more assimilated; and thus we see, by a strange anomaly, each parent seems to cling to and love the child who least resembles himself. The truth is, each one knows himself much better than the world gives him credit for, and we inwardly admire in others those qualities we feel we do not possess.

The Castle hall was hung with evergreens. Beautiful vases filled with the richest exotics—the musicians engaged—the supper abundant, and in excellent taste—the old Laird prided himself upon his wines—even Fan Fan felt elated and danced through the hall with old Dandy Dinmont, singing "Oh! it was merry in the hall," when the General

and his son walked in.

"So, Fan Fan," said the General, "you have

begun your dance already."

"And chosen your partner," said the young officer. "I am half jealous of these two dogs;

how fond of you they seem."

"Our affection is mutual," said Fan Fan; but she started as, in a large mirror, she noticed her dishevelled locks, heated face, and torn dress. "Marie says I shall always be a child; and for once she is right. I am an untidy one."

"A lovely one," said the General, glancing at his son, who gazed at the blushing girl as she strove

to arrange her unruly curls.

"You will," said Fan Fan, "find my uncle in the stable and my cousins in the drawing-room, so please excuse me till I arrange my toilet, or I shall

deserve a good scold."

"What a fascinating, lovely child of nature she is," said the General to his son, as they proceeded to the drawing-room, "were I young my heart would be gone. I could love a being like that to distraction; eh, Charles?"

The General was disappointed that his son's

enthusiasm did not equal his own.

"Marie says she is very deceitful and bad-tempered."

"Confound that envious, malicious girl, it is false; I could answer for Fan Fan; her uncle told

me the child was faultless."

"Oh!" persisted Charles, "the uncle dotes upon her; but here we are with the ladies,"-and a room full of ladies, all young, and many beautiful, amused Charles, and he forgot even to miss Fan Fan, who went to attend to her uncle, who had a touch of the gout, and none could please him but his child. She was ready for dinner in her white frock, blue sash and shoes,—for she was poor, and did not like to trouble her uncle for pocket-money, and he never noticed her shabby gown; he never saw but the loving face, the unselfish, ever-pleased manner; and when a twinge of the enemy made him cry out with pain, and then feel cross and dull in spirits, Fan Fan understood his humour; she would tell him some little anecdote, and lead him to talk of his great prowess in the hunting field—of his being so good a shot, bagging twenty brace of a morning, till the pain was forgotten, and the glass of fine old Madeira made him drowsy, and soon, by his hard breathing, his niece saw he slept. How softly she covered him, put an extra pillow under his head, and looked a grateful kind look into that dear old face. The child muttered to herself, "If dear 'Nunky,' took less wine and toddy, he would not suffer from gout. His idea of 'taking a hair of the dog that bit him is not mine.' 'Honey is sweet, but the bee has a painful sting;' still Fan Fan is but a child, and she pressed her lips softly to her uncle's brow. Had Fan Fan been a phrenologist, she would have seen why that kind uncle was swayed to and fro by sons' wives, even visitors or servants; he had no organ of firmness, and thus he lived beloved, and died regretted; but caused a lifetime of suffering to the child of his affections. Fan Fan felt her uncle's errors, and never could give him her entire confidence, for a new face charmed her uncle, and even a good-looking lady's maid came between him and his better judgment. But gratitude and love sealed her heart even to silence, and she only sighed as "Dear Nunky" again and again failed her.

"I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree,
But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,
And sae did my true love to me."

Just then the door softly opened, and the General came in, Fan Fan put her finger to her lips, and softly said "He sleeps." The General sat with her on the sofa, and they talked as father and daughter; and the General saw the child was talented and well-instructed. How he wished her for his daughter! but Marie and the Fates were against it. The gong woke the old Laird.

"Holloa, my child, you have smothered me, off with these traps; and, General, give me your arm, and we will go to dinner; come along, Fan, my little treasure. Ah! General, you see that child is all in all to me, so unselfish, so sensible, with judgment beyond her years. By Jove, few of us can

manage as she does."

The General agreed, and his noble face shone

with almost a parent's joy to hear this just eulogium. He only wished Charlie had been there; but it gave Fan Fan no pleasure, as the first flattering maid, or Marie herself, could deprive her for the time of her uncle's good opinion. Charles Stuart took down to dinner one of the Laird's daughters-in-law, a silly, trifling, pretty-faced doll. How slowly the hours passed! and Fan Fan illdressed, tired, and anxious, for she had a letter from the loved brother, hinting he was not so well, also that Harry was not steady, and Roderick was very dissipated, and could not live long, as he had several times had delirium tremens; and poor Fan Fan was sick at heart, and when she saw her uncle drinking his bottle of old Madeira, and washing it down with a stiff tumbler of hot brandy-and-water, she feared that all she loved as relations were to be doomed to realize the proverb, "Bacchus has drowned more men than Neptune." Fan Fan was out of spirits, looked ill and sad; and as a woman's beauty is in her varying expression,—above all, in the love-light in her eyes,—our heroine looked almost plain. All her cousins were gay, and occupied with preparations about the ball, and her uncle seemed in good spirits Fan Fan went up to her old nursery and better. without attendant, light, or tea, and with her brother Gordon's letter pressed to her sore young heart, she went to bed, to weep, to think, and at last she slept. She was not missed for long, till her uncle wanted his cards arranged, his handkerchief picked up he had left in the dining-room, and his footstool placed at his gouty foot, so then his child was in request, and Amarantha said, "Fan Fan was tired, had a headache, and had gone to bed." "Poor darling, she has been too long nursing 'Old Nunky' to-day, said the kind old man; but Marie softly insinuated to Charles that "she had gone to rest early to be blooming for the ball." Now Marie hardly knew the extent of the evil she did her little cousin in prejudicing this young man against her: the young couple were formed for, and could have loved, each other, and made the happiness of the two families, but Marie cold not bear the idea of Fan Fan, her poor relative, being richer than herself; so slowly, but surely, she poisoned Charles Stuart's mind against the lovely and truly de conscience. Pas à pas, on va loin; il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte."

Thus Marie separated for ever these young loving hearts. In vain the General said of her, "Grande parleuse—grande menteuse." The evil was done. Charles left the Castle the morning of the ball, as he did not wish to have his senses and affections captivated by one whose character he could not esteem. Fan Fan, on the morning of the ball, was told of her youngest brother's death; she fell senseless, and for hours could not be restored to consciousness. The General literally wept; he was more composed than her uncle, who trembled so that he could not hold his child; so she lay senseless in the General's arms, and on his manly, generous breast were shed the tears that saved her from brain fever. She murmured thanks,

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and kissed the veteran's cheek, pressed his hand to her aching heart, and said, "Sore, sore;" then low sobs and tears again succeeded. The ball went on; the cousins could not stop it, in the country many come twenty miles; the old Laird forgot his child, her sickness, and her grief, being quite a lady's man; and the handsome Marie, in green satin and pearls, looked beautiful. Aramantha was deeply grieved for Fan Fan, and would have much preferred sitting beside her poor little cousin, but her father forbade it; and she, too, could not be spared, as she danced to perfection, and played waltzes better than any one else. But often she stole away and was at Fan Fan's couch, and kissed her kindly, for the proud, sensitive child would not be spoken to. Strange how hearts of different ages cling together! The General never left Fan Fan. Late in the evening he handed a little tea and bread to the weeping maiden, and she tried to smile her thanks as the tears dropped into the cup. Twelve o'clock struck, and the General gave some morphia, left by the family doctor. He asked her if he should read to her the prayers for the sick and sorrowful; she assented; she murmured "Amen," took his hand, laid her wet cheek upon it, and fell asleep. The General sat by the dim lamp, for he feared for her-the agonizing awakening: about four o'clock she murmured her brother's name, and awoke sobbing; then the kind old soldier pressed her to his heart, caressed and soothed her as a fond mother would have done. He gave her some nourishment, he smoothed her couch, bathed her face and hands, and laid her down, and said the Lord's Prayer; and the child slept more calmly, and the trickling tears ceased to flow.

The General gazed at her, and remembered his wife, his Helenium, who died when her daughter was born; she died of grief; her brother drank himself into the madhouse, and thence to an early grave, and her proud young spirit sank from grief and shame. But Fan Fan's brother died as he had lived, a young and pious Christian. He left his love and his prayers for Fan Fan, and charged his physician to let his sister know he died happy. Thus in a foreign land, without one friend but the kind physician, this gentle boy breathed his last. The day was hot and sultry. He was oppressed; his cheek was flushed and pallid alternately, and the effort of speaking, as his friend softly entered the sick-room, caused the perspiration to stream from his noble brow.

"My dear boy," said the kind Doctor, as he supported him in his arms, and wiped away the drops, "you are very weak."

The Doctor saw he could not keep him long. He could not alter the decrees of Providence. Soft tears dropped from the boy's eyes as he experienced the relief of being supported and beloved; those of the Doctor mingled with the boy's, and neither could speak. A quiver passed over the mouth of the dying one, but the strength of affection seemed to retard the messenger of death. His large blue eyes looked full upon the Doctor, and he said,—

"Will you remember my message to Fan Fan? She will nearly die of grief; and may God reward you, dear sir, for your kindness to an orphan boy. I have known no want; have had my every wish gratified. You have done all for me, with more than a father's love. I have nothing to give you but my grateful thanks," and with his pale lips pressed to the Doctor's hand, he fell back into a long swoon, but after a time rallied for a little, and as a handsome pure white bull-terrier he had brought from the Castle, the last gift of his uncle, whined and moaned, as in vain she tried to catch the eye of her master; "Dear Doctor," said Gordon, "I leave you 'Jessie,' you will like her as a remembrance of your Scottish laddie," and he smiled one of his beaming smiles, but no dimples were now to be seen in that wan, pale cheek. The Doctor patted the dog kindly and said,—

"I will take every care of your favourite, but need no remembrance of you—you are loved by me quite as dearly as my own sons, and I can never cease to regret you; but, Gordon, I mourn for my own loss, but not for you—your happiness is certain. Your trust is in Him who died for you; and, thanks be to God, you made your peace through the blood of Christ whilst in health, and can in the hour of sickness rest with confidence upon the

finished work of your Saviour."

The boy smiled and said,-

"Thank God, death has no terrors for me. I long to be at rest, and yet when I think I am only fifteen, my childish heart almost murmurs, and I think of Fan Fan, and of my boyish sports and merry days, and I shudder to think of death."

"Dear boy, think of a beautiful world without sin, without sickness, without sorrow, always happiness and light, and love and joy; and that all is waiting and ready for the orphan boy, the sweet angels, and the boy's gentle mother, and Jesus who died to secure our happiness."

A sweet smile again lit up the boy's face, and as the Doctor's quick ear caught the last words, "I am happy," the spirit of the child was in *Paradise*.

The Doctor performed the last duties towards the son of his affections. The dog never moved; and as by turns the Doctor and other members of his family, who all loved the Scottish laddie, watched by his little bed, "Jessie" was a fixture; she sickened at her food, and sighed and howled, but as though she had heard, as, perhaps, she did, and also understood, the conversation about herself. She after a time attached herself to the Doctor, accompanied him at all times, lay at his feet in his carriage, under his easy-chair, in his consulting-room, and yet she, unlike the generality of her sex, was never known to reveal the secrets confided to her master,-professional secrets solely intrusted to the physician. "Jessie," the Doctor's dog, was soon as well known as himself, and when detained for hours, or all night from home, Jessie was not forgotten; she shared her master's food, and his good-natured wife and children alleged she had a corner also in his heart.

It is somewhat hard, the number of persons

supposed to have a portion and a place in the heart of their "Doctor." He is required to sympathise with each individual that he attends; he must be sad with the sorrowful, rejoice with the happy, advise the friendless, suffer with the sick, and soothe the complaining. Others get rid of their burthens occasionally, but the Doctor never. He dies a thousand deaths. He forms attachments, and has the agony of losing them. He meets with much ingratitude, and spends his existence for others, and but too often his recompense is reproach and upbraiding. He cannot open his heart fully to any. He must bear the burden of responsibility alone, his only tribunal being God and his own conscience. He must have a thorough control over his temper, or his daily petty trials must fret him into the grave; the teasing, unsatisfactory remark so often made — "Doctor, I am no better; you have never done me any good;" "Doctor, your drugs injure me; you do not understand my case;" "Doctor, you should have tried something else to save my child;" and then the backbiting and slander behind the poor Doctor's back. The inconsistency of females; one day the Doctor is "immaculate;" the next "the opposite." One is dissatisfied: "He comes so seldom; another, "He comes too often; in fact, he can rarely please, but if his principles are built upon a rock, and that rock is Christianity. he regards not man's opinion, but stands the test, and remains unscathed amidst the trials and troubles of a laborious profession.

Ten years after "Gordon's" death, the Doctor his kind friend, and his family, were plunged into unforeseen poverty and distress; a letter arrived in deep mourning, and a grateful, even humble note, asking as a favour, that the "Dear Doctor"—he who had acted more than a father's part to "Gordon," Fan Fan's beloved brother—would accept the enclosed five thousand pounds as a "gift

of gratitude."

The sick Doctor, for illness alone had brought him low, shed tears of joy, his wife wept, and the children embraced and caressed "Jessie," who was still the favourite. The Doctor's mind was relieved, his trifling debts paid, and all again went well with him. Oh! gratitude, thou most captivating of virtues; how many a soul is made glad by thee; how many hearts rejoice because of thee—the good Doctor kissed Fan Fan's sweet modest letter, and a tear fell afresh to the memory of her sainted brother.

But to return to the old Castle. Next day, the General told Fan Fan of what his wife had suffered, and how grateful she should feel that no shame could mingle with her regret for her bright-eyed angel brother; his calm yet affectionate manner of reasoning convinced our heroine she was wrong to grieve, and she thanked the General, and rose and dressed, and when her uncle saw her in her black dress, so pale, so sad, he folded her to his heart, and in the impulse of the moment vowed he would be a father for ever to his precious child. The General felt reassured, and left the Castle, saying "He must have a letter, soon,

to know how the naughty little Fan Fan was." She smiled, and her soft eyes followed him to the door; she rose, and throwing herself into his arms, all but fainted from emotion. Weeks passed, and no letter of kindness or sympathy from Charles Stuart, so, for the first time in her young life, Fan Fan was bitterly disappointed. She could not imagine the cause. She knew his father loved her, and Helenium, her sister, wrote such loving letters, telling her she was going to be married, and would like Fan Fan to be one of her bridesmaids, but Marie would not allow this, and she curled her lip, and said, "Her cousin's sorrow must be very trifling indeed, if it was so soon put aside." So again an excuse was made, and Charles was at his sister's wedding, and was soon after engaged and married to a young lady, assez jolie, assez aimable, but so inferior to Frascinella, that for the first time in his life, the General was angry with, and vexed at the conduct of, his son. Two wept in secret that night, the old General and the Laird's child. Amarantha, who guessed her little cousin's secret, in consoling her, blamed Marie, so the child saw the cause of Charles's conduct, and the sorrow and disappointment were She wrote there, but no bitterness remained. kindly of Charles to his father, and hoped he would be happy. So, even the General doubted whether Fan Fan had really loved his son. And, now, Marie's wedding-day was fixed; and Fan Fan put aside her mourning for a few hours to be present, and how relieved she felt when her cousin coldly kissed her forehead, and, theatrically, embracing her papa and Amarantha, drove off with her gay husband. A handsome, selfish couple, many feared the result of that union. Fan Fan breathed more freely, and devoted herself more than ever to Amarantha, her uncle, and the housekeeping. The latter would have puzzled an older head, as debt and difficulty increased yearly, and, when the accounts came in, the Laird swore he was ruined, must leave the Castle, and dismiss his expensive establishment, but before three weeks, dinner-parties began and lots of company arrived, and the accounts, like a snow-ball, ran on noiselessly, slowly, but as certainly, and assumed at last so gigantic a form, the old Laird was obliged to let the Castle and go to Edinburgh, and then to London, as many of his family were there. He was too old and feeble to shoot; he had met with an accident when last he carried his gun, and his constitution was much shaken; the gout had left him, but his happy humour had fled, and his glass no longer cheered him; fears arose for the future. Amarantha had married a poor but amiable gentleman, and she and her little ones were a cause of great anxiety; the Castle was a bad school for learning economy, and the highborn daughters soon found out their mistake in marrying from impulse, gentlemen of habits as expensive as their own and slender incomes. Marie, so indulged by her father, had quarrelled with her husband, and after a few years of mutual recrimination left him. She was welcomed by the kind old Laird, who could see no fault in this daughter; and she was pitied, humoured, and caressed,

nay, even looked upon as a martyr and admired for her conduct; whereas, if Amarantha or Fan Fan had acted thus, they would have been accused of a crime in separating from their husbands. But the habit of favouring one of a family above the others is too common an error, and, in general, the most unworthy child is the one most beloved. It was fear of Marie's sarcasm caused her influence over her father, and, during her absence, Fan Fan's life was truly happy; making little caps and frocks for Amarantha's children, reading aloud to her dear old uncle, playing at cards with him and the neighbouring lairds, singing a plaintive ballad, if they were alone and "Dear Nunky" was drowsy; for three years, even among the debts and difficulties, Fan Fan and her uncle were very happy.

[To be continued.]

LORD CLINTON'S COUSIN.

A most ominous looking letter for Lieut. Guy Maitland, H.M. 3rd Dragoons, was on the hall table at Latham Park, on the 4th September, 1857. The butler had, as usual, opened the post-bag, had examined all the letters thoroughly, taken his master's up to his master's room, and arranged those for the visitors at Latham on the hall table, at which each visitor paused on his or her way to the dining-room, and carried off his or her own paguliar property.

peculiar property. Lieut. Guy Maitland was late that morning, and this large blue envelope for "Lieut. Guy Maitland," as aforesaid, "on H.M. Service," with a large "Immediate" in the corner, caught the eye of every one as they passed to breakfast. At last the owner appeared, and more than one of the party looked up as he opened it, to see whether the large envelope contained anything larger than an order for a new cap, or an extra bit of gold lace. It certainly was something more than either. No face ever betrayed so much, as his eye caught the few lines inside, for either a new cap or bit of gold lace. He read it, then glanced round the breakfast table, till his eye rested on the face he sought. It could not have been one of those who watched him open the letter, surely; she was so intent on her coffee-cup now, at any rate, you might even have some doubts as to her knowing Lieut. Guy Maitland had entered the room. Her mother, though, had none whatever.

"Well, Maitland," said the host, "we have all been wondering what are Her Majesty's commands."

"Short and sweet, Sir William. Rejoin at once and prepare for immediate embarkation."

"India, I conclude, my dear fellow?"
"Oh yes, India, of course; Calcutta."

"Well, I am sure the partridges only will sing, 'Oh be joyful to that, eh?'" said Sir William. He

was quite mistaken. Mrs. Trafford, sitting next Lord Clinton, the mother of the young lady who was looking into her coffee cup, and had not been at all anxious about that horrid blue envelope, was already singing it with all her heart.

Lord Clinton had left his place, and was standing with one hand on the young dragoon's shoulder, reading Her Majesty's commands. "My dear Guy, I am very corry. You were to have been at Dunham all October: we shall miss you very much,"

"Thanks, Clinton, but what is to be done? Her Majesty sends honour and glory to call me, so, of course, I ought to say I am proud and delighted to follow. I cannot say it just yet, I must confess." There was a look at the owner of the coffee-cup, and then Sir William called out, "Now sit down and eat a good breakfast, my dear fellow; I am very sorry it must be the last at Latham for some time to come. When must you start? That's right, go to the side-table and help yourself. My dear, give Maitland some tea."

"I'll have some coffee, thank you, Sir William."

"Coffee! then I can help you myself. Miss Trafford, you will pass him the sugar, and some-body give him some butter. 'Pon my word, those black devils! they will be a little astonished when the 3rd Dragoons come down upon them, sabring right and left, eh, Maitland? Don't speak to him, my dear, let him eat his breakfast in peace. The express reaches Latham Station at ten minutes past twelve. You go to Coventry, don't you?"

"Yes, we are quartered there, but I should like to go round by Chester, and see my mother en

route, if I can, Sir William."

"That's right, my boy, I'll look it up for you. Bring me Bradshaw, Thomas. I'll look it up whilst you get some breakfast. Chester, let me see, page 51; Chester to Hereford, that won't do; page 82, Chester to Holyhead, hang it! page 94, Chester to Mold. Where the deuce is Coventry?"

Lady Houghton laughed. "I am so amused at Sir William looking in Bradshaw! It is Hebrew to him. I do not think he could find out from Reading to London if he tried for a week. Mr. Maitland, where is your mother just now?"

"Staying at a Welsh sea-side place, and I should like to tell her myself I am ordered off, if possible."

"Poor thing, how she will miss you! An anxious time for mothers indeed."

Guy Maitland had grown into a hero. Always a general favourite, this large blue envelope invested him with a warmer interest immediately. He was so pleasant and so good-looking—so fond of his mother—he rode so well, he shot so well, he danced so well; every one liked him, excepting Mrs. Trafford; and she would have liked him too, had she not feared her daughter liked him well enough for her mother, as well as herself. So foolish in Helen, when Guy's cousin, Lord Clinton, evidently admired her. So horribly foolish to insist on riding the day Lord Clinton was to drive the drag to the showplace of the neighbourhood; and then to ride an animal Sir William said was rather fresh; and so fresh it was, that the young dragoon gave his horse

to the groom, and patted and quieted hers, and walked by her long after it was quiet enough. Aggravating beyond measure for any mother to see all this from the drag, and be perfectly unable to stop it! And now she sat there twirling the spoon in her coffeecup, and looking up now and then as if he were Sir Philip Sidney himself. Helen was not singular. Reader, did you see the troops embark on board the Simoom, at Portsmouth, in February, 1854? And do you remember the sort of feeling you had for all? Did you not long to shake every man by the hand, and bid him God speed, from the old sergeant to the raw recruit, who enlisted, as Kingsley says, on that unlucky Saturday evening? Your father or your husband thought you absurdly romantic when you said so, but there was a some. thing in his own throat, as well as yours, when he joined in the cheers, as she steamed away down Channel, carrying with her so many who were never to return; leaving behind her sore and aching hearts, which were to ache still more; ache -ache on-ay, are aching now, and will ache until they find rest at last! Ah well—

> "Each soul can have but patience; Each heart can only break."

Happy are those who gain patience. It is what we are told in the Book that cannot lie, we have

" need of."

The bed-rooms at Latham Park were on each side of a wide corridor, opening into a gallery, which went round three sides of the hall. It was not a comfortable place for a leave-taking, as any one in the corridor commanded a full view of two sides, and any one in the hall below had a good view of the whole, if they chanced to look up, which people are certain to do, if there is anything they are not wanted to see. The gallery was hung with pictures, and opposite one, of the Battle of Waterloo, Guy Maitland was waiting, hoping Miss Trafford would leave her room during the next ten minutes, which was all he had to spare. It was a lively subject: those heaps of dead and dying, horses and men all together! A door opened, and there was a light rustling; no sound of footsteps ever betrayed Helen Trafford's approach. He was back in the corridor, at her side. "I wanted to say good-by," was all he said in words, but his eyes said a great deal more, and it took both his hands to hold one of hers, though Helen's hand was very small, with long taper fingers. So they came to the "Battle of Waterloo" again.

"I have been waiting to see you,—that," (looking at half-a-dozen men thrust through with swords in different places, and a dozen more falling off their horses,) "that will be the lot of many of us."

He could not have said anything better to Helen Trafford just then, for his heart was very full, and the long taper fingers of the little hand involuntarily clasped his, as turning away from the picture with a shudder, she said—

" No, no."

They would have made a pretty picture themselves in that old gallery; the windows were of painted glass, and the sun was shining brightly, streaming in through the coloured panes, and

dancing on her hair.

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At that moment a door opened. He would not have minded her mother, or Lady Houghton, or any young lady, or any lady's maid, or any housemaid, just then; he was past minding anything of that sort, he had but a few moments left him, and I am not sure, to tell the truth, that Miss Trafford would have minded them either; but the intruder was Lord Clinton's valet; moreover he paused at the door, and said, "No, my Lord," showing that Lord Clinton was there, and had asked some question; probably would appear himself before Guy could say half he longed to say: and Helen started, and hastily withdrew her hand, then blushing crimson, gave it back again, as if she wished Guy to believe she thought he was saying good-by to her, just in the same way as he might to Lady Houghton, or his grandmother. She gave it back to him, and said "Good-by." The valet had been coming down the corridor very slowly, like a well-educated valet; he first sneezed, as if suddenly taken with a bad influenza; then he stopped short to blow his nose violently, then another sneeze. Then Lord Clinton called, and the valet turned back and said, "Yes, my Lord," and Helen heard Lord Clinton say, "Tell Mr. Maitland, I will drive with him to the station," and again the valet said, "Yes, my Lord;" during which time, Guy Maitland had said something, he scarcely knew what, and Helen could scarcely feel sure of anything, save that he had called her "Helen" at the last, and asked her not to forget him, and that he was gone. She felt quite, quite sure of that. He was gone! If she had looked out of the window when she locked her door, she would have seen his face watching for her, as he and Lord Clinton drove away to the station, but she had been resolved not to cry and make her eyes red, till after she had said good-by to him, and when she had said it, and he had run down stairs, and she had reached her own room and locked the door, she could control herself no longer, so a good cry she had quietly by herself, and then she had to bathe her eyes, and go to the drawing-room, and appear not to care whether Mr. Maitland were there or not.

Mrs. Trafford saw her listening to what Lord Clinton was telling her that evening, and felt satisfied, but he was only speaking of Guy. Guy had asked Mrs. Trafford to make his mother's acquaintance when in London, and as Mrs. Maitland was Lord Clinton's aunt, she promised accordingly to do so. It was about Christmas that Lord Clinton proposed to Helen herself, and Helen herself refused him; if she had just said five words, "I like your cousin better," everything would have been right, and my story never written, but they were not said, not then at least. Mrs. Trafford knew he was often at Mrs. Maitland's, and therefore one of the first visits she paid in town was at her house. Helen fell in love with Mrs. Maitland at once, her sweet kind manner, and the soft sweet voice, charmed her as they did every one; her last

words as they left, brought the bright colour to her face, she felt certain Guy had spoken of her.

"I do not go out at all now, I cannot do it whilst my son is away, but I shall be so glad to see you

whenever you like to come."

So Helen often went to see her, sometimes she saw Lord Clinton, and sometimes she did not, and Mrs. Maitland soon thought her good enough even for Guy, which is a great deal for any mother to think. It was an anxious time for all who had friends in India; Helen knew how eagerly Mrs. Maitland awaited the arrival of each mail. It came one bright day in May. Who can forget it? The news cried in the streets, the principal items placarded about; the papers with all particulars of the engagement. How many had longed for those particulars, until they came with all their heart, breaking! Among the killed was Lieut. Guy Maitland, Her Majesty's 3rd Dragoons.

And his mother took the paper, and spreading it out before Him who knows all our griefs and sorrows, knelt in her bitter agony, the agony of one who mourneth for her first-born,—no prayer save the cry, "My son, my son," till Helen, in spite of the respectful remonstrances of the servants, flew up-stairs to the darkened room, and as the mourner rose pale and tearless, she threw her arms round her, bowed her head, till her face was hidden on her bosom, and gasped "Dearest Mrs. Maitland, I must come, I know,—I've heard," and the mother felt her boy's young heart had not been given in vain, her tears came at last, and she sobbed "Helen, Helen, my boy loved you, no one but you can comfort me; you are mourning for

him too."

My readers, do not be angry with poor Helen, when I tell you three months after this, about the end of July, Mrs. Maitland received a note from her. It contained but a few lines: they are soon read; but they took a long, long time to write, and cost her many, many tears: and Mrs. Maitland cried too as she read them, and cried over her answer, and Helen cried as she read that:—

"Dearest Mrs. Maitland,—I cannot bear any one should tell you but myself. I have said I will marry Lord Clinton. Every one says I shall be very happy. It is to be very soon. Do write me a line and tell me you will love me still. Always affectionately yours, "Helen Trafford."

And Mrs. Maitland wrote-

"My Dearest Child,—I rejoice to hear one so good and worthy as Clinton has gained my Helen, and earnestly do I pray for your future happiness. I shall often see you, I hope, and ever believe in the love of

"A. MAITLAND."

Yes, Helen had accepted Lord Clinton. Her mother was very anxious, and urged her consent. He was many years older than Helen, good, and amiable; there was nothing against him; he had been much attached to his young cousin, and Helen

said yes, at last. They were married the end of August, and went abroad. But at Paris the news of Mrs. Trafford's dangerous illness followed them; they returned home immediately; and the honeymoon was scarcely over when Helen laid aside her bridal attire to wear mourning for her mother.

Lady Clinton was spending the afternoon with Mrs. Maitland before starting again on their foreign tour.

The drawing-room door was opened by the butler, who had been many years in her service.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am, there's a gentleman wishes to see you."

"I told you not to admit any one, Edwards."

"It's a gentleman from India, ma'am; there's good news, ma'am. He says the Captain never was killed; he's alive, ma'am. We'll get off our black at once; he'll be home soon, ma'am," were his broken exclamations.

Breathlessly, Mrs. Maitland asked, "Edwards, what are you saying?" as she rose, trembling in every limb. "What gentleman, where is he?

"Here, mother," said a voice; and very thin and very brown, the lost one stood before her. She was in his arms. "Guy, my son, my boy, alive again!"

"Dearest mother, I could not help it. No letters could be sent till now, and I have travelled with them; you will get my letter to-morrow. Edwards

tried to prepare you."

The thin brown face lighted up—Helen sitting with his mother! A few eager words—one eager hand stretched out—hers was cold as marble as he took it, and she glided quickly from the room.

She sat turning round and round the little magic circle on her finger that separated them for ever, till Mrs. Maitland came in and kissed her; she looked up inquiringly into her face:

"Yes, he knows all now, Helen," she said, answering her look. "It was not possible, or I

would have told him before he spoke.'

Helen in her inmost heart knew, she was not sorry to have heard those words in that voice just once more, before it was hushed for ever. Mrs. Maitland gave her some particulars of his escape, and then "I had better go back to the hotel," she said, at last, wearily.

"Helen, I must ask you one question first: did

Clinton know anything about Guy?"

Helen shook her head. "He never asked a word."

"Dear child, then you must tell him now."

"A pleasant task, truly!" she said, bitterly.

"Clinton must know, Helen. You must tell him. Oh Helen, you do not know what misery you may cause if you keep this from your husband. Clinton was so fond of Guy, he was constantly at Dunham,—he will be there again; some day it must come to his knowledge, and then—my dearest, no one has been in fault; tell him truly, all at once—promise me, Helen—be open with your husband."

"I cannot, I cannot," she said, hiding her face in her hands.

"Helen, you are not my daughter, but let me speak to you as though you were," Mrs. Maitland said, soothingly: "by every hope of happiness, do not keep this back from your husband. He is worthy of your confidence, Helen, dear; for Guy's sake—for mine, as well as your own, and Clinton's, I entreat you, promise me faithfully to grant me this."

"He never asked me if I cared for any one else, though I refused him once," she said, but there was less decision, less bitterness in her tone.

"I know you did, Helen. When I thought I had lost my boy, it was not needful to volunteer to tell Clinton; but now, that he is given back to me, and you must be thrown together so much, oh Helen, do you not see your danger? Tell your husband, and you are safe. Guy will know Clinton is aware of all, and his path will be smoothed. I shall not feel a moment's joy until you tell him."

"Mrs. Maitland, tell me what he said when you told him, and I promise to tell Clinton all."

Tell her what he said! The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, were impossible. She could not tell of the thin brown face hidden in his hands—of the broken cry that had wrung her own heart. "My Helen! Unsay it! Mother, unsay it! Oh, mother, mother, mother!" That must not be told. His last words she might know, but only those; and his mother laid her hand on the young wife's head, bending down over her, her pale calm face: "Helen, my child! Guy said, 'God bless her'—and then I came to you."—

"No, my Lady, his Lordship has not come in yet." There was a little respite still. She took off her bonnet and waited for him. He was coming. Her heart beat so fast, she felt choking. Now or never; it must be said at once. She rose to meet him.

"Clinton, I have been with Mrs. Maitland—he is come back—he was not killed—he is alive,"

ne gasped.

"What do you mean? not Guy?"

"Yes, I do, he's there; he was wounded, not killed."

"I am so glad, if you do not mind waiting dinner, Helen, I must just go and see them both."

"Mrs. Maitland sent her love Clinton: she said.

"Mrs. Maitland sent her love, Clinton; she said, please go to-morrow, not this evening, and I have something to tell you."

"Well, what is it, my darling? how pale you

are, you are not well, Helen."

"Yes, yes, quite well, but I must speak to you, Clinton." She was breathless now.

"Come here, then," he said, putting his arm round her and drawing her to the sofa. "How cold you are, Helen; you are ill, I am sure some-

thing is wrong."
"Don't, don't, Clinton, I cannot bear it," she said, withdrawing herself from his encircling arm.

"I must speak at once. He came whilst I was

there, I was with his mother, we were at Latham, don't you remember! oh, did you never guess?"

"Guy! did Guy love you, Helen?"

"Yes, oh yes; don't you remember that visit at Latham, and his going,—he waited in that gallery to say good-by,— then I was quite, quite sure."

"And he came suddenly to-day and found you with his mother, and did not know you were mar-

ried; was that it, Helen?"

"Yes."

"And did he speak to you before he knew, Helen?"

"Yes, just at the first moment he saw me."

Lord Clinton was standing by the fire. He put his arms on the chimney-piece, and rested his head on them. She heard him say, "Poor fellow! poor fellow!" Then there was silence for a while, and then he came nearer and stood by her.

"Helen, I should like to ask you two things,

may 1?"

Her hands were tight clasped together on her knee. She did not look up, only bowed her head in answer.

"Was that why you refused me at first, Helen?" She had promised to tell the truth. She must tell all. He heard her say, "Yes."

"And you thought him killed when you accepted

me afterwards, Helen?"

It was nearly over now. She must say "Yes," once more, and she did.

"My poor Helen!" and then his face was hidden

on the chimney-piece again.

Would he ask her anything more? How long must she sit there? Surely her part was over, but it would be impossible to bear silence much longer. He was coming now. He was going to speak. This time he sat down by her on the sofa. She did not look; his voice was very low, still she caught every word.

"Helen, I seem to have lived the last year over again in these few minutes. I see it all now. How blind I was! Our visit at Latham. I remember now so many things that did not strike me then. I was very fond of Guy. He was like a younger brother to me, and yet it never came across me that he had won you from me, when I first told you how much I loved you. I did not tell you, Helen, how much I loved you, I could not do that, but when I asked you to be mine, I mean, that first time. Yes, Helen, it is all clear now, and I see how blind I was; how very blind! You would not call me "Guy," and "Clinton" was not all I wanted from you. I feel it now, Helen, I have never had your love. Such a fine young fellow! no wonder you liked him! Loved him, Helen, I ought to say, but it is more painful than you dream of to say the words. And then, when the news came of his death, it was all blank to you. You thought no one could ever fill his place, and I persecuted you again, fool that I was, and your poor mother wished it, and so you said, "Very well," and I was content to make you mine, with your poor little heart all the time buried in that battle-field. Ah, my Helen, what you must have borne! and I so

blind, so proud, so happy all the time! My darling, let me put my arm round you now, you would not let me before; but now you have told me all, hide your face here, on my shoulder, and have a good cry, Helen. I cannot bear to see you look like this. You would be less wretched if you cried, Helen. There, my own darling. Now will it give you pain to know, that, if it be possible, I love you more than ever, for being so brave and truthful as to tell me all?"

"Clinton, do not call me brave and truthful. I never should. It was Mrs. Maitland who made me

promise to tell all."

"Was it? Dear Aunt Maitland! but I know what it has cost you to tell, by what it has cost me to hear it. Darling, if you could just tell me you do not hate me quite,—that my death would not be joy to you,—that, as I am your husband, you will try to love me a little. Oh, Helen! tell me you will try. I will be quite patient and wait, if I only

know you promise to try."

His face was bending down over hers. She felt a great drop on her cheek, and then hiding her face on his breast, her own tears burst forth. He had wished to see that cold, stony look give way to tears, and he let them come at first, until she sobbed so bitterly, he raised her in his arms, and laid her gently on the couch, soothing her as best he might, and when she grew calmer, he had his reward.

"Don't speak, darling; lie still, quietly," he said,

" and rest.'

"I only wanted just to thank you for being so good to me," she whispered, "and to promise what you asked."

They were at home again by Easter, and the Morning Post announced Lord and Lady Clinton were entertaining a select party of friends at Dunham Hall. Lord Clinton had taken his wife's two hands in his, and looked into her eyes, and said, "Helen, I have asked Guy to come," and she looked up to him, though she knew the colour was deepening in her cheeks, and had felt thankful Guy's love was not a secret from her husband.

Three days after the first announcement, there was another paragraph in the Fashionable Intelligence, relating to Lord Clinton. The party at Dunham Hall had suddenly dispersed, on account of Lord Clinton's illness. His Lordship is ponounced to have typhus fever. Lady Clinton has not left Dunham.

No, Lady Clinton had not left Dunham; she had no intention of leaving, and the party had all dispersed, with the exception of Guy Maitland. "You must let me stay," he said, "I am a good nurse, and not a bit afraid of infection." And so he stayed, and helped to watch Lord Clinton, especially at night.

The fever ran its course; and on the fifth day, when her husband was going on well, and she had

time to think a little, Helen said to Guy, "Have you written to your mother?"

"I have just done it, and now I am going out, for my head aches, and I want some fresh air."

"Oh Guy!" (she called him by his name sometimes.) "Is your throat sore?"

"If I say yes, you will think I have caught it," he said, half-laughing; "but I must confess it does feel rather queer."

She knew he had it, and her heart ached.

"I will not let you go out until Mr. Noy comes to see Clinton."

Another letter went to Mrs. Maitland by that post, and the next evening she reached Dunham.

A week after she was kneeling by his bed; she had watched him day and night herself; the delirium was over, he had not strength to rally, and

was sinking fast.

"Mother, I should so like to see her once more."
She knew she was losing him again—losing him really this time. No coming back—no discharge in this war—yet she had strength to refuse her boy's last request. She would not endanger poor Helen's self-command. It must give way at such a time as this.

"Guy, darling, don't ask me that."

He stretched out his feeble hand to her. "There was no sin, mother; I loved her first."

"I know you did, my own boy. Thank God, no sin-none."

She leant over him and kissed his face. It was getting cold already.

" Mother, did she love me?"

"Love you! oh Guy, did you doubt it? Darling, if I had not known that I would ask her to come now."

He died that night, poor fellow.

M. E. G.

A SONNET.

(ADDRESSED TO A FAVOURITE PAPER-KNIFE.)

Fair gleams my ivory falchion's honoured blade—With ne'er a dint to tell how oft I wield Its trenchant might o'er many a fruitful field, That else un-won had slumbered in the shade, And oh! what far and fair campaigns we made Whether o'er Law's Sahara to advance, Or in some sweet Arcadia of Romance Cleaving a pleasant path through bower and glade! So, for a while in welcome truce to thought, I range at will o'er every open page, And musing on past fields so keenly fought, The mind afresh makes ready to engage—And once again I grasp thee for the strife, Thou best Excatebur!—my paper-knife!

Alsager Hay Hill.

If the storm comes, the meaner birds take to shelter; the eagle remains solitary in the heavens.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR

OF FACT AND RUMOUR.

Time, which, in its course has so far given us but little change in the season, and leaves summer weather still a thing rather to hope for in the future than to enjoy in the present, yet brings matter for congratulation. Our Prince is once more with us, safely returned from his tour; having, it is to be hoped, attained the desired aim of his prolonged absence, doubtless wisely decreed. Her Majesty has, we are told, visibly improved in health, and though we are forbidden to hope that her grief can ever admit of final assuagement, she has, at least, so far attained resignation, as to be able to meet all demands of State affairs.

The Great Eastern has returned from an auspicious voyage, and gives earnest of capabilities which will finally wipe away the prestige of ill-success that

marked the outset of her career.

"London is very full," is the sentence which after the stereotyped phrases concerning health and weather—greets you on all sides. Not a doubt about it; one needs but to look in upon any of the multifarious exhibitions and sights of London, one needs but walk down the principal thoroughfares—nay better—one needs but to get caught in a shower, and seek the convenience of a vehicle, to learn the fact that the unwelcome answer "full inside" will apply equally to our city, and its many hotels, lodging-houses, and restaurants, especially of the West end. Verily a time of harvest for those worthies, who fail not to make hay, sunshine or not; double tides too, to judge from the specimens of hotel charges which fleeced travellers are beginning to thrust with indignant protest upon the public notice.

The Exhibition! the Exhibition! and still the Exhibition! is the cry; the Alpha of our visitors' alphabet of attraction; though we did meet with a distressed "Mossoo," the other day, who, energetically desiring information respecting the omnibus, appeared equally desirous to reach the "Exhibition or St. Pole's." Upon these two points of attraction he was bent with a pertinacity very praiseworthy; displaying, however, the most perfect impartiality of choice for either. The cry is still "They come"—despite cold and rain; lowering skies, and warning barometers notwithstanding. It is pleasant to find everywhere people disposed to make the best of that which is set before them; and as very many of the visitors have some subject in which they are especially interested—and perfection is for the most part attained in each department, whether product of nature or art-a certain degree of pleasure and contentment cannot fail to be attained by those who do not seek the Exhibition as a source of elevating emotions or soothing refinement; in short, who do not bear with them the memory of '51, and its fairy palace in Hyde Park.

If it be, as is sometimes asserted, the especial privilege and delight of the Englishman to grumble, of a certainty he will find sufficient excuse in the refreshment-rooms to disburse himself of all invective, and may then prepare to visit the other portions of the building in a frame of mind comparatively angelic; while in the Picture Gallery he may attain perfect equilibrium. By the way, there is great need here of some arrangement to facilitate the viewing of the pictures; the line of persons constantly clashing from contrary directions, renders progress difficult, and critical contemplation impossible: surely the very simple plan of a rope stretched down the centre, and a notification as to the mode of entrance, might, to

some extent, obviate this.

The number visiting the building steadily increases; the several members of the Royal Family have all visited it in turn, always excepting, of course, Her Most Gracious Majesty, whom it seems almost a cruelty to miss, while there is no loyal heart but does miss her, even the more for the presence of her children. The Queen, however, with an exquisite sense, which we may believe leads her to testify her interest in the undertaking which she cannot bring herself to visit, has purchased 3,000 shilling tickets for distribution. The sale of the cheap tickets has so far proved the wisdom of their issue. Messrs. Chubb and Son, of St. Paul's Churchyard, have bought 160; the well-known firm of Caldecott, Sons, and Willcocks, have given ten shillings' worth of tickets to every person in their employment, and two days' leave of absence. It is rumoured that a number of Danish workmen will shortly arrive in London, their Government providing a war-steamer expressly to afford the men the trip.

But not to the Exhibition alone will fall the pleasant task of catering for the amusement and instruction of our visitors. A greater diversity surely never was known than that which the collective ingenuity and talent of London artistes now display.

The British The picture galleries alone are a host. Institution, the Water Colour (to both of which we hope to refer at greater length on a future occasion), with the Gallery of the French and Flemish artists, will make a day in Pall Mall indispensable; though we would by no means allow our friends to omit spending a couple of hours in the small collection of the recently-opened Gallery, at 14, Berners Street, where they will meet with some charming little pictures, and by which they will not improbably be tempted to make themselves literally masters, in their turn. One, an attractive picture in itself, is doubly so from its being the work of C. Mathews, Esq., a sufficiently creditable specimen of that gentleman's talent to warrant the conclusion that equal success would have attended him in the career of an artist. "The Glen" (F. Goodall, A.R.A.) is a delicious bit of nature, and will at once challenge the admiration of any conversant with the especial phase of country scenery which it depicts. The same may be said of a small picture representing the "Lane leading from the 'Greyhound,' Sydenham, to Peak Hill" (F. Buckstone); the manipulation of the trees, with their shadows cast upon the ground beneath, is capital. The same artist has another, "Near Bolter End, in Buckinghamshire," equally good, and which leads us to hope we may meet with him more frequently among the grassy slopes and "alleys green" of Old England.

In the centre of the room is a small collection of water-colour drawings, among which will be found some especial gems.

"Fishing Boats at Hastings," (C. S. James,) is one of those tempting pieces which we prophesy the visitor will find it difficult to quit; he will linger, and return yet again to bear away-if not the drawing, a pleasant reminiscence of that pleasantest of sea-side places. Of loftier pretensions, is one bearing no title, representing a sunset (A. Newton), but in the catalogue distinguished by an apt quotation—the effect of the summer sunset on the topmost crags of the mountain, the lake below sinking into darkness, and depth of calm, is very fine. Why this collection, very attractive in itself, and offering an excellent choice to purchasers, should have chosen to make itself famous by the extraordinary advertisement of the only really repelling subject contained in it, baffles our comprehension. "The Woman in White," we are, moreover, informed, was "rejected by the Academy." Had the

reigning powers of that institution always as good warranty for their decisions, assuredly there would be found few to quarrel with the justice of their awards.

At the Egyptian Hall we meet an old friend with a new face, or at least whose features have very considerably enlarged, Mr. Leech's oil-sketches from Punch illustrations will repay a visit: how many a sideaching laugh will be renewed, as we encounter our friend Briggs in his divers dilemmas by land and water, sympathise with Paterfamilias under the weight of his domestic woes, or recognise the precocity of Young England, with his knowing little Shetland-here are the Alices, the Marias, the Claras, with their bewitching Balmorals, embroidered skirts, hats and feathers-all revived to distraction. The fidelity with which these favourite sketches are reproduced and their correctness of detail, bear witness to the skill of the master hand which wrought at their birth.

The sisterhood asserts itself strongly in the present day. Madame White Mario has been lecturing on Garibaldi and the Italian cause, investing with her own peculiar grace, a not too promising subject in feminine hands. Mrs. C. L. Balfour, whose name long since achieved a just prominence among lady-lecturers, lately gave two addresses at Islington and Camden Town. Mrs. Lydia Fowler, M.D., of New York, at Willis's Rooms, has held meetings, from which the sterner sex were rigidly excluded, for the purpose of discoursing on "Physiology, or the Laws of Life and Health;" and last, but far from least, one of the best—if not the best book of the season, is by a lady author.

At the Hanover Square Rooms Mr. S. C. Hall has given his very interesting lecture on some of the celebrities of the age. The selection ranges from Mrs. Hannah More, Samuel Rogers, and James Montgomery, to Thomas Hood, Theodore Hook, Thomas Campbell, Charles Lamb, the unfortunate, but gifted L. E. L., and many others. Mr. Hall's sketches, ever characterized by the finest taste and delicacy of outline, are happily enhanced by bright touches of anecdote and illustration characteristic of the original with whom he brings us for the time acquainted. We heartily recommend those of our friends, to whom the opportunity may be afforded, to avail themselves of it.

Mr. G. A. Sala has commenced a course of public readings from his own works, the first of which was given at the Whittington Club on the 16th instant. The audience was very numerous, comprising many well-known members of literary and artistic circles, The reader was most attentively listened to throughout. and the applause was heartily given, which the entertainment certainly merited. If we are not mistaken, however, Mr. Sala will find his account in calling to his service for the occasion, that versatile pen which has already gained for him a distinction almost unapproached in a certain class of literature. With the facility of adaptation for which he is so remarkably distinguished, he could find it no difficult matter to produce something much more suitable to the purpose than even the simple pathos of the "Journeyman Carpenter." or the racy humour of "Captain Slyboots:" while the charm of novelty anticipated could not fail to ensure that success to the reader which the author has so deservedly achieved.

There is not wanting harmony to swell the tide of attractions in our great metropolis. Morning Concerts at Her Majesty's, with Mdlles. Titiens, Trebelli, Cruvelli, and the Sisters Marchisio; Mdmes. Weiss, Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. W. Weiss, Sainton, Herr Joachim, Sims Reeves, and a host more celebrities.

each a host in himself or herself. Mr. Benedict's Morning Concerts at St. James's Hall; Mr. Leslie's Choir. The Monday Popular Concerts, comprising artistes of note, and the prices of admission to which put it within the power of the most cautious of music lovers to gratify their ears without detriment to their pocket. Both opera houses in full play, with Mdlles. Patti and Titiens as their respective stars; there is choice enough

to satisfy the most fastidious taste.

At the theatres, be the mood grave or gay, does the visitor desire to foster his melancholy, to read a domestic moral, or to indulge in wholesome and invigorating laughter—has he not Mr. Kean and the Corsican Brothers, the Wife's Portrait, or the American Cousin? Who has not seen Lord Dundreary in this last-named piece has yet something to see, which assuredly he will not readily forget; no, not even though he shall have attended the representation of the Rival Othellos at the Strand, which would go far to banish less durable impressions.

It is sad to learn that Mr. Robson's indisposition again disables him from appearing in public, and playgoers are deprived of one of their most active and

deservedly popular favourites.

We do not forget that to a numerous portion of our sight-seeing friends, the stage is, from one cause or another, forbidden ground; to these, however, a wide choice remains open, indeed some of the most tasteful and talented among our actors have adopted a form of entertainment which has been brought as near perfec-

tion as possible by a few.

Mr. Charles Mathews takes foremost place in the rank. His present entertainment rises far superior to the last as a whole, though there were in that one or two characters in which he attained such excellence we could fain have had them retained. Certainly, nothing has ever appeared, or can be imagined, to exel, s old Italian cicerone—the German propertyman, great as he is, must yield the palm. In elegance of appointment, nicety of detail, fitness of costume, it was to be expected, from all that has gone before, that Mr. and Mrs. Mathews would be "At Home;" but it remained for his latest achievement to prove how thoroughly they are equal to the arduous task of personifying some dozen personages, we had almost said, simultaneously, so rapid and complete are the transfor-Those who are not acquainted with the peculiar talent of Mr. Mathews, will understand something of it when they learn, that among the characters he assumes, are a charwoman, with a characteristic song, in which he handles the broom, pail, and dust-pan, as to the manner born; and a school-boy, in round jacket and cap, with all the propensities and idiosyncrasies of the period most faithfully rendered; these being but a specimen of the many transmogrifications which the versatile actor displays. But assuredly the height of the ludicrous is attained in the dialogue of the two old maids, Miss D. Tractor and Pamela Python, with a characteristic song; words can render no adequate idea

The second part of the "Sensation Fork" is, as expressed, a "good-natured skit upon the sensation drama now in vogue." Here we have real scenery, moonlight effect, the melodramatic element ad absurdum, ruffian, maniac, lost child, &c., with a real "header." It is due to Mrs. Mathews to note that she has made great and visible improvement in her performance, and the evident care and assiduity with which she seconds the efforts of her talented husband entitle her to a large share in the approval which their joint efforts cannot fail to evoke

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, with their admirable coadjutor Mr. John Parry, are still at their post, and

gathering their due meed of laurels; the latter delighting whole audiences with his version of the Colleen Bawn; while to the non-play-goers, who might else have anxiously listened to the enthusiastic reports of Mr. Sothern's laughter-moving representation, there remains Mr. Woodin's unequalled imitation of the caricaturist in character. It would indeed be simply impossible to believe, were it not seen, the fidelity with which Mr. Woodin has reproduced every detail of the original, even to the minutest particular of dress, motion, intonation of voice. It is perfect. The "Cabinet of Curiosities," open at the Polygraphic Hall, contains the best of Mr. Woodin's previous impersonations; with the addition of others in no way inferior; one, a very short lady, "Miss Lindsey Woolsey," is a marvellous triumph of (we were about to say "mechanical") skill; while the rapidity with which this dwarf-like personage assumes the proportions of a full-length gentleman, and vice versa, is remarkable. The Welsh lass, with her national song, the German Lizette, with ditto, are capital; though they do not excel the impersonation of the various individuals at the public dinner, which are (the Chairmain not excepted) life-like.

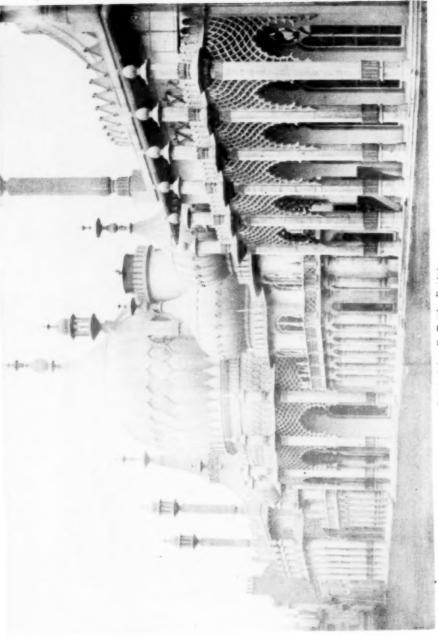
For the children (and who does not choose to be a child at times?) we know of no more amusing sight than may be obtained in an hour with Herr Frikell at the St. James's Hall. It is true the wizard treats us to many of the time-honoured tricks—the watch in the lemon, the decapitated pigeon, and so on—but there are some novelties, which puzzle even the bearded chins, and, best perhaps of all, the Herr kindly gives us an interval of dis-illusion, when he actually unveils the mystery of the deception and lays mystery bare. The wondrous simplicity and obviousness of many of these seeming marvels amaze us even more than the

marvels themselves.

We have devoted these pages more especially to the guidance and information of those who may be at this holiday season taking the opportunity to become acquainted with the most noteworthy objects of amusement to be found in the great city which they are now perhaps visiting for the first time. We feel our task is even now but inadequately done, there still remains many places where both information and amusement may be richly gathered. The Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street, the Colosseum in the Regent's Park, (to both of which we purpose to devote a larger space in our next), are both admirably adapted for the exhaustion of a whole day's interest. The Zoological Gardens, too, in the Regent's Park, even under these skyey influences, is replete with attraction for the boys and girls whom Midsummer returns once more to loving

We must not forget to mention that an especial object of interest now invites the attention of the pleasure seekers. By permission of its owner, Apsley House, Piccadilly, is open to the public during certain hours, admission procured by ticket, obtainable free of expense, at 33, Old Broad Street. As having been the residence of the Great Duke, the house would possess an interest for every Englishman, but the apartments are in themselves magnificent. The picture gallery contains some valuable works by the old masters; the portraits of many characters that have played great parts in our nation's history adorn the walls. A catalogue of the pictures is obtainable at Mr. Mitchell'swhere the tickets are issued—but surely Mr. Mitchell is not aware that his catalogue is almost useless, owing to the pictures having been, we presume, altered in position, many of them wholly removed. This should be seen to, or the sale of the catalogue discontinued, as it only deceives purchasers and tends to vexation and annoyance.

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Frinted by F. Frith, Reibate.

THE PAVILLION, BRIGHTON.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

BRIGHTON AND ITS PAVILION.

It is probable that no more universal favour is bestowed upon any resort for health and pleasure than Brighton. Certainly no one spot, within the same distance of the metropolis, can equal the many attractions of its pure air, wide downs, chalky cliffs,

and renovating sea breezes.

Not a hundred years ago, Brighton was nothing but a small village, numbering some 800 inhabitants, chiefly fishermen; Brighthelmston, as it was then called, being the seat of an extensive herring fishing. The first foundation of its increased importance was laid by a Dr. Russell, who published at Brighton, (where he himself resided,) a work entitled "The Efficacy of Sea Water in Glandular Diseases." Invalids quickly flocked thither for the benefit of the sea air and the doctor's advice; and Brighton's fame, as a bathing place, and resort of the debilitated and convalescent, was established.

It remained for Fashion to set her stamp upon the rising little town, which was done in the person of George IV., then Prince of Wales. The old Duke of Cambridge resided at Brighton, and in 1782 the Prince went there on a visit to his uncle. He determined on building himself a residence there, and in 1784 was commenced the Pavilion, the subject of our present photograph, and one of the most remarkable objects in the town. It does, in fact, arrest the eye of the visitor, and induce his eager and curious inquiry, when erections of more architectural merit, in themselves, would be perhaps overlooked. But who could pass by that strange agglomeration of eccentricities and not pause to ask whether the fever-ridden fancy of the architect had not dictated the conception? Dome, cupola, minaret heaped together in no definite style or order of design. Our readers will probably remember Cobbett's humorous observation with regard to this erection-" A good idea of the building might be formed by placing the pointed half of a large

turnip on the middle of a board, with four smaller ones at the corner." Which, however, is not complete without the addition of the minarets and spires interspersed, and which render the building at least valuable as a landmark to the traveller, who assuredly between Brighton and the celestial city would hardly stumble on so peculiar an object looming in the horizon. It is difficult to imagine how the "first gentleman of Europe" could have designed, or Mr. Nash have executed, an edifice at once so bizarre and so unfitted to the uses of a private dwelling. Assuredly, if peculiarity were the aim, the intent has been achieved to the full.

The interior, however, contained a handsome suite of rooms, 300 feet in length from north to south. The royal banqueting-room was 60 feet long by 42 feet broad, and 45 in height. The drawing-room 50 feet long by 20 wide. The saloon 43 feet long by 30 wide. These were most superbly decorated and embellished. The ceiling represented an eastern sky, partially obscured by the branching leaves of a plantain tree, flowers and fruit depending from it, and lighted by a magnificent lustre 80 feet in height. The music-room even surpassed the rest, being 60 feet long and 41 feet high. Its dome, ornamented with golden scales, gorgeous beyond description. Canopies of crimson and gold, supported by pillars with golden serpents twining round them Here, too, was a superb organ, since presented by Her Majesty to the Town Hall.

But the glory of the place has departed, and the deserted rooms, tarnished and neglected, now serve as temporary places of exhibition for concerts, entertainments, and the various attractions which visit

Brighton.

After the death of its founder, the Pavilion was visited for a time by William IV. and his amiable Queen. For a season after the accession of her present Majesty, it was again the abode of royalty, but since our beloved Queen has ceased to make Brighton a place of sojourn it generally fell from its high estate to the base uses which

now alone possess it. We should add, that the town purchased the Pavilion in 1849 for £53,000. The public are admitted to the building at the

charge of 6d. each.

The stables and riding-school are not to be included in the censure so generally passed upon the building. They were originally on a scale truly magnificent, second, in fact, only to those of Versailles. Of an octangular form, enclosing a circular space more than 60 feet in diameter, the whole was divided into twelve compartments, each capable of holding four horses. A large reservoir of water is in the centre, the whole surmounted by a dome. There is in all stabling for sixty horses, and apartments for the grooms above. The riding-school is 168 feet long by 34 wide.

Taken as a whole, a more extraordinary piece of architecture of the same date is perhaps scarcely to be found more purposeless than the Brighton Pavilion. Still as it now stands, surrounded by the green, smooth sward, a pleasant promenade, and accessible from the chief streets of the town, it is well deserving the attention of the visitor, and forms no slight point of attraction to the fre-

quenters of the Queen of watering places.

HINTS ON CONSUMPTION.

LOOK at the history of consumption in Scotland and Holland, as related by Dr. Beddoes. While the Scotch dressed in homespun linsey-woolsey and were warmly clad, and while the Duch wrapped themselves until they were more like bobbins than anything else, coughs were rarely heard in the churches of Scotland and Holland, and consumption was a rare disease; but when the Scotch adopted the thin cold cotton of Glasgow, and the Dutch donned the French light style of dress which is now the mode, their coughs began to disturb divine worship as much as they do now, and consumption became a common disease. Look again at butchers, who, as their ruddy appearance testifies, eat large quantities of animal food, and are, as a body, free from consumption; and remember the other day that some curious evidence was adduced to show that consumptive persons, as a rule, are in the habit of abstaining from fat. Remember, too, that a fluid fat—cod-liver oil—has been found to be the most effectual remedy in the treatment of consumption. In other words, there is some reason to believe that consumption may be the natural consequence of the surface being imperfeetly protected in cold weather, so that, in common language, the blood has been driven to the lungs, and of certain errors of diet, by which too little animal food and too little fatty matters have been supplied habitually. These reasons, of course, among others, and many others. - Winslow's Medical Critic.

OUR DOMINIONS IN INDIA.

NO. X.

THE distribution of the pepper brought home by the East India Company in form of dividend among such of the adventurers as chose it, gives us an insight into the character of the joint-stock adventure with which the Company started, and gave the king an argument why it would be impolitic to press his pepper in conjoint sale with the Company's at that time, since the market was satis. fied and the price gained would be inadequate. Even with the liberty of paying £100 in cash and drawing £500 worth of pepper on credit, the adventurers had not promptly supplied the requirements for the second voyage; with such an impediment as the depression of their property under the king's proposed arrangement, there would be no hope of funds from the generality, and the voyage so greatly conducive to the honour of the Commonwealth must be relinquished. Such was the substance of the Company's reply, on behalf of commercial right, to the man whom the learned translators of the Bible in the preface to their work were preparing to address with such ill-measured adulation. The allusion to the purchase of pepper from the Low Countries leads to a nation from whom in our Eastern progress we have met with more obstructions than any other power. By a law of property, which though in itself arbitrary or conventional, yet becomes for the affairs of men in general equivalent to an appointment of Providence, the Dutch had become the tributaries of the King of Spain.

Few countries have more reason to rejoice in the female successions to the throne than this, yet this result favours rather of accident than provision. The recognition of the Salic law, at least, retains the inheritance to the throne in the hands or person of a sovereign attached by birth as well as interest to the soil, but its abeyance leaves the nation to the casualty of being transferred with its female inheritor to the keeping of some foreign potentate. Such an incident conveyed the Low Countries, once under the Dukes of Burgundy, to the House of Austria, whose successful intermarriages had for some generations constituted it the most influential power in Europe. The free and active disposition of the Dutch had become subordinated to the severe authority of Philip of Spain. When the Reformation gave its impulse to Europe, Erasmus of Rotterdam supported it by his learning, and the population of his country by their sympathy. The cruelties of Popery, whose objectionable essence is less in the vagaries of creed it submits than its physical enforcement of adhesion to doctrines, under the Duke of Alva, lieutenant for Philip, but raised the people to resistance, not only of the monstrous dogma of resigning their reason to the dictates of power, but of rejecting the power which advocated such humiliation, and the republic of the United Provinces became an independent European power. The international Exhibition has in the educational department of Belgium, a series of pictures illustrative of the events which led to the separation of the Protestant States of the republic, from the Roman Catholic possessions of Spain. Elizabeth had declined the proffered honour of the sovereignty of the federation, but assisted the cause of Protestantism with money and men. No sooner had Holland become free than she used her opportunities with a zeal heightened by hate. One of her countrymen who had been confined in Lisbon for debt, with which port during the political connection, the Dutch drove an advantageous commerce, transferring the Eastern products purchased at Lisbon to the northern ports of the Baltic, assisted some of the merchants with information he had learnt regarding the route to the East; and the several towns of that watered country sent ships to the East to contend with the Portuguese at the source for the right of supplying Europe. Their intercourse with that then great maritime power had already given to the Dutch a superiority in ships over England. Even the decorations of Elizabeth's date indicate the Low Countries as the then guides of England in progress and taste. The Exchange of the City of London was the copy of that at Antwerp, and the technical phraseology of our mariners points, in its Dutch origin, to the then advanced state of the towns in the Low Countries. The conflicts which the ships sailed by the small companies of each port in Holland, had to sustain with the organised force of Portugal, suggested the policy of a combination in trade, such as had lately been effected in politics, and the States-General summoned all the Directors, and amalgamated the adventures of the seven united provinces into one East India Company, to exist for twenty-one years from 1602. Amsterdam, which had just risen from the ruins of Antwerp, taking half of the capital, the total of which was £600,000 sterling. Each place elected its quota of directors, and pointed the way for the establishment of our East India Company on a Joint Stock Capital, as distinguished from a combination of adventurers in each separate voyage.

The mainland of the Indian Peninsula seemed less attractive to the Dutch and ourselves than the Spice Islands of the Indian Archipelago. Java became the first settlement of the Dutch, and in the issue of many reverses remains their most important station in the East. The products of this island, with others contiguous, are exhibited in the International Exhibition, but contrast poorly with the more extensive supplies exhibited by

England.

With Japan also the Dutch shortly established trade, and till the late commercial treaty, have since then been the sole European power privileged to traffic with that populous and remarkable nation. To trade at whatever cost as the chief end of man, was the inspiration of the Dutch; while fighting with Spain for religious independence, their merchants were ready still to drive bargains with her, dissociating their private advantage from the general aim, and reducing war from the majesty of "a national condemnation of death" on the enemy,

to the hireling profession of trained man-slayers. Finding the Jesuits of Portugal had a large influence at the court of Japan, and there, as elsewhere in the East, used it to the disfavour of all other European nations, the Dutch forged a letter which they affected they had intercepted on its way from the Bishop of Japan to the Pope, in which hopes are expressed that soon the whole country would under their agency be brought subject to his holiness. The Dairo, alarmed for his safety, ordered the expulsion of all Jesuits, European and native, and extirpation of all Christians in his country, and 400,000 natives of Japan suffered martyrdom for Christ, whose memories by an allocution at Rome, in the presence of the congregation of bishops, the pope has this year solemnized by enrolling them among the saints of the Romish Canon.

The satire of Dean Swift, in his Lilliput, on the Dutch trampling on the crucifix, as the negation of their Christianity, to secure the trade of Japan was not even in his time a baseless fiction. But in no respect has the resolution of the Dutch to secure the full profits of trade created more controversy as to the principles involved, than in their systematic policy of destroying the spice trees in the islands over which they gained authority, when their numbers exceeded a definite quantity, thus raising the prices by limiting the supply. The system of apprenticeship in England, which in workshops limited the master's liberty of admitting apprentices into the trade, lest the increase of numbers of the workmen should diminish wages, was based on the same idea; wider principles of policy obtain in commercial circles and the profession to which the judges of the land belong is almost the only one that retains this selfish authority of admitting or rejecting from its profits such candidates as it pleases.

The letters following, from the kings of the Spice Islands to King James, incidentally throw light on our connection with the Dutch in the trade of the East, and furnish the first verses of a chapter in Anglo-Indian history, the end of which

is not yet.

Sir Henry Middleton succeeded Sir J. Lancaster,

and brought back this letter:-

"This writing of the King of Tydore to the King's Majesty of England, is to let yr Highness understand that the King of Holland hath sent hither into these parts a fleet of ships to join our ancient enemy the King of Turnato, and they jointly together have overrun and spoiled part of our countrie, and are determined to destroy both us and our subjects. Now, understanding by the bearer hereof, Capt. H. Middleton, that y' Highness is in friendship with the King of Spain, we desire yr Majesty that you would take pitie of us that we may not be destroyed by the King of Holland and Turnato, to whom we have offer'd no wrong. But they, by forcible means, seek to bereave us of our kingdom, and all great kings upon the earth are ordained by God to succour all them that be wrongfully oppressd; so I appeal unto yr Majesty for succor against my enemies, not doubting but to find relief by yr Majesty's hands, and if yr Majesty send hither I humbly entreat it may be Capt. H. Middleton,

or his brother, with whom I am well acquainted. Thus we end, praying God to enlarge yr kingdom and bless yr counsells.

"TYDORE."

"A letter given from y^r friend the King of Bantam, sent unto the King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, desiring God to preserve y^r health and to exalt you more and more and all y^r counsells. And whereas y^r Majesty hath sent Gen. H. Middleton; he came to me in health. I did hear that y^r Majesty was come to the Crown of England, which doth greatly rejoice my heart, now England and Bantam are both as one. I have also rec^d a present from y^r Majesty; the which I give you many thanks for y^r kindness. I do send y^r Majesty 2 Bezar stones, the one weighing 14 masses, the other 8. So God have you in his keeping."

"The King of Molucco to the King's Majesty of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, sendeth greeting, hearing the good report of yr Majesty and the greatness of yr kingdom, by the great Captain Francis Drake, in the time of my father, which was about 30 years past, by the which Captain my father did send a line unto the Queen of England as a token of remembrance, which, if the aforesaid Drake were living, he would certify yr Majesty of the great friendship on either side, in behalf of the Queen, my father for him and his successors, which time after the departure of the said Captain, we have daily expected his return. My father living many years after, and I, after the decease of my father lived in the same hope, till I was father to eleven children, since which time we have been informed that Englishmen were men of bad disposition, and came not as peaceable merchants but as thieves and robbers, and to depose us of our countries, which by the coming of the bearer here of yr Majesty's servant Capt. H. Middleton, we have found to the contrary, whereof we greatly rejoice. And after many years of expectation of some English factors by the promise of Capt. Drake, here arrived certain ships which we well hoped had been Englishmen, but they proved to be Hollanders, and then being out of all hope of further of the English nation, we were enforced to write to the Prince of Holland to crave aid and succour of him against our ancient enemies the Portingalles. And, according to our request, he hath sent hither his forces, which have expelled all the Portingalles out of the forts they have held at Ambyno and Tydore. And, whereas yr Majesty hath sent unto us in a most kind letter by Capt. H. Middleton; it doth not a little rejoice us; as also the said Capt. Middleton was desirous to have a factory here, we were very willing thereunto to give our consent, which the Admiral of the Hollanders understanding has challenged a former promise which we had writ to the Prince of Hoiland, that if he would send us such succour as should expel the Portugals out of these parts, that no other nation should trade here but only they, so that we were enforced against our liking to yield unto the Hollanders Captain's request for the present time, wherefore we crave pardon of yr Majesty. And whereas the Hollanders' Admiral doth solicit us not to hold any friendship with the English, nor to give care nor credit to yr Majesty's letters; nevertheless, for all their suit, if it please you to send hither again they shall be most friendlie welcome. And in token of friendship, we have sent you a small remembrance of a Bahar of cloves; our country being poor and yielding no other commodity, which we pray God, who bless you and all yr counsells. "Tornata." you to accept in good part, and so we leave you to

FAN FAN AND HER UNCLE.

[Continued from p. 137.]

CHAPTER III.

THE General could only come once to see them, as his daughter was very delicate; her infant died, and her health became so precarious, her kind and loving husband brought her to her father's hall, in hopes that her native air might yet restore her; it was not thus decreed:

"Whom the gods love, die young;"

so Helenium begged them to send for Fan Fan. She said, "to that visit of Fan Fan's she owed her salvation; that she taught her how to live happily, and how to be willing to die; and, dear husband, mine, I love you for all your kindness, but death has no terrors for me. Fan Fan showed me years ago, that 'the sting of death is sin; but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ,' he has my babe; and if you and papa will not grieve, I am weary of sin and pain,

and wish for everlasting happiness."

Physicians from Edinburgh and London were sent for, but all in vain; her case had been misunderstood; and when Fan Fan arrived, she saw the change in her friend, and they wept in each other's arms. The General could not weep, his grief was too profound; and Helenium said, "Dear Fan Fan, I wish you to console papa, he loves you next to me, and when I am gone you will remind him of my happiness." The girls were much together; for, night after night, Fan Fan coaxed the General to go to bed, and she had a couch beside the young dying girl. Those who are near leaving this world sleep little, and Fan Fan could not sleep while her friend suffered; she was dying of hectic fever, and at night she suffered from violent pains and uneasiness, and all day was exhausted and weak. They prayed together; and Fan Fan now learnt from her pupil; God's Spirit had blessed Fan Fan's words; and as they had ridden together four years ago (that happy time, when Charlie and she loved each other), a few sentences of Fan Fan's had been blessed to Helenium: she became a Christian; a working, every-day, anxious Christian. The child knew not the effect of her words; for does not the word of God say, "Out of the mouths of babes," &c., &c. Thus the bread cast upon the waters had not returned unto her void; the good seed, unconsciously sown, had borne fruit. Helenium's husband, and many young friends, had been much influenced by this child of tears; for dearly was Helenium loved. Although a rich heiress, pleasing, and very loveable, she never remembered self, she lived for others; and the day of her funeral not an eye was dry, from the marquis to the peasant's child; all wept-the gentle, kind, Helenium. The General spoke not, nor wept; a burning spot on his cheek betrayed his suffering. He was seated beside the coffin; his son-in-law nearest it. Fan Fan rested her wan face on the General's shoulder; the tears never dry on her dark lashes; her hand in his; all dark, all silent, one summer's evening,—when the door opened, and Charles Stuart entered, so noise-lessly, he saw all, ere they observed him. The General, without speaking, held out his hand. Fan Fan was leaving the room. "Stay," said Charles, bursting into tears; "sister to my sister, can you forgive me? I was cruelly deceived; I know all now from Amarantha. Fan Fan, in the presence of my departed sister, forgive me! Oh how I suffer; my father warned me, but I was headstrong; pardon, for her sake, I implore."

"Dear Charles, I never blamed you, untruly influenced, as you were, how could you feel otherwise? I love you, as her brother." And Frascinella's slim figure seemed to rise with dignity and gentleness, as she pressed his hand, and said, so low, yet so clearly, her voice rang through the dark and silent chamber, "Henceforward I wish to be your sister, your second Helenium; and if ever I can be of use to you, ask me; and if I require a friend, in the son of my beloved General I can safely trust."

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Her voice failed, she bent down on her knees before the General, and aloud, and yet tremulously, prayed for all, for the bereaved husband, the sorrowing father, for Charles, and all dear to him; for her uncle, and his family, and for herself. Then, each one kissed the calm childish face of the corpse, and gently covering it, went down stairs, and soon separated for the night.

Fan Fan had become a woman, so sad, so staid, no merry answers, no ringing laugh—her childish mirth was buried with her brother. None now thought her a child, but her uncle. He always called her so: every one was struck with her beauty, her noblesse, her gentilesse de manière; but her health was extremely delicate, and she was often confined to bed from weakness.

Marie, whose conscience sometimes reproached her, came softly, one day, to her cousin's room; and, as Fan Fan was taken by surprise, tears were on her eyelashes; she hastily dashed them away, but Marie's quick eye had seen them. It softened her, as Fan Fan had lately been little in society, FO her jealousy slumbered. She said, cheerfully, "Good news, Fan Fan; somebody you like has come to see you, and you must not look so pale and sad or he will be vexed." "Roderick," said the startled girl, putting her hand to her beating heart. "Harry," said Marie, anxious to change the subject, for she did shrink from being the bearer of the tidings of Roderick's death, so awful was his end; as, exhausted, after a fearful attack of delirium tremens, calling Fan Fan's name—her last letter lying under his pillow-then shrieking the word, "Mother," the wretched young man had died! And Harry was beside him; he shivered and sickened as he saw his brother's end, and ere three months were gone by was as bad; only being younger, his constitution stood it for a little longer. This was the brother the stricken-hearted orphan was to hasten from a sick bed to welcome; this was the young man to be received by the old country gentleman as his nephew. Marie knew nothing

of his conduct, and cared as little; her father was cross and missed his child, and the selfish woman was tired of keeping the house accounts, hearing her father's complaints of expense, &c. — the grumbling of the innumerable retainers on the estate—and, above all, listening to some stories of the excellent village doctor, and being obliged to assume an appearance of interest in the sick and suffering poor-also the lawyer and factor's visits were very unwelcome to the haughty dame, as they left her father in bad humour, and none could give him true consolation but Fan Fan. Of late, he listened to her, when she read the Psalms of David to put him to sleep; and, sometimes, she ventured to read a Collect from the Prayer-book. But Marie's jealousy was again roused, and she separated the uncle and child as much as possible.

CHAPTER IV.

FAN FAN rose and dressed as quickly as her trembling hands and weakness permitted, she met her uncle and Henry in the lobby and was warmly embraced by her brother.

"Indeed, sir," said Henry, turning to his uncle, "I would not have known my little sister; she is

quite a woman." "Ay, ay," said the old Laird, "and she is as gude as she is bonny, as they say in Scotland. Many 'an offer' she has had, but Fan Fan prefers her old Nunky—but, my child, take a seat, you are not well," as Fan Fan became deadly pale and fainted away. All ran to her assistance, and she was carried up to her little nursery and was restored to consciousness. She wished for death. In her brother's deep mourning she read that Roderick was gone, and in his dissipated look and haggard expression, the unsteady walk and trembling hand, she read his fate. She could not rest, she must know all, she sat up gasping with agitation; sick with shame and grief, and asked Marie to tell her brother she must see him alone for a few minutes. Even Marie was afraid of the effects of this agitation upon her cousin's enfeebled frame, and kindly she begged her to be composed. Fan Fan strove to assume the appearance of calmness, and Henry staggered to her bedside. He started, as her wretched expression met his glance, and the ashy paleness of her countenance betrayed her suffering. Fear that she would again faint, or die, sobered him completely. She asked all particulars of Roderick their eldest brother's death, and then she warned Harry so eloquently, so earnestly, and pathetically, that even he solemnly promised to reform, and vowed she should never again be

ashamed of him.

"My only brother!" said Fan Fan, and again she fainted. She had had a lifetime of suffering; and fragile was this child of fire and feeling at the best: now she seemed deeply immersed in grief—all loved her for her usefulness, her regard for others, her utter oblivion of self. She rose to please Henry; she saw how gentlemanly, how agreeable he was, her old uncle seemed quite proud of him;

Marie flirted with him, faute d'autrui; and when Fan Fan went to bed she blamed herself for fancying Henry was a drunkard. She rose lighter in spirits, and for a fortnight she rallied in health, and delighted in her brother's society. He was like all the family, very talented, but he began to get restless, and said some cross, uncalled-for, cutting remarks to his sister, and again her comfort in him was clouded; he now could control his fatal thirst no longer, and even in the forenoons, Fan Fan saw he was not sober—she ventured to remonstrate, but was assailed with unjust reproaches of-" how tenderly she had been reared in the lap of luxury, pampered by an old fool of an uncle, who had not sense to see her bad temper and selfishness. That she was a viper, who prejudiced the old man against his own children, and flattered and caressed him for the base motive of being remembered in his will."

Fan Fan, in conscious innocence, bore this so meekly, her brother thought she stood accused, and being more fluent of words from having imbibed more brandy than truth, told her she had tried to win Marie's husband, and he hated her for her ingratitude, and the sooner her uncle put her out of her nest, the happier for Marie, and all of them. That Marie detested alike her hypocrisy and ingratitude—that she said, too, that Fan Fan pretended to be ill in order to exert her power over her poor deluded

father."

Just at this moment the Laird entered, and in violent passion ordered his nephew to leave his house. He was a disgrace to his family—a low drunkard, deep in debt, and either to go to the county jail and disgrace him, or he would subscribe to get him sent to America, and get quit of such a nuisance. The old man cursed him in no measured terms, and said, with many oaths,—

"He had had enough of expense with his family, and supposed he would die in delirium tremens, like Roderick. Why, d—— it, sir, can you not take a glass after dinner like a gentleman, without disgracing us all, by even in the forenoon, in the village, making a fool of yourself, and running into debt for it, and annoying me with your bills?"

So saying, the passionate Laird threw the bills at the excited young man, who rushed to the fireside, and seizing the poker, flew at his uncle. Had not Fan Fan rushed between and caught the blow intended for her uncle, Henry might have been a murderer, as he was drunk with passion, but the girl's presence of mind gave time for the old gentleman to ring the bell furiously for the butler, and to order him to seize the madman. The powerful butler obeyed, and the young man was carried to his bed-room, and confined there, till the Laird was composed enough to give further orders.

Henry trembled lest he had for ever injured his sister. He had no power to speak; the pain of her arm was only equalled by the agony of her heart. She never stirred, and on the surgeon's arrival, it was found that the arm was not only broken, but so bruised, it would be months, if, indeed, ever, it recovered. Henry's passage was taken for America; but one night ere he left, when

Fan Fan's little attendant, the under housemaid, was at supper, Fan Fan heard a low whistle and tap at her window; she rose and opened the window: Henry came in, and said he had come to bid her "good-by," and to ask her forgiveness for hurting her. "The blow was meant for the old dotard of an uncle." He was sorry he had repeated to her all Marie's lies. The poor girl was too much horrified to answer, she chattered with nervous debility and agitation. "Come now, one kiss, to say you forgive me; and have you any money, for I am not to be trusted, forsooth, with 'tin?"

Poor Fan Fan had only one pound in her purse, she gave it; a look of such disappointment and scorn passed over his face. "Have you no more, old girl? Well, any rings, or your watch and chain? I must have money, I shall go overboard or cut my throat without some money or something to get it with; hang it! not even a cigar or a glass of wine on board without money; come, 'Fan,' you did not use to be so selfish. I sail to-morrow at break of day, your watch, old girl." So saying, he seized it from the table and a diamond ring, both gifts of the General's, and no time for caresses. "Good-by, some one is at the door,

I am off, farewell."

She closed the window as if in a dream, and putting out the candle, went softly into bed. That the little servant might not see how strangely confused she was, she heard nothing, knew nothing for nights or days, and when the Doctor Brooklime came, he pronounced it "brain fever," and owing to her previous weak state the disease must prove obstinate, if not fatal, as leeches were applied to the temples, and Marie could not bear the sight of blood, her absence was a great relief to the poor sufferer, who shuddered whenever Marie entered her room, but fortunately Marie's worthless husband died, and Marie had to get her mourning and have conversations with a lawyer about her income, &c., so the selfish, handsome widow was too much occupied with the idol of her affections, her unamiable self, to visit Fan Fan often. Her uncle was in despair, he fancied it was grief about his harsh treatment of Henry, and in despair wrote to the General and blamed himself for it all. The General hastened to see his favourite, and the first night as he sat up with her, he heard in her delirium the sad story: she started up and acted it all over, and oh! what bitter tears she shed. She held the little watch (as she fancied) in her hand and pleaded for it, the dear General's gift, the ring, Helenium's also; she wept, and repeated the taunts about her uncle, and became violently delirious, quite outrageous; tore the bandages, from her leech bites, and as the blood flowed pretty freely, by degrees she became more calm; still the trembling and starting continued, and the old uncle wept over his child. The General wrote to a friend in London to procure a watch and ring,the very same, and this deceived and soothed the disordered intellect; and made her fancy it was all a hideous dream, and after the convulsions were over, and she lay with her sweet face on the General's arm, she seemed to feel a security no other earthly resting-place could afford. Her head was to be shaved and blistered, when she heaved a deep sigh, and opening a locket with a shining sunny curl, that in the form of a heart was suspended round her neck, she kissed it and wept freely, saying "He is happy." The General saw the crisis had arrived, she had got the "turn," and pressing her old uncle's hand, the two softly said, "We thank Thee, O God." The General, who never, either from joy or grief, lost presence of mind, gave her the soothing draught, and motioning to all to leave the room, said softly, "Fan Fan is a little easier."

"Yes," she murmured, "I wish to die."

"And leave your dear General?"

"No, no, Fan Fan promised to comfort Helenium's father. Fan Fan is not so cruel."

"But I gave away your gifts."

"Never mind, I had the pleasure of replacing them; are they not nice?" He lifted the wasted little hand and showed her the ring, and kissed her again and again and said, "Promise me to forget the ugly dream, when you were ill you told me all—you did no wrong, forget all, and him; but in your prayers. Promise me, I would not ask you to do wrong."

"I do promise, dear General, I feel so safe with you. Oh! do not leave me," and she trembled and

looked anxiously round.

"Your brother has arrived in America, and we hope will do well. He is clever, and has got a good situation. Marie is not at home, she is paying a visit, and 'Dear old Nunky' and your General nurse you; and oh! how we love you, dear sweet Fan Fan, for our sakes you will strive to get well. The gardener has prepared for you a nice walk, and I got for you a Bath-chair, and we are so anxious to get you out in the sunshine; and your little maid has got a few roses for you, and we shall all be so happy. And Amarantha and two little ones are coming to see dear Fan Fan, and you would be spoilt but that you are too good, too truthful, to spoil, too honest-minded; and Marie

says you are sincerity itself."

The judicious, soothing, discourse had the desired effect; the General proposed her room should be changed; as her nerves were sadly shaken; but not yet: she smiled and fell into so long a sleep they had to rouse her to give soup and milk, and again she slept and gradually gained strength. The old Laird ordered that none of his family should ever mention her brother's name, or speak of her illness, and in three months the General and Old Nunky walked beside her Bath-chair, and Amarantha's little ones threw daisies into her lap, and the summer sun and scent of flowers, the balmy air and song of birds, all helped to soothe the heart-sickness of the orphan; and as little Mamma could speak of nothing but her babes, their sayings, and doings, this sort of infantine prattle was well suited to Fan Fan's weak state, and the General left her to her kind old uncle's care. Meanwhile she was his darling, and the General determined, when the

interesting widow (Marie) returned, to carry Fan Fan off to Perthshire. But now the Laird must leave his home, as he had not courage or strength of mind to reduce his establishment, so he advertised the Castle to be let, and they all went to Edinburgh, for a little, on their way to London. Fan Fan was very sorry; she loved every tree and spot on the family estate, her garden, her old friend and admirer the old gardener, the rookery, above all, the memory of her little brother; here she had sat with him whistling beside her while she mended his torn jacket; how she kissed it as she put it into his large sea-chest! Here, under the old hedge, is a rustic bench, where she took him and proudly hung round his neck a little silver hunting-watch, her savings for years. This was why her dress was so shabby, she could not have a new dress for several years, but little cared Fan Fan, she was more than rewarded when, so boy-like, he hardly than ked her, but ran to the old gardener and showed his treasure, and pointed to Fan Fan as the darling fairy who guessed his longing for a watch. What agony it is, to love; the gnawing pain at her heart bowed her down and she felt almost broken-hearted, but no, she knew where to look for comfort, and first from her Heavenly Father she sought consolation; and then to the General she wrote, telling of their plans, that Marie was to meet them in London, so she could not leave her uncle. He clung much to her for comfort, for dear good Amarantha had a delicate husband and her little ones to attend to, and was not very able for fatigue or exertion. So Fan Fan, out of her scanty wardrobe, gave numbers of little gifts to the old servants, who wept round her and adored the old Laird. In trying to provide for, and be of use to the poor, asking little annuities for some, a decrease of rent for others, free schooling for a third, coaxing (out of good Dr. Brooklime) medical advice, gratis, for the sick, much had Fan Fan to do, and less time to suffer or grieve. She wrote a few lines of poetry to her dear General the last night she ever spent in the home of her childhood.

CHAPTER V.

"Oh! do not forget me, oh! do not forget,
Though oceans between us should roar;
Oft, oft, shall I think of the hour that we met,
Of the day that returneth no more.

"Then Splendour and Fortune had spread their soft wiles,
The reverse must now bear me away;
No pleasure allures me—no happiness smiles,
No world shall around me look gay.

"Oh! do not forget me, oh! do not forget,
For alike in my weal or my woe,
The sun of remembrance never shall set,
But with unfading lustre will shine on thee yet
And I'll love thee wherever I go."

THE last fond gaze is given to the old Castle, and Fan Fan still weak, and unable to use her arm very well, has as much as she can do, as her old uncle has stick and umbrella, and many odds and ends; and Fan Fan is supposed to be well, and as

her wont, is expected to be feet and hands, head

and memory, for all.

"Have you baby's shawl, dear Fan Fan, and the toys, and my bag, and your uncle's book," said the loving mother, whose heart was with her children now, as formerly it was engrossed by the poor.

"Oh yes! everything."

"Well, dear, just hold baby one moment till I see that my husband has his muffler." And the one moment is ten minutes, and Fan Fan was glad to sit down, as oppressed with everything, she can stand no longer. A gentleman came up to her uncle, and apologizing, asked the way to the Castle, as he had some intention of taking it. The Laird said, in his jocular way, "No one can give you more information on that subject than myself, for I have just left home this morning."

"Ah!" said the gentleman, and looking at Fan Fan's wearied face, "can I assist you, you have a

heavy charge, and seem fatigued?"

"This is my niece," said the Laird; "she has been unwell, but we expect the change of air to set

her up again."

They chatted in a very friendly manner for some time, when Amarantha returned and relieved Fan of baby's weight. The English gentleman asked leave to renew his acquaintance in London, as he wintered in town and wandered about in summer. He seemed much struck with the lady-like elegance of Fan Fan, and her uncle joked her about the millionnaire. But Fan Fan thought "Je sais ce que je tiens, mais non pas ce que me vient."

Away from Marie she was but too thankful to share her uncle's home, wherever it might be. But soon Marie had more power than ever. Lovers around her were sighing, and her jealousy of Fan Fan returned with double force. If a gentleman looked at Fan Fan, the after taunts were so intolerable that Fan Fan half-lived in her own

room.

The General's daughter-in-law was very ill, her first child died, and she expected ere long to be again a mother, so the kind General went to Malta to see them, and he wrote a beautiful letter, and sent Fan Fan a purse of money, as he well knew she could not appear in a town in the shabby dresses she had worn at the Castle; but Fan Fan blushed, and put the money aside, content to be indebted to her dear General for love and kindness alone.

"Ah!" said she, sighing, "my life is bitter enough in shabby gowns. If I were to make use of the dear General's gift, it could not be supported even with patience. Alas! even now, I know not how it will end. I am very miserable. I cannot work for my bread. I cannot beg. What course is before me?" and as she murmured "marriage," a deep painful blush overspread her pale, but beautiful countenance. And she wept as she thought of Charlie Stuart and the dear old General, more than father to her, and of the sweet Helenium, and "why was I not safely sheltered with those I loved?"

The demon of envy and jealousy whispered in her

ears, "Why?" Poor Fan Fan, too much happiness would have been your lot, and in this world we are subject to changes, changes in our position as in our climate, alternate sunshine and shade enliven or obscure the landscape. She went to her rest that night, resolved to forget herself, her girlish dreams of love and happiness; and the romantic idea of sacrificing herself for her uncle and for Amarantha lulled and soothed her into temporary forgetfulness. She slept and dreamed of the dear old Castle. She was a rich lady and mistress of it all. She retained all the old servants. She proudly entered the hall. She saw her dear old uncle's face beam with joy as she handed him £20,000, and said, "Dear uncle, pay your debts and live for ever in the home of your ancestors." She awoke with a nervous start of joy, and found all her sorrows before her. But this evening as Fan Fan was sitting playing at backgammon with her dear old uncle, Marie out at a party, who should be announced, but the "Millionaire." Her uncle, who was hospitality itself, asked him if he had dined, "Oh! yes," he said and he spent the evening talking of the old Castle and the old servants, and even Fan Fan's cheek glowed with delight, and he told of her little garden, and the good old gardener, who almost worshipped the Laird's beautiful niece, and Fan Fan and her uncle were charmed with their visitor. Marie entered late, and found them thus happy; but she had no power over this Mr. Moreton. He was cold to her, almost sarcastic, and this made Fan Fan look more favourably upon him. They separated. He pressed Fan Fan's hand so markedly to her, but her alone, she blushed and trembled as she recalled it, her dream seemed realized; and Marie's taunts and abuse of their new acquaintance had no effect upon the orphan girl. But as her uncle said, "Good night, pet," she crept, as it were, into his bosom, and seemed loth to leave the parent nest.

Ah! Fan Fan, you are doing wrong, unwisely, and your characteristic impulse, your romantic idea of self-sacrifice, your selling your young warm heart for gold to redeem your uncle's estate is a mistake for life. You are too impulsive, too ideal, alas! you will suffer deeply. Next day again, and for many, the Millionaire called, and Fan Fan and he conversed for hours. How much he admired her good sense and truthfulness, also her gentle lady-like manners, with her elegant and graceful figure and sweet countenance, chastened by sorrow; all combined to captivate the proud and wealthy merchant, who could buy everything, and why not this portionless girl? He followed them to London, and determined to know his fate. Fan Fan's life was even, if possible, more bitter. Her uncle feared to lose his treasure, his child, now with a woman's sense, and yet the obedient gentleness of his little adopted pet. He cried like a child, if he thought she would leave him, and his family were so jealous of her, that sons and sons' wives, and even his grandchildren, treated her ill, except before the old Laird, and they dared not incur his displeasure. So now Fan Fan coaxed her uncle to allow her to go and visit some of her companions, and for a week he consented.

"I cannot spare my pet longer," said the old man (as she twined her little hands in his silvery

locks), "than one (to me) long week."

So she kissed "Old Nunky," who had failed much lately, and the wrinkles showed that care and anxiety had left its impression upon his high pale brow. Fan Fan spent a few days with Hélène, one of our early acquaintances, who had married a widower with six children, and had two or three of her own. What a confused but happy household! and the children could not resist the warmth and ardour of Hélène. For her William's sake she had undertaken this heavy charge; and her romantic nature had resolved that his children should never be unhappy with her. She might err in over-indulgence, but "L'Amour" should reign. Fan Fan often laughed till the tears ran down her face, to see the tables and chairs pushed aside, books, drawing, and work, hither and thither, and William, Hélène and the eight children romping, till often the papa's coat was torn to pieces, the long, dark hair of Hélène dishevelled, her flushed face, yet happy beaming eyes, and laughing smiles, showing how truly these indulgent parents enjoyed themselves; as for hours of an evening they played at hide-and-seek, foot-ball, puss in the corner, &c., till even the infant, who lay on the rug, kicked and screamed with joy at seeing and hearing the others romping and laughing. Fan Fan rejoiced at her friend's happiness; but her heart was so oppressed, she was not sorry when she left this loving, noisy family, and went to Hawthorn Park to see her young friend Mimmie, who lived with a grandaunt. Fan Fan had heard of this lady, but saw her to-day for the first time. She was a widow of three score, tall, and still beautiful. Her black dress, white kerchief, snowy weepers, and close white cap, well became the dignity of her expression. Like all Scottish matrons she was reserved, and Fan Fan felt this, till her grandniece's smiles and caresses caused the old lady to smile; and what a change, as Fan Fan gazed into that sunlit face, and read benevolence and affection, yet mingled with a tinge of sorrow, for who in this Vale of Tears but must have suffered, either for themselves or for others? Mimmie was sixteen years old, and she was of a trusting nature.

"Aunt Elliot thinks for me. I am a happy bairn. Have only to love, honour, and obey."

And thus saying, she would sit on her stool, resting her sweet face on Aunt Elliot's knee, with a countenance free of care. A cherub's face, ignorant of vice, and by a kind yet steady hand, guided

"How different are our lots in life," said Fan Fan, looking kindly at the pretty creature.

your age, Mimmie, I was an old woman."

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"Yes," said the old lady; "you never were young, because puir bit lassie ye had nae mither, and cauld is the nest when forsaken by the parent bird. But, lassie," said the old lady, earnestly, "the wrastle ye have had wi a cauld world is not

for naething, it has, I ken, been affliction sanctified, and it has a'tended to strengthen your character, for bye fitting you for duties before you, and to mak ye a blessing to mony. We dinna ken the future, and guid for us that it is concealed, for wha could thole the anticipation of disappointment?"

"But," said Mimmie, "why look forward to sorrow, dear Auntie? I am never sorry unless when you are displeased, and your anger never lasts long. I do not see why we may not expect happiness."

"Ah! my bonnie bairn, you have aye had anither, to ward awa' your wee bit troubles; but even you, my blossom, must learn to act and think for yourself. But your young friend Fan Fan has been the child of sorrow, and hardly kent a blink o' sunshine. Forgie me if I grieve you, dear lassie, ye look forfairn and fasht eneugh. Lay your head on an old woman's bosom, who can feel for and would fain comfort young and auld."

Fan Fan needed no second invitation; and the gush of tears which fell upon the dear lady's snowy kerchief showed how the stricken-hearted girl suffered, and how sweet and balmy was such

sympathy.

Mimmie, the idolized little heiress, was surprised. She tossed back her sunny curls, and her sweet face saddened to see another suffer. Caress-

ing her friend, she said-

"Tell Aunt Eliot all that vexes you, and she

will put it all right."

Alas! even Aunt Eliot could not remedy the evils caused by envy—the hourly suffering of living upon charity. The inability to provide for herself, the necessity for this fearful self-sacrifice, this hateful marriage, at which Fan Fan shuddered. The old lady soothed her, they got her composed, ere the servants came up to prayers. No trace of tears was seen on our heroine's face, but a deadly pallor; yet how gratefully she smiled after prayers were over; and the noble old lady kissed both the girls, and said playfully to Fan Fan—

"Now take a long sleep, dearie, and get some

roses in your bonnie face by the morn."

Mrs. Elliot had suffered in many ways. Her dear husband died and left her in poverty; she had no children to comfort her, so struggled to maintain her position by having young ladies to board with her. She had to endure many taunts from rich relations, and had to forego the acquaintance of the friends of prosperity. Many who had esteemed it a favour to be invited by the rich Mrs. Elliot, now did not see her as she walked to market, and if they met in a friend's house the cold shake of the hand, the distant salutation to the high-born Mrs. Elliot was acutely painful, and "poor Mrs. Elliot,"-this appellation pained her most of all. But ere long she learned to conceal her suffering, was happy in her favourites, for each boarder was treated as a daughter, and she retired with grace and dignity from the society in which she had mixed during her affluence. The few who really loved her, now almost reverenced her, and followed her to her humbler home, asking permission to

come during her leisure hours to enjoy her society, and many a happy hour was spent with Mrs. Elliot; she was very cheerful, and full of anecdote, and even merriment was within these walls, and those maidens who had not happy homes wept, when during the vacation they left Hawthorn Park and the kind lady. The death of her only sister's only child, who had married a wealthy gentleman and gone to India, was a great sorrow to the good lady, and at the earnest request of both parents, the little heiress was consigned to Mrs. Elliot's love and care; and as her niece left her aunt an independence, Mrs. Elliot broke up her establishment, and devoted herself to the little Jemima, a pretty, lady-like child, but very fragile, being born in so hot and unhealthy a climate. But ere Mimmie had been with Aunt Elliot many years, she was an orphan, and her father had left her a large fortune, and left her dear guardian aunt an additional sum of money, so the old lady was again rich. She devoted herself to Jemima, and if she did commit an error, it was too much sheltering her Blossom. Mimmie had taken a fancy to Fan Fan; but cared little for companions in general. Aunt Elliot was all in all, and the child and the old lady were cemented by friendship for life. Together, they visited the poor, together they welcomed the rich, together they studied languages, and read of foreign countries, together they dipped enough into the times to see what was going on in the political world, for the proud Scottish lady resolved that her child should be ignorant on no subject, and only resided near London that her beloved one might have a perfect English accent; for although correct and grammatical, she spoke Scotch, and found it expressed much better her sentiments. Still when Mimmie (who loved all that her dear Auntie did) spoke Scotch, she said, "Na na, ye wee bit glaikit gilpey-ye munna speak the "Lallan's," meaning the Scottish dialect. So the grand-niece was a gentle English maiden, with somewhat of the Scottish ardour and keen feelings, a little Scottish pride, and warmth of Scottish heart, and a bonnie, bonnie Scottish lassie. "Wae's me for the young callant who seeks to woo "Pauky Mimmie;" she will be hard to win. Fan Fan next day saw little of Mrs. Elliot, they had a party in honour of her visit; and all were happy. Fan Fan forgot everything, and was a child like Mimmie; she laughed at the girls' merriment, and romped with the boys, and slept that night sounder than for years. Next day she left Hawthorn Park, and after paying many visits almost all equally uninteresting, she went a long and fatiguing journey to see dear Amarantha, and here she saw that "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window." What an uncomfortable home she found. Starvation and misery are painful to witness in the lower orders, but the sight of genteel poverty is torture. Amarantha told Fan Fan her worthless brother was dead, and the poor girl felt it a relief. She always feared he might commit some crime. His temper was so ungovernable, and he lost, when intoxicated, all self-restraint. Fan Fan caressed the little ones

and gave Amarantha the only pound in her possession, and her heart lightened as she smiled and said, "Good-by, dear kind Amarantha, if ever I am rich, you shall be more comfortable," and Amarantha warmly embraced her, her little ones clung to "bonnie cousin Fan," "the sweetest flower in a' the valley," as they had called her in bonnie Scotland. Mr. Bertram kissed her hand, and led her to her cab. One long look Fan Fan gave Amarantha and stopped the cab, returned, threw herself into her cousin's arms, sobbing, as she used to do in the old Castle, then taking her hand said, "Dear Amarantha, write to me freely, and if ever I can be of use to you, I will; I will not be ungrateful to my dear uncle. Forget me not." And she tore herself away.

"Bertram," said his wife, as she resumed her household duties, "that child is miserable, and she has something on her mind, I do not like her look, her heart is broken; she has never been the same

since Charlie Stuart's marriage."

"Ah! well," said the young husband; "Marie has that piece of cruelty to answer for; but she is a splendid woman, and will likely make a great marriage; how old is she now?"

"Three-and-twenty this month," said Amarantha, sighing; "and she has suffered deeply, I fear she

will marry for wealth and end in misery."

"We cannot tell," said her husband; "we married for love, and find great difficulty and many discomforts," so saying he kicked away the cradle, and muttering "Confound this discomfort," angrily shoved off a little child who began to cry, and tried to clear the untidy table where lay children's socks, copybooks, even brushes, combs, and the remains of baby's panada, till the husband's expression of love was gone, and a look of disgust and annoyance ruffled his brow, and his poor wife

felt aggrieved and sighed deeply.

The Castle, with its extravagance and gaiety, was a bad training school for penury; the want of order, method, and punctuality made Mr. Bertram's home more wretched than even his small income. Both were in bad health, and the wearied, worn expression of the once spirituelle Amarantha had struck Fan Fan's kind heart as so painful, she could not leave her without that last tender farewell. For her, as well as " Dear Nunky," she was resolved not to shrink from the sacrifice of herself; as she drove home, visions of comfort for the Bertrams, of luxuries in sickness, of a good house, and education for their little ones, all formed so pleasing a picture, she forgot the price to be paid, and her heart beat with joy as she was once more at home, and pressed to her old uncle's heart. She looked well and happy, for so entirely had she ever lived for the happiness of others, it was to her second nature. "Renunciation of self" was the peculiar characteristic of our heroine.

(To be continued.)

Our own actions are our security, not others judgment.

"FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO SHANGHAI."

Shanghai, Jan. 3rd, 1862.

Dear M.,—At a book sale, a few days ago, a gentleman living in this house bought twenty volumes Percy Anecdotes for 41 dollars. I should have thought them cheap at 10 dollars, and wish I had been at the sale.

The weather is very cold, the thermometer generally down to 16° at night, but the sun is very powerful, and by 10 A.M. the streets are thawed soft. We have fires in our bed-rooms all day. Every description of clothes can be got here, but by paying for it; 25 dollars for a great-coat (india rubber), and other goods in proportion. Collars half a dollar each. We are burning magnificent coals at about £6 per ton.

When a person is marked with small-pox, the natives call him a "chop-dollar man," in allusion to the defacement of some of these coins.

Everybody is obliged to have some regular kind of exercise, and I think I shall take to a boat, as being cheaper than a horse; people here are awful duffers at any kind of amusement, and you will wonder at it when I tell you that in the settlement there are a race-course, a good rowing ground, a pack of beagles, a fives court, and lots of billiards, and other light pursuits, but the proportion of patronizers is very small. There are three men in the whole town who play rackets, and there is the wreck of a gymnasium, containing only the ghost of a "giant's strides," and part of a horizontal bar. Quoits are unheard of. We work hard, but compensate for it by being very comfortable, as is very fair, considering the many thousand miles we have traversed, and the circles we have left.

The Chinese build houses in quite an original style; they make a scaffold, and then put the roof on first. When the walls are about half built, a man on the ground throws the bricks up, one at a time, to the builder.

In a back-slum the other day, we saw a Chinese "Punch-and-Judy" show, differing very little from its English brother. Punch in a pig-tail was an innovation certainly.

The 4th November mail seems to have broken down, so I shall close this letter without waiting for a home one to reply to. The rebels are only 150 miles off, and are expected here within three months; our defensive force consists of a French regiment and a volunteer corps, also a company of British artillery; natural protection the city has none of, the ground being quite flat. There is a creek on one side, and a canal on the other. A good fosse cut to connect these would render us tolerably safe, and I believe this will soon be done. I may very possibly join the volunteers, as here it is a case of duty and self-protection.

Shanghai, Jan. 27th, 1862.

Yesterday was very slippery, and as two coolies were carrying a chair along, like that in the picture

I sent you, they fell down and upset the chair.* It only contained a China "swell" of some sort, and he lay still, never altering his countenance, so they picked him up, put the roof on, and started away again. Didn't the natives say, "Hi Ya," as they always do when they are astonished! At drill there are always a lot round us, and it is very comical to hear them trying to say the words of command.

We have some Japanese dogs here, queer little beggars, with short noses and slanting eyes.

Oh! the weather is so cold—ice and snow all over the city; there is a little skating and a great deal of snow-balling.

Shanghai, Feb. 1st, 1862.

My dear M.,—On Sunday evening last, about 6 P.M., as I was up in my room, doing my usual lesson of George Herbert, in came E- to ask me if I knew the mail was in, which I did not; my business in such an event is to send off a coolie for the letters, or (when the English mail comes in) to get them myself from "That British Consul-house" (Chinese, Ta Ying Ya Mun, "Large Englishman Palace"). It was a wretched day, snowing hard, but I did not much care for that, on the chance of getting letters, so I got into my pilot-coat and knee-boots, which has, or have, latterly become a chronic state of costume to me, took a life-preserver, and cut off to the Consulate. Of course the letters were not yet sorted, so I had to kick my heels for half-an-hour among Yankees, Parsees, and Coolies, all wishing to be first. At last B--- opened the dreadful doors, and while his coolies piled a lot of boxes to prevent our rushing in, waited our orders. "B. and Co." shouted I, and had the satisfaction of being first, for the second consecutive mail. A hard run back to the office warmed me again, and I found our gentlemen had not sat down to dinner, being in too much excitement to care for aught but letters; in fact, very little dinner was eaten that day, if there was a dish that required no cutting up, we took some, but anything requiring both hands was sent away.

Thus I came into possesssion of your letter of 24th November. (Don't suppose that, because I go and fetch letters it is at all infra dig. I go, because I should be about five-and-twenty minutes, while a coolie, who had no interest in the documents, would be three-quarters of an hour at least, and we don't mind any inconveniences to hear from "home-side.")

If I shall always have as long letters while the children are ill, I hope they will be unwell all the year round. Thank you for your commendations, but "Praise the day at even." You blow me up for not mentioning my fellow-passengers; now do you really suppose I cared even the diminutive comparison of a snap of the finger for any one of them? Probably I shall never see them again, and what on earth was the use of cultivating their

^{*} Once an English officer was upset like that, and killed on the spot.

acquaintance beyond the ordinary civilities of everyday life? As for the girls on board, there was no more fun in them than in a mile-post. I see on reference to my copies, that I have occasionally mentioned some of them, but believe me it is an

unmerited honour.

We are having such a winter! Never saw anything like it. Snow three feet deep, ink frozen, water in my basin frozen thoroughly; even the soda water will not pour out until thawed. No one here has felt such cold. But we built a snow fort in the church-yard, and had a fine battle over it. Numbers of men were seen next day with black eyes, and now there is skating on a pond about an acre in size. All along the eaves are icicles, four to six feet long. Snow-balling one day on the Bund, a Parsee went by, and was struck by a snow-ball. This raised his temper, and he was abusive, but met retaliation by his Nineveh hat being filled with snow, for the reception of which the crown was peculiarly adapted.

The natives here have a fine name for Americans. We English are, of course, that No. 1 foreign man; the Yankees are second-chop Englishmen. At the guard-room the other night, there was some chaff about the American war. G. said if it was declared, he should feel it his duty to order out all our American officers for "immediate execution."

H. C.

Shanghai, 4th Feb., 1862.

Dear R.,—Oh! isn't it cold! colder than I ever knew it before. Just one instance will do. This morning, while the barber was cutting my hair, the water in my basin froze (I had poured it out just before he came), and this with a large fire in the room. A Chinese barber is not quite so expeditious as a Truefitt, but he does very fairly. The ink is always frozen in the morning, and the wine

and soda water at night.

On Candlemas Day I went to the Roman church, and was altogether astonished at the excellence of the service, which was the best I have heard for some months. Behind the altar was a full brass band belonging to the French regiment quartered here, which played magnificently. The soldiers formed a chorus, and sang some parts without any accompaniment, with an amount of precision rarely found in choruses. Even the most difficult chords were struck off as if by machinery. Down the aisle was an officer's guard, who were continually being ordered to "Portez armes," Présentez armes," in a style more continental than we are used to. The priest's white robe was very splendid; the cross was made of gold band, and embroidered inside with flowers; the robe underneath was of elegant point lace; the altar cloth lace also. The service was conducted by Portuguese priests and Chinese assistants, all bearing long tapers. Some European ladies were present, not wearing bonnets, but only black lace veils-one of them looked very pretty. The church, when finished, will be rather handsome.

On coming away I went into the native city, and inside a joss-house, where the men were gambling, smoking, burning joss paper, and doing a queer sort of worship. I am told that when they lose at dice, they go into the sanctum and do a lot of Chin Chin to their pet divinity, and then go back and gamble. The correct style of Chin Chin is this. You shake hands with yourself, lift your hands up and down and make three or four bows. As it is New Year with the natives, there is any amount of this going on. They put on their smartest clothes, I should fancy some of them are worth 100 dollars a suit.

And now for a word upon the currency-my particular branch—which, as you will see, is full of difficulty. Accounts are kept in an imaginary currency of taels, mace, candareens. Small payments are made in Spanish dollars, but no man would keep these in his treasury, because their value fluctuates daily, averaging 75 candareens. Within the last few months it has been 70 to 80 candareens, so that one can make money, as I have already—a little—by the mere act of buying dollars on one day and selling them on another. Besides this, the value of a tael varies every day; it is now 6s., but it has been as high as 7s. 6d.

The Native money—copper cash—varies from 1,500 to 1,600 cashper tael. There are also shapeless lumps of silver, which are bought and sold by weight, and which vary least of any currency. At ports up the country, the tael is worth from 4 to 5 per cent. more than at Shanghai. Don't you wonder

that our books ever come straight!

H. C.

Shanghai, Ash Wednesday, 1862.

Dear R.,—I begin to answer your letter of 10th of January last, at 11 o'clock at night, to-morrow being mail-day, and no means available for getting through my private mail, except by sitting up half the night. Therefore, I make up a huge fire, indue short coat and slippers, and desire my boy to place two bottles of sorawrrr* in my room. This is an article of immense consumption. On reference to the house-book, I find, that on a certain day in August last (the thermometer being about 100) eighty bottles were drunk by not more than half-adozen men.

I was told that I might expect a graphic description of (recent events) from you; but I was totally unprepared for such a library as the mail has brought me. May every similar occasion be the source of an equally fertile and felicitous description, to keep alive my interest in the neighbourhood, and console me, in some degree, for the deplorable, though necessary, absence on my part. As I can, by no means, reply to you in an equally fluent manner, by reason of immense business and numerous correspondents, I will do so in the more tangible shape of a box of Manillas, which I will endeavour to put on shipboard before writing again

^{*} Soda-water.

to you. They have gone up to a price simply fearful, equal to 75s. per box, but this will not last long. Those which I am now smoking cost only 20s., about a halfpenny each; in fact, we throw them away if they are bruised or blistered at all.

Your letters have but one fault, they are on such thin paper, that they are sometimes barely legible; however, this is an infliction necessitated by the Post-office regulations, and I cannot repine.

Here goes, for a short reply to your last.

The American war has been more fully discussed here, in a mixed community, than it can possibly have been among you at home. The beauty of discussing with an American, is, that you get entirely new light thrown upon any topic; and, believe me, the people are not such Jefferson Bricks, as the newspapers would make out.

Have you ever had a personal acquaintance with an intelligent American? Does not the very word American suggest, to the prejudiced mind of a Britisher, a lanky, dirty, half-shaven figure, habitually seated in a rocking chair, with his feet on the mantel-piece, whittling with a jack-knife, and ejecting small founts of tobacco-juice into the Would you not experience a feeling of surprise if you met with one, who could bear to be contradicted, without shooting you on the spot? Yet we have many such here—men, with whom I have a daily exchange of business matters, or private affairs. Certainly, some of the best fellows I know here, at present, are Americansfellow volunteers - very regular attendants at church, and at Holy Communion; - men of undoubtedly good principle, and who regard the contingency of a war with England as a calamity to themselves; however, thanks be, that is over

Your Ecclesiastical Sheet is most welcome, in this dry and barren land; and I must ask you to keep up the supply, not only of that, but of all other elevating matters, to prevent me from degenerating into a mere walking £ s. d., a state into which I shall rapidly "chrysalise" myself, in this place, (where some men appear to have few ideas beyond their ledgers,) unless some sweet little Cherub charitably does the business of sitting up aloft, with a due regard to the welfare of Poor Jack.

I must be guilty of a monstrous piece of injustice, in skimming over your account of the Christmas decorations in two lines; but I appreciated it with my whole heart, and would gladly be once more with the artistes in the school-rooms, doing justice to the tea and the evergreens, the scandal and the fun. Eh, yah! when shall I see them all again!

When I have worked off my two ships for Tien-sin and Kanagawa, I think I will do some decorations for my room, after patterns sent by you; the worst of it is, that this place has got no evergreens and nothing available: I doubt if I could procure immortelles, and flowers are totally unheard of.

News is very scanty. Hope gave the rebels an

awful walloping at Ming Hong, a place about twenty miles from here, on Saturday; and on the two last Sundays there have been executions in the city, at one of which they beheaded eleven hundred people!

My boy has got a weakness for music, which manifests itself in his playing one note on one string of a Chinese fiddle all day, in a mode more commendable for perseverance than melody; however, he is a first-rate servant, and does his work well.

But I must not sit up all night, or I shall not be able to work off my official mail to-morrow.

H. C.

Shanghai, March 3rd, 1862.

Acting upon General Michell's instructions, or recommendation, drill now takes place only three days a week. I at once availed myself of the opportunity of taking a walk to Sik a Wei. I left the Hong at about 4.30, and strolled along, solus, viâ the Ningpo Joss-house, at the back of the native city. Here my attention was attracted to an Imperialist battery, where the soldiers were doing gun drill. I went up to "look see," and found that they were working away admirably, receiving words of command from a Mandarin, but in French. This is accounted for by the fact, that when we or the French teach the Natives drill, we make them give the words of command in our own language. They learn the words parrot fashion, not having any conception of their meaning. To hear the Sikhs giving orders in English is strikingly absurd, but this Mandarin-French was still more The road to Sik a Wei is straggling and most uninteresting, with a few cottages occasionally visible, and any number of willow-pattern plate bridges, constructed of three slabs of stone, one up, one flat, one down. As one approaches a village, the curs turn out in great force, followed by the children; the former bark, the latter stare, chinchin, or call you names, until you are fifty yards off. About 5.45 P.M., I reached Sik a Wei, occupied at present by a garrison of French soldiers, who were playing at skittles. There is a splendid "look-out" here, which I was greatly desirous to ascend, so I approached a little corporal, and in great trepidation, and bad French, requested leave. He very politely brought me before the officer of the guard, who was taking forty winks in a room full of smoke.

"Il y a un Monsieur qui demande de monter en haut de la Belvidère" [What a calumny to Apollo! thought I.] From the officer of the guard I was referred to another official, and at last obtained the required permission, of which I at once availed myself. From this look-out, one can see five miles off the whole of the City of Shanghai and the Settlement, and about ten miles down the river; consequently, while it was in the hands of the rebels, the other day, it was a most valuable adjunct

adjunct.

It was now six o'clock, nearly dark, and I became aware that I had five miles to cover, and also to dress before seven; so I went off at a pace. I had my revolver in my pocket, for a Chinaman had warned me that rebels were nearer than Sik a Wei, although in another direction, and I thought it would be a great sell if I had come a few thousand miles only to get "potted." However, I saw none.

I rattled along at full walking speed, got in at four minutes past seven; dressed in four minutes more, ran down into the drawing-room, and --found, that instead of everybody being well under weigh at dinner we had a party "on," and they were idling about the drawing-room with that peculiarly unhappy solemnity, usually visible in Englishmen under such circumstances,-" Rome was

saved."

Two vessels have just come in for us. This entails my racing about the harbour in a sampan at all hours of the day. One boat in which I went, a few days ago, was decorated inside with a sheet of the "Illustrated News," representing some of the Garibaldi sketches,—a lid of a puzzle, familiar to us all, viz. :- The Kings and Queens of England, and a map of a part of South Africa, (this was on the port-side,) evidently selected at random. The sampan men appear able to row forwards, backwards, or sideways; more frequently the latter.

As far as I know, I have not given you any account of the various servants of such an establishment as ours; -they are as follows: -the Comprador, whose duties I cannot explain fully, at present, the Shroff, who helps him; one or two friends, who seem constantly on a visit to one or other; -a Godown-man, who works like fifty ordinary Chinese; - seven or eight sub-Godown-men; a day porter; a night porter; eight or nine lettercoolies; three house coolies; two carpenters; a cook; a house-boy; five personal servants; a head stableboy; four horse-boys; and a gardener. Besides these, there are lots of little boys, and coolies, everlastingly pottering about, and a small cloud of women and children, skulking about, behind corners of out-houses.

The senior carpenter is a clever kind of fellow, and has made me several things:—item, a sort of musicstand for some of my official books; -item, a capital boot-jack, but heavy enough to kill a man with, (which deters me from putting it to the ordinary use, viz., throwing it at the coolie, who comes to light the matutinal fire,)—item, a pair of singlesticks. These are a great curiosity, being made entirely of split bamboo, whether they will wear as well as ash, is a question for futurity; they are certainly the only pair of the kind in Shanghai,

and probably in the world.

We had a curious accident on board our ship, the "Philippine," the other day. She spoke a steamer, outside the mouth, the master of which told her that Shanghai was occupied by about 40,000 rebels, and that the Foreigners were in a great funk, upon which the captain ordered all the arms to be loaded and kept below, in readiness. I need hardly say that the report was unfounded. Upon anchoring,

as a boy was moving the things down below, a rifle exploded, the ball went through three inches of deck, and as the pilot was pacing the deck, it cut all the skin off his knuckles, giving him a very nasty, though not a dangerous wound.

I have had about ten weeks' sentry duty, and consider myself quite an effective soldier now. This

work will, probably, be soon discontinued.

A good washing establishment would make a fortune here; the only approach to such a luxury is a pond of dirty water, surrounded by flat stones; -the linen is dipped into the water, and beaten violently on the stones, in a mode which breaks all the buttons and buckles, and wears holes in no

Shanghai, March 6th, 1862.

DEAR A., -Yesterday afternoon, young S. and I resolved on discovering the "Roman" Cathedral, Tongkadoo (or Tien choo dang, according to dialect). We got a sampan, and made the boy row us well up the river. In about half-an-hour we landed, gave the sampan boy about 200 cash, (at which he remonstrated fruitlessly,) and struck inland, duly arriving at our destination. [Lord Dufferin would probably describe it as follows];-" Ocule mi! si non est superba Ecclesia! nunquam vidi meliorem, in hac parte mundi. Ædificata est in formâ Crucis, ornataque tribus Altaribus, diversæ formæ. Organum magnum est, sed positum in Occidente, ut solet 'Romanis.' 'Audeo dicere,' alterà die, ego voluntatem habebo eò redire, ut 'Joss-pigeonem' audire possim. Et nunc vale!"

Coming back, we walked along the wall of the native city, where the Imperialists were practising artillery drill, as usual. Two Mandarins were going round on a tour of inspection, and had just passed a battery, as we reached it. We stood waiting for the soldiers to recommence, but as they seemed more inclined to pay attention to us than to their work, S., fancying they might comprehend a little French said "Allons, continuez." "Oui Monsieur!" replied the senior gunner, and thereupon put them through "Préparez la batterie," &c., in due form; after looking on a little while, we thought of going, and I was about to pay the officer some compliment, as, "No. 1 can do," or "Chinchin proper," when he turned round to us with a bow, "Ca va bien, Messieurs." Nothing can convey our intense astonishment, for a moment neither of us could answer him; and when clear of the place, we laughed for some ten minutes. A Chinaman giving parrot orders in French we could understand, but for him to converse in it, was something quite new.

I met a French soldier just afterwards, whom I asked whether these natives spoke French?—he said that all knew the drill words, and a few understood

a little of the language.

A few days ago, I told my boy to buy me a large paper lantern, to hang from the ceiling of

my room; he carried out his instructions fully and bought one about the size of a clothesbasket, with huge characters on each side, which may be translated thus :- "a large door," figuratively, a large room. It swings in full glory, but does not give any light worth mentioning.

My boy is a character; he plays the fiddle, that is, he practises all day, but, at present, he can only produce three notes, which bear no reference to each other, and are like audible vinegar. we had to give him a gentle hint, that a little music might pass, but three notes, all day, verged

upon a nuisance. We have given up "Pigeon-English," as the boys can generally tell what you mean in Anglo-

Saxon; if they do not understand, we then translate, but they learn very quickly.

I want you to send me a Primer, or a Carpenter's Spelling Book, as our Godown man is trying hard to read and write English, and I should like to help him; I don't want a book of moral tales for the bamboozlement of infant capabilities, but something sensible; please send it by return.

I think I shall have my room papered in the winter; there are very few papered rooms in China, nearly all being "white"-washed some hideous colour; If you see a handsome ecclesiastical pattern, and can send me a slip, I shall be

glad.

S. has just bought a four-pounder; a purchase which caused Mr. H. to relate the following tale:-"Once upon a time, a certain Mrs. Smith was passing a shop, in the window of which was a plate, engraved 'John Jones.' Being captivated by it, she went in and bought it. 'For,' says she, 'if anything was to happen to Smith, and my next husband's name should be Jones, it would come in

so handy !""

That there exists a little cherub, who looks after my newspapers, I don't doubt, for an instant, but I wish his apprenticeship at the General Post-Office had been longer, for the present system is inexplicable, when all my correspondents say, "I have sent you such a paper,"-so that I begin to consider the propriety of despatching an extra Coolie,-none arrive; per contrà, when no one mentions having sent any, in come a lot. I fancy they must be forgotten at home sometimes, I groan over their absence.

I was much amused at a term in a Chinese book which I came across, a few days ago. For a "Swell," was written, "Hwa Hwa Tung Tze," meaning, literally, "Flower Flower Excellency Son," or, as the Godown man defined it, "He got plenty money, he dress very fine, he very Fooloo!"

On Sunday last I went again to Tongkadoo, to afternoon service, and saw the bamboo organ, of which I told you, at home; it is really a great curiosity, all the pipes being made of bamboo, of assorted sizes, the mouth-piece being of wood and metal. The French priests were very attentive, and showed us over their workshop, where they are building another organ, and have built a harmonium.

Young S. has gone to Japan, for which I am very sorry, as I have a great regard for him. But, as Mr. Swiveller remarks, "He never loved a dear Gazelle, to glad him with its soft dark eye, but when it came to know him well, and love him, it was sure to marry a market-gardener!"

I annex some extracts from the China papers.

"As we anticipated, no sooner did the returning warmth of Spring meet the heavy fall of snow, which acted as a barrier against the progress of the Taiping rebels, than these scourges of humanity made us aware of their proximity by hovering on the outskirts of Shanghai, and, as usual, committing depredations upon the industrious villagers. These simple people are so frightened of the Taipings that they will fly in the face of death, to be free from their clutches. On the approach of these marauders they pack up their few valuables and rush towards the foreign Settlement for protection, leaving their houses and farms to the mercy of the invaders—in whom such a feeling does not exist; for they wantonly destroy by fire and sword everything that comes in their way. This merciless devastation upon the surrounding farms and villages in the neighbourhood of Shanghai, is not merely ruinous to the unfortunate inhabitants, but it is beginning to tell on the cost of provisions in the Settlement, and fears are entertained that the crops of produce will be seriously affected if the rebels are not driven away, so as to allow the agriculturists to pursue their work in peace during seedtime. Indeed these miscreants have boasted that they will starve out the city and Settlement of Shanghai before they will be baulked in their capture of the former, as they accomplished that of Ningpo.

"This state of affairs is now becoming so serious, together with the continual harassment of impending danger, that the British and French forces are devising measures to drive away these disturbers of our legitimate trade. In all probability before long the Allied powers will test the neutrality clauses of the treaties with shot and shell. Should they do effectual work in this manner, there is not a member of this community but would applaud them -excepting probably some parties who call themselves merchants, and who transact a considerable trade in arms and ammunition with these said rebels. We have got our finger upon the names of these renegade traders, and we warn them that when a case turns up at H. M. Consulate we will not spare them. At present our information is "under seal," and we are forbidden to divulge; but ere long we may dilate upon imported "umbrellas of the Enfield pattern," and religious tracts of a combustible nature. appeal, therefore, to our readers whether it is honourable, or even honest in the way of trade, for constituents of Shanghai firms in Europe to consign such wares to this port, where by doing so they add to political complications and encourage a contra-

band trade.

"Independent of these considerations, this encouragement of the Taiping rebel cause assists in paralyzing our local commerce. Where a large trade was done in British merchandise hitherto, orders are now very much contracted. The Chinese middle-men who used to work off a large quantity of goods are afraid to enter upon up-country transactions, because the markets for disposal of foreign merchandise are in a measure deserted by the industrious inhabitants who pay honestly for what they buy; while the Taipings rarely if ever give an equivalent for what they purchase unless it be to foreigners for arms, ammunition, and opium. It was generally supposed that the insurgents abstained from using the latter drug in any form whatever. But this is contradicted by every one who has come into contact with them, for it is one of the first things they ask for when they meet foreigners, and they are prepared to pay an unusually large price for it out of the money and jewels they steal from the people. It would appear that they greedily use opium to excite themselves,

in committing the atrocities they do.

" No improvement has taken place in the general aspect of affairs since our last report. The Taiping rebels are constantly menacing Shanghai from some quarter of the compass. At present they are within ten or twelve miles of the Settlement in a westerly direction; being apparently the hordes that have moved away from Woosung and the villages to the north of us. They are in great force, and surrounded by formidable intrenchments. On the 12th inst., a reconnoiting party under the command of Colonel Moody, R.E., accompanied by Admiral Sir James Hope, visited this rebel camp. Having passed through a number of farms and villages given to the flames by these incendiaries, they came to the ruins of a fine old city which was completely demolished, and the contents of the houses burnt and destroyed in the most wanton manner. As they came within sight of the camp, some of the insurgents crossed the intrenchments waving their flags and brandishing their weapons in a hostile manner, and one more daring than the others fired a shot at the party, but without effect. Upon this they retired to an Imperialist camp a few miles distant, formed to keep the Taiping rebels in check.

"While reconnoissances of the above nature are daily taking place in the immediate neighbourhood of Shanghai, together with the establishment of Imperialist outposts, a bold and effective blow has been struck at their advance by water, about thirty miles up the river Wongpoo, which flows past the Settlement. The British Admiral baving received information from the Chinese authorities, that a large force was assembling in that direction on board a great number of boats of all sizes, laden with provisions - evidently to hold out at some strongly fortified place - on the 13th inst., despatched H.M. Gun-boat Flamer, Commander Bosanquet, to reconnoitre. That gallant officer found the report to be true, and as his vessel approached the flotilla, she was fired upon by some

war-junks, which were guarding the boats. He did not return the fire until within 200 yards, when he opened out upon them with grape and canister, which caused the crews to run them on shore, and escape. The smaller boats numbering more than three hundred, having between 6,000 and 7,000 rebels stowed in them, took the alarm and made away up the river, when they were chased and nearly two hundred captured by the officers and crew of the Flamer. They contained large quantities of rice and pigs, which were taken out and distributed among the inhabitants, who came down in thousands to witness the discomfiture of the rebels. A herd of cattle was likewise taken on shore, which were being driven along the river bank by a party of Taipings. Some of them returned to the scene of their defeat, and showed a disposition to fight for the recapture of their boats, but they quickly dispersed on a little more shot and shell being thrown amongst them.

"Two days afterwards, this or another band of rebels in the same locality were attacked by the Imperialists, when they were routed with great slaughter on both sides, some of Colonel Ward's men—who are disciplined like European troops—having been blown up from one of the war-junks when its magazine exploded. These levies show much courage, and have been pronounced by our highest military authority as equal to ordinary infantry. The force is daily being augmented, and if a few regiments of them were organized under foreign leaders, there is little doubt but that they would soon overcome the rebel forces, and drive

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"In the district where these actions have taken place, the greatest distress and anarchy prevail, from the presence of the Taipings. Utter ruin has come over the simple peasantry, who have no courage to repel these ruthless invaders. On their approach, they rush from their burning habitations—men, women, and children, not knowing where to fly from their pursuers, who cut them down without mercy. So dreadful are the accounts from these localities, that we have no desire to dilate upon them, as the subject has become perfectly sickening.

"An act of justice has been performed by the Taoutai or chief mandarin in Shanghai, towards the exporters of tea, where an attempt at extorting high rates among the tea-packers has been speedily suppressed by the issuing of a prohibitory proclamation, on the representation of H. B. M.

Consul."

I know it is more agreeable to walk upon carpets than to lie upon dungeon floors; I know it is pleasant to have all the comforts and luxuries of civilization; but he who cares only for these things is worth no more than a butterfly, contented and thoughtless upon a morning flower; and who ever thought of rearing a tombstone to a last summer's butterfly?

LOSING, SEEKING, AND FINDING. By the Author of "Aden Power."

[Continued from p. 126.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

BROKEN.

"Yet those eyes look constant still,
True as stars they keep their light;
And those cheeks their pledge fulfil,
Of blushing always bright.
'Tis only on the changeful heart
The balm of falsehood lies,
Love lives in every other part,
But there, alas!—he dies!"

MOORE.

It wanted a week of Christmas. The visits at Queen-street had been necessarily broken in upon of late, young Steyne having been recommended by one of the men to assist at some preparations for a public festival in the town. The job was a lucrative one, and after taking counsel with his fair one, who most readily acceded to his proposal, he accepted it.

There was another cause too, just now, for his less frequent visits. He had a small project on hand, a secret even from his beloved Chérie, so

long as the result was undecided.

Prizes had been offered by the Institute in various branches of the studies pursued by the classes. Philip had resolutely worked, and denied himself many an hour of sleep, to qualify himself for entering the lists.

Well he knew it would be useless to aspire to any of the higher honours, competing with young men who had found leisure and opportunity to cultivate those talents which he felt he did not possess.

He contented himself with one of the second class; but, the goal once fixed upon, he made up his mind to win.

He had been remarkable, during his school experience at the reformatory, for a certain aptness at arithmetic; more by intuition than by application of the rules; and that he selected for his present trial

Hard trial, as it ever is to those more accustomed to labour of hand than of head; but Philip had that inducement to success we have at some time felt to be potent with us all—the desire to distinguish ourselves in the eyes of the woman we love.

The evening came; the names were called; the prizes were distributed. Philip received his, with a well-merited encomium from the chairman of the meeting, who had been informed of the difficulties over which he had triumphed.

His heart beat high with honest pride. He constrained himself to receive with decorum the hand-somely bound volumes, and to leave the building

steadily.

Once clear of it, the stones seemed to fly beneath his feet. He ran, he bounded over all obstacles in his path. At the market he stopped; he must take his girl a winter bouquet; something to mark the evening of his triumph. Then on he flew again.

How proud, how delighted she would be! She did not expect him, for this was class-night gene-

rally. He should surprise her!

Turn the corner—what, if she should be out! He glanced up at the window—there was a light—she was in, solitary in her little home—thinking of him most likely—never expecting him!

By no means!

The secret of the street door he knew; to all

initiated it opened by a handle.

He went in, closed it softly, to surprise her. Hark! she was singing his favourite song! Sweet Chérie, in absence she recalled him thus! He lingered, as he crept softly up, hushing his breath to listen.

But what!—ha!—the second verse is taken up by another voice—a man's! The two join in the last, and the ardent words of the song receive new meaning from the impassioned tones!

It was ended. Philip moved across the landing

-opened the door.

Upon the little table were the remains of a "petit souper récherché," as Chérie would have said; the bottle of French brandy stood, almost empty, in the midst.

One arm upon the mantel-shelf, in front of the blazing fire, lounged a young man, "fast" in his attire and appearance generally; and though not handsome, by no means wanting in attractions personal, which a profusion of jewellery perhaps enhanced in the eyes of the young girl, whose head leaned upon his breast, whose eyes and lips smiled up to his, a lock of whose ebon hair he caressingly entwined about his fingers.

So Philip beheld his love, his own, his pure, sweet,

loving Chérie.

"Ecorché, écrasé" (flayed, crushed) "he was, my pauvre Bonbon!"—she was saying—"ah qu'il m'aimait! he did lufe me, my poor Bonbon!" and the hand went to the too tender heart.

"Fudge! a dog love you!—did he love you like

that ?"-

O God! could it be! but yesterday he had called those lips so pure, had vowed his life to her upon them!

"So you love me as well as ever, you tormenting little devil?"

"Oh! si je t'aime! I luse you of all the worlde! I ase nevere luse no one but you; nevere, nevere—"

As she threw her arms about his neck, a sound caused both to start and look round.

With a shriek Chérie hid her face in the waistcoat of her supporter, who demanded loudly "what the —— he wanted?"

Ere he had finished the sentence, the intruder was gone, the door was closed—Philip had looked

his last upon the fair Lescroque.

Straight to his lodging he walked. I cannot tell you how—do any of us know how it is the body acts at times wholly independent of will or direction of a guiding faculty? He no more thought, or reflected, or reasoned, between the closing of that

door and the opening of his own, than does a person in a faint. In truth it is a mental faint, the object suffering even more, that his body has not succumbed. A merciful provision maybe, by which the deadened mind fails to receive in all its acuteness the sharp stab of the first agony.

He was sitting upon his bedside, his face upon his hands—at his feet the prize books, and the winter nosegay,—when the scene slowly returned

to him, as he had beheld it.

His girl—his own Chérie! There was the sting! All the sting of betrayed first love. By-and-by we begin to admit other possibilities, we grow liberal, we learn wisdom.

It was not wounded vanity, nor anger, nor jealousy, that shook this sturdy frame, and brought

forth those groans of anguish.

He pitied her as for a misfortune, he could have wept with her, have mournfully asked her why she had so done?—he could not have hurt her, even by a harsh word—but he could never have looked upon her more.

How many noble hearts have so bled away the truest and the purest current of their nature?—how many felt through life the dull smart of the long-healing wound?

Again I say-Women, you underrate your in-

fluence!

It was well he was alone. A friend, at such a moment, charged with the commonplace scraps of comfort and exhortation, would have gone far to rout the poor file of dismayed and scattered senses, which Reason was stoutly rallying.

Few are they who know the futility at such times of all consolation, and leave it to the slow but efficient ministry of that which alone can bring it,

even partially.

For why?—these parrot-tonged comforters! Can they undo reality?—make what is—not! or lull cold Truth asleep by soothing sedatives, that she may wake more loudly restive, more harsh and bitter, than before! As well might the chimes of yonder clock-tower, jingling out their pleasant music, think to cheat us of the flight of Time—the hands move on, the hour will strike.

No one was near, to see the big tears that fell in slow drops upon the books and winter flowers, at his feet. But they stopped, and the last moan passed his lips, as they closed firmly, as he rose,

struck a light, and lighted a candle.

He unlocked a small box, took out, one by one, some trifles which, till the last hour, had been much to him. A lock of jet-black hair, a knot of scarlet ribbon, a piece of biscuit, a watch-guard, a tiny note in French—(He remembered how he had sought out a dictionary at the library, had translated that note, and triumphantly read it to her in the evening)—a playbill and a—ha! a little bell—poor Bonbon!

A handful of shavings was in the grate, he held the candle to them, and, as they flared, upon them in a heap he laid all that had been so carefully locked away. Upon them the books, the winter nosegay; and—as the flame played round and darted

in among them, and mockingly caressed and licked each with its fiery tongue—he pressed the mass down with his foot, and watched, till the last spark died out; and left only the blackened shrivelled covers of the books between the bars.

Then he turned away, extinguished the candle,

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and threw himself upon the bed.

So we bury the dead of the Past; but how shall we lay the ghosts that will rise from their ashes!

Up and down, to and fro, that little chamber. He had taken off his boots not to disturb others beneath: no other portion of his dress did he remove. To and fro, then upon the hard cold bed, then up again, unresting. The late winter morning broke and found him sleepless.

By its first light he began to arrange his dress. A piece of paper, all that remained in the now open box, caught his eye; he took it up, and his face grew more sad, as he read the words pencilled on it,

"I had forgotten that too," he said to himself. "Everything! for her, everything forgotten and neglected. I might think I was punished for putting them aside, that I'd sworn never to forget. And yet, O God! I trusted to the loveliest and the kindest of thy creation! Is there none to be trusted or put faith in! no justice, nor truth, nor faith, upon earth? Are the right-meaning always to suffer?—the bad always to triumph?—nothing, nothing, but the old story! Poor little Bob! I promised so faithfully to see his mother. More than a year ago. God forgive me!"

He put the scrap with the address into his pocket. One look he gave, round the old room, cold and empty now, as by the desertion of a visible presence.

A bundle in his hand contained his few extra clothes. He went straight to the house of the foreman, his friend, and told him just what was necessary of his story.

Trouble had come upon him, he said, he could not stay at the foundry, not if he had to forfeit a week's wage, or more. The little sum which had accumulated in the hands of his friend, he now

begged to have given up to him.

"Nay, no wage will you forfeit, Steyne, my lad," said the good man, as he added that to the store. "Sorry enough I am to lose you, goodness knows—I see how it is, but it's no use talking, I know. What must be, must, I expect; so good-by and God bless you. You'll not come in for a bit of breakfast? Well, good-by, and luck be with you."

Philip asked him as a favour to take charge of the rent for his lodging, and to send it. He could not re-enter the house again. He panted to be away. Brave heart it was, that held the burning iron to the wound unshrinkingly, nor shirked the painful remedy.

By nine o'clock he was out of the town, upon his

journey.

The spell was dissolved, the bridge had broken, and he once more breasting the chill waters, swallowing the salt brine, of Life's stern reality.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE CARAVAN.

"Adversity makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows."

It was a bitter night. Across the open fields and commons the wind howled and roared, spending its fury on empty space, or, like an enraged tyrant, stooping to vent its passion on the meanest. A donkey's tail, or the barest branch of a meek pollard, alike failed to escape.

Coming upon the outskirts of a dreary waste, over which it had swept unhindered, it lulled as if in speculation upon what manner of object it had

The inspection was a brief one; then the inquirer set himself to test the capabilities of his new

discovery.

He howled down the short chimney, he puffed at the small firm-set windows, he roared at the door, and shook it mightily, crept under, raged round, and over, tried every corner. The humble fabric stood quiet, made but little sign, and the petulant blast swept on, with a parting scoff at two largelimbed scant-tailed quadrupeds browsing hard by.

"Cuss the smoke, then!" growled an angry voice, as the speaker looked up from a dirty paper he was reading, by the light of a fire, considerably flustered at that moment by the sudden attentions

of the fitful element without.

"It's the wind"—said a woman, who, on the other side the stove, was engaged upon a mysterious looking garment.

"I know it's the wind; confound it! there it

comes again."

"It'll burn clear in a minute, Jem," observed the woman, as she stirred the fire, which, sending up a volume of flame, dispersed the smoke, and threw a bright glare upon the interior of the tenement that had puzzled Inspector Boreas.

Heterogeneous enough to have puzzled any beholder was the display comprised within those four

walls.

Of the ordinary articles of furniture there were a table and two chairs; in one corner stood a press, from which protruded the corner of a coloured quilt, inducing more than a suspicion of its double purpose. Upon it were piled sundry articles of crockery, a couple of battered candlesticks, a much-used hair brush and comb, a pair of soiled stockings, and a loaf.

On the floor, near the stove, lay a pair of man's boots, well-worn and muddy; into them stuck carelessly a couple of tiny buff leather slippers, and across a chair-back hung more of the same articles, which had apparently undergone some cleansing

A tub of water was in one corner, a pail of coals in another; across a third hung a curtain of dark stuff: here and there upon the floor lay a cap, a knife, a knot of dirty ribbon, or a tinselled flower; the walls were hung with bits, bridles, hugecushioned saddles, soiled fleshings of silk and leather, and gaudy fillets for the head. Upon a rude

screen, which shut out the door from the room, were crossed a couple of whips, two fencing swords,

and a pair of cymbals.

Order could not at any time have been the presiding genius of this strange abode. Not a thing but appeared diverted from its original purpose. The fire was stirred with a stick, a broken plate was the shovel. A dab of butter stood in a mug, a saucer contained treacle; from a battered pewter pot, under the table, a red herring projected its brittle tail; a lump of soap had taken the place, in the basin, of the sugar, which, in a brown paper on the table, offered every temptation to peculative fingers. The woman sat on a ragged cushion, the man on an old box, leaning his back against the chair, upon whose seat was a pewter-pot and pipe; the other chair had been transferred to the table, apparently to make room for the gambols of two lithe-limbed mortals, of some two and a half feet high, who growled and kicked, and wrestled, amid suppressed bursts of laughter, in the furthest shadows of the apartment.

The woman stitched, and the man pored upon his paper, till a sudden influx of smoke caused him to burst out with an oath-" Where the -- is that fellow got to? why don't he come with them candles? Now then! you young varmint! what are you up to?" he exclaimed, as a crash and rattle gave token of some disaster.—" What are you up

to now?"

"It was Alb did it." "O Tuk, it was you."

"It wasn't!"

"Bless your eyes both on ye!-if you don't come out o' that !--where's my whip?"

There was a skeltering to gain the ambush of the screen, whence an eldrich face peered forth, the minute after saying-

"It's on'y the tamb'rines, there ain't nothink

broke-father, there ain't nothink broke."

A growl was the only answer, and the giggle and scuffle were renewed in a more subdued

"Here comes Colly!" exclaimed the woman, as a sound was heard of some one ascending the steps outside.

"A'most time. Who the deuce is he a talking

The screen was pushed aside, and admitted a man considerably under the middle age, yet wrinkled, scant of hair, tall, yet bent, not ill-featured, yet pimply faced and feeble eyed. An old young

"Cold night—bitter"—he said, shambling to the table, unpacking his purchases, and unheeding all

the oaths that were lavished on his delay. "Raw night"-he repeated; as, having lighted a candle, he approached the stove, rubbing his hands. "Smoke—don't we?"

"Ah! we just do-we've been a'most suffo-

"Who was you speaking to, Colly, outside?" asked the woman.

"Oh! ah! a poor chap that's missed his way,

and come about two miles out of the road. He's a decent fellow, Skurrick: I thought you wouldn't mind; he can have part o' my supper, and there's plenty of straw in the box yonder."

"Where is he? bring him in. Never see such a chap as you are, Colly; upon my life I believe you

can't say, 'no.'

Perhaps no one living had better reason for that belief than Mr. Skurrick himself; to whom poor Colly's little capital, some five years back, had been of such essential service as to render permissible his present station in the establishment, and cause his superior to hold venial any small liberties like the present.

From the screen he again emerged, followed by a young man, whose worn and travel-stained attire, pale face, and haggard aspect, would have moved to compassion many less subject to the vicissitudes of Fate than they who now gave him a rough

welcome.

Skurrick rose from the box where he had been sitting, and, pushing it with his foot, bade him

come to the fire.

Which the new-comer gladly did, the woman making ample room, and stirring the coals, so as to throw the cheering warmth upon the blue-cold hands and ill-clad limbs. Then she continued her stitching, pausing at intervals to glance into the pale yet remarkable face, where Nature and Reason had held a ruthless conflict, and left the battle-field wasted and desolate.

During weeks of fevered pain and bodily prostration Philip had been thrown among strangers. His small stock of money had melted by lawful and unlawful means. For his last meal and bed he had parted with the second coat he possessed, and on this dreary night, plodding along the London road, in the darkness, he had missed his way and wandered to the village street; where Charity met him, in the guise of poor tippling Colly, and warmed and fed him.

"There!" said the woman, throwing the garment on which she had been employed, to one of the twin elves, who had been squatting behind the stove, looking at the stranger, and mouthing at each other—"take them to Beauty, and see if they'll do. Now then for supper."

She rose, and began sundry preparations for that end. The elf snatched up the garment, disappeared behind the curtain, and almost immediately

returned.

"All right," said he.

"What's she doing?" asked his mother.

The elf, for answer, flourished one hand round his head, and with the other made a sign of sewing.

"Will she have some supper?"

He disappeared again for a minute, then returned

-" She don't want any."

"Let her be, let her be," said Skurrick, as he laid down the paper and drew up to the table. "If she enjoys her sulks, let her keep 'em."

"It's her leg," said the elf, appropriating a cold

sausage.

"You didn't ought to lash her to that extent,

Jem," said the woman: "the wale's as thick as my

finger."

"She shouldn't put me up, then. She's a outand-out devil, when she likes. She might ha' been foaled by that other infernal brute out yonder. What to do with her I don't know? Where's Lettie?"

"Asleep: she was tired."

So they gathered round the table, all except the stranger, to whom Skurrick's better half, with kind consideration, handed his portion, as he sat silent by the stove. She took care, too, that Colly's plate was no less supplied for the mouth he had introduced to share their meal.

"Chilly, ain't it?" said the latter, rubbing his hands, and approaching the stove, when he had finished. "You'll ha' felt it too—ill and that, you say,—be glad of a drop of something short, he

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would, I dessay, mother."

"You and your drop," said the woman laughing; "you'll find a excuse for that in every mortal thing as is:" but no way reluctant herself, she reached down a stone bottle from the highest shelf of a small cupboard, and pouring a tolerable portion into a tea-cup, handed it to Colly, who courteously passed it to Philip.

"You won't!"—was the exclamation, as it was at once refused. "Well! blessed if I don't think you're the first as ever I see put it back. Why, it's as good a drop of the best sort as ever you tasted. But here's one won't say no"—and he

tossed it off.

The woman meanwhile helped herself, and administered less copious drams to the weazen elves, who buzzed round her, petitioning, till their father thrust them on one side, and proceeded to refresh himself from the bottle; pushing the pot from which he had previously been drinking towards Philip.

"Like that better?" said he. Steyne declined, but thanked him.

Skurrick looked at the stranger, whose abstinence was a puzzling rarity to him. He dropped a few remarks about its being a raw Easter—bad for fairtime; inquired Steyne's destination, and learned it was London.

"We shall work our way up there, I expect, but not just yet awhile. Going to Brookford now, for

the great fair, you know."

"I tell you what it is, Colly," he said, raising his voice, "if Busby don't come up soon, I shall go on. It's too bad; the girls ain't half up in this new business, and how am I to get 'em on without the rest, I'd like to know—" He stopped short, as a violent noise was heard at the end of the caravan, apparently in another compartment.

"There's that born devil, at it again!—she'll smash the place in one o' these days! Curse my head that ever I was fool enough to be bothered with her!" He snatched the candle from the table,

and went out, followed by Colly.

The stamping and kicking continued—there was a cry, as of an animal in pain, then all was still.

CHAPTER XXV.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

"Thou mightier than Manoah's son whence is thy great

And wherein the secret of thy craft, O charmer charming

There is none enchantment against Beauty, Magician for all

Whose potent spells of sympathy have charmed the passive

Verily she reigneth a Semiramis, there is no might against

The lords of every land are harnessed to her triumph."

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

In a few minutes the men re-entered; Skurrick in a mood the reverse of pacific, and which rendered advisable the hint given by his better half, to the effect that they should at once retire for the night.

The movement was generally adopted; Philip followed his conductor, Colly, out of the caravan by one door, to re-enter what appeared to be only another compartment of it, appropriated to the accommodation of horses, though it was at present empty.

"Can you make a shift to sleep here?" asked Colly, setting down his lantern. "The straw's clean, and plenty of it; here's a rug too. I always

sleep only too sound,—it's just use."

"Never fear," returned Steyne: "If I don't sleep here I shouldn't anywhere. How or where I should have found my bed to-night, but for you, I don't know; so I ought to be thankful."

"Not a bit; not a bit: as long as we can help one another, why it's only just fair-nothing more, as I can see. Let's have a peep at that wild beast."

He set his lantern on a ledge high in the wall, and, turning a pail upside down, raised himself to the level of a small opening in the partition.

"Ah, you brute you!"-said Colly, shaking his head—"you vixen!—such a lovely creetur, too, to look at."

"What is it?" asked Steyne—"a horse?"

"Ay, a horse it is, possessed by old Harry himself though, I think. You heard all that row just now; but that's nothing to what she'll do at times; she'll bite and fight at you with her fore-feet, like a Christian. Take a peep?"

He jumped down, and Philip, who was taller,

availed himself of a lower standing-point.

Looking through the opening, he beheld, in a similar box to that they were now in, a horse, lying upon a plentiful allowance of straw. As far as he could make out, by the dim light of a lantern, it was a splendidly formed animal, and Philip who (true to the attributes of his Greek nomenclature) had a natural affection for the species, looked with admiration on its visible points of superiority.

"What ails the creature?" said he, looking round to Colly; "it's panting and shivering as if it had a

fit."

"Lor bless you! we're obliged to do any mortal think to quiet her, when she's in them tantrums;

Skurrick's fit to knock her brains out many a time."

"How did he get her?"

"Swopped her for one he had—a pretty creature to look at, but no good to him, weak in the knees. I can't think how they came over him: they never would, but he'd been taking a drop more than was good for him. And now this thing, you know, she just eats her head off, and 'll never pay him in cat'smeat."

"No, no; not so bad as that," said Philip; "she's a splendid creature—not so bad as that,

surely."

"You'll hear by'nd-by, when she comes to a

Colly was soon snoring; but Philip sat up, covering his shoulders with the rug, and laboured torecall some long-past occurrence, some old reminiscence, stowed away, behind much subsequent accumulation, in some nook of the universal store-Slowly he recalled circumstance, time, house. words; until suddenly, from out the dust and lumber, stood that he sought, a clear and perfect whole.

At last he slept, and was awakened, soon after daybreak, by the plunging and snorting of his

unruly neighbour.

"Hear that pet?" said Colly, who was performing a primitive toilet, by plunging his head in a bucket of water, and scrubbing it with a piece of bed-tick: "that's how she'll go on, till we can't bear it no longer."

"Don't do anything with her now, will you?" said Steyne. "I want to speak to-what did

you call him?"

"The gov'ner? Skurrick, Jem Skurrick. Do anything!-bless your heart, I wouldn't go nigh her for a gallon of Hollands, not I! You'll come in as soon as you're ready, you know."

So saying, he went out; and Philip mounted to the point of observation, whence he bestowed some thoughtful consideration upon the inmate of the adjoining tenement, who was champing, snorting, and otherwise demeaning herself in a manner

quite unworthy of her sex.

He then quitted his bedchamber for the fresh air of the heath. At no great distance he saw stationed another caravan, rather smaller, but of greater pretensions to appearance, than the first. An arrival had taken place in the night; the two proprietors stood in deep conference together a few yards off. The new-comer, Busby, was short, bread, and puffy. Mr. Skurrick was above the middle height, well made and wiry in form, his sallow face marked slightly with small-pox; he had keen black eyes, underneath which the skin hung loose and baggy; his thick jet hair cut close to his head; his dress an odd mixture of the groom and "gent." In his hand the never-failing whip, the thong of which he caressed incessantly, with the fingers of the other, as might a lover the tresses of his beloved; occasionally threatening with it the legs of his elfin offspring, who played their pranks about him, and who inherited with laughable exactitude their

father's features; even to the corkscrew honours, for which in past times he had been remarkable.

"Go in and get some breakfast, do," said Colly, as he busied himself in his morning duties with the horses. "Mother's in there; go on."

Philip ascended the steps; the woman welcomed him kindly, and set before him the hot tea, and bread-and-butter, she had reserved for him.

She was bustling about the dwelling, when a child hurried up the steps, and, running to the woman, put her arms about her, and began to cry.

"He says I must do the Star-ring, and I can't, mother; I know I can't! Last time I fell, and he beat me: I'll do anything but that—"

"It's no good coming to me, dear; you know if

father says so-"

"I should fall, I know! I hurt myself bad last time. I can't do it! Oh mother!"

At that moment Skurrick entered, whip in hand. "Now, Sarah, don't be a fool!" he cried. "It's no use you smothering the child up there—she's got to do it, and that's enough."

"I ain't hindering her, Jem. Lettie dear, you must go," said the mother, loosing the little hands.

She lifted up a thin childish face; she was not above ten, and very small and light of her age.

"I can't, father," said she, weeping; "indeed I can't! I'll do anything else, but I get so afraid, and I'm sure to fall."

He raised the whip—"Do you want it again?"
he said: "am I to be kept here all day with your
— nonsense. What with one and the other of
you I'm to be drove out o' my mind, I think—"

"Mayn't Beauty do the Star-ring, father?"

"Beauty's too big; she's got plenty cast for her; besides I'm not going to get to words again at her. What I say she's to do, I'll make her do, and you too. Come."

The girl, all in tears, darted across the floor behind the dark curtain; the sobbing was heard for some moments: meanwhile the amiable Jem was swearing at his wife for encouraging insubordination.

Lettie returned—her pale face beaming through

"Beauty will do it, father, she can; she'll look better than me a deal, and I can do the cymbal dance instead of her."

"She's never tried this one," growled he; and hat moment Colly entered to say all was prepared.

"Keen morning this," said Colly, rubbing his hands—"pails all ice. Drop o' something short wouldn't be amiss—eh, mother?" in a low tone to the woman.

She reached the bottle and a cup without a handle. Skurrick helped himself into the pewter pot, from which he had previously ejected the red herring; and they all stood round the stove drinking. Lettie, at her mother's side, supplicated for a drop, and swallowed it eagerly.

"Look alive in there!" cried Skurrick, cracking his whip between the intervals of his dram.

The dark curtain was flung back: and Philip,

turning his eyes involuntarily towards it, beheld a young girl, apparently just risen from a mattress spread on the floor, which with a rug and blanket formed her bed. A chair beside it—on which were some tinselled flowers and scissors, with a small looking-glass hung over it—completed the furniture of the nook, and indeed almost filled it.

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Utterly ignoring the presence of the group in the outer room, the young girl deliberately proceeded to dress, selecting the different articles from a heap

upon the floor.

The heavy shadow, and the squalid misery of all surrounding her, failed to obscure the beauty of this fair creature; rather she seemed to shine forth in their midst, like some bright star from out the rack of blackening clouds. Never did eye behold more perfect loveliness in human shape; never did sculptor's dream, or poet's vision, raise such ideal to mock all efforts of art-production.

Her figure, full, yet firm and pliant, looked the model of symmetry, every limb in turn displayed, moulded to the perfection of grace and beauty. Her hair, golden brown, fell below her waist in

curls, which, though slight, were natural.

Slowly, and as a matter of course, the girl donned the garment on which the woman had been employed the preceding evening; anticipatory, as was evident, to some performance of horsemanship. As she did so, upon one of those beautiful legs a long black bruise or wale was visible, and she shivered momently as the silk pressed it. Her slight attire was soon completed: the lovely arms, neck, and shoulders, left bare; the glorious hair, with some slight rebellion on its part, twisted tightly round the model head, and crowned by a wreath, in the placing of which some moments were devoted to the cracked looking-glass; then, taking in her hand a light glittering wand, she stepped out from under the dirty blanket, like Aurora from a canopy of envious smoke, and for the first time her face was fairly seen.

So fair, so perfect in every line and feature, so dazzling of complexion, the very incarnation of Beauty—if such positive there be—what name could so well befit this glorious specimen of

Nature's workmanship?

Large blue eyes, over which the long dark lashes held jealous watch; nose and chin small, child-like, yet marvels of form; pouting lips, whose slight curl, as scornful of the very homage to her wondrous beauty, scarce let close upon the small pearly teeth beneath—and withal, calm, expressionless, still, as some Grecian statue of repose. To those deep, full, lustrous eyes, the whole life of the countenance seemed to have betaken itself; yet could it be said, nay, rather felt, that in such lavish bounty, such plenteous loveliness, there was something wanting.

For a minute Philip's eyes rested in wondering awe upon this creation of beauty, as it brushed past him. Momentarily their eyes met, and as he rose to let her pass, with her silver wand she held back her cloud-like tunic from contact with his travel-stained dress, and turned towards Skurrick.

No mortal eye but must pay tribute to such a being; but for more, the lad's heart was closed—woman's beauty, what was it to him!—mockery, heart-sickness.

His gaze fell from the waxen-like shoulders to where, through the covering of flesh-coloured silk,

the whip scar was visible.

Ay, Philip! shudder—let your heart soften and know pity for the scornful Beauty! Oh! as she passes you, as her breath is on your cheek, as her fairy foot touches yours, does no instinct of Nature arouse within you?—does no subtle affinity stir your being to acknowledge one common source?—But stretch forth your hand—but take again the tiny palm you so often have pressed to your rough cheek—but look again upon the dimpled face you have so often soothed to sleep upon its pillow—the rosebud lips that were wont to stir your boy's nature with their loving baby whispers, long ago.

No! she passes; she heeds not him; nor dreams he that in the hapless dancing girl he beholds the object of his anxious wanderings and regrets—the

sister Rose he mourns as dead.

"She do look well this morning!—don't she now?" said Skurrick, setting his head on one side,

with the air of a connoisseur.

"Cold though, I'll be bound!"—said Colly—
"this raw morning, and them thin tights. Do
give her a drop o' the stuff to keep the cold
out"

"Ask her, you, Jem," said the woman.

To the girl, who had stood quiet unheeding during these remarks, Skurrick now began talking with his fingers, and Beauty replied with a nod of her head, on which the woman handed her a cup. The girl swallowed the contents eagerly. "No more!" said Skurrick, as he returned the cup to his wife; "she's life enough without that. Now then!"

As he turned towards the door, a tremendous kick on the other side of the partition was followed by a plunging, a neighing, and a series of demonstrations, threatening apparent destruction to the

whole fabric.

"There's that incarnate devil, at it again!" roared Skurrick. "I'll shoot her then, Colly, and that's all about it! Curse her! she'll worrit all the sense out o' me, and ruin the place into the bargin!"

Stopping the enraged man, as he was quitting the caravan, Philip spoke a few words to him in a

low voice.

"You!—go in!—try that beast! Why, bless your heart, five men wouldn't manage her when she's in them tantrums! Oh! you may go, and welcome; only take all the risk upon yourself, young man, that's all. I give you leave to knock her brains out, for the matter o' that; though she's been a pretty penny out o' my pocket. Go and welcome; but your life ain't worth tuppence with her, so I tell you."

"I don't set much value on it, for the matter of that, myself," said Philip; "and I can but try."

"Ay, to be sure," said the accommodating

Skurrick; while his wife and Colly, shocked at the evident risk, vainly put in a word of caution.

"Shut up do, you two!" said he: "do you suppose the young chap don't know what he's doing? If he will, why he will; it ain't me that sends him."

Armed with no more formidable weapons than a rope with a slip noose, a thick rug, and a slice of bread, Philip prepared to enter the den of the untamed brute, which had not ceased its hostile demonstrations during the few minutes of preparation. He had stipulated that he should go alone, and his proceedings be unwatched; in pursuance of which agreement, Skurrick had immediately clambered to the aperture before mentioned; but found it effectually blocked with the jacket of the venturous youth.

"By Gosh! he's all in the dark!" said he to

Colly.

"The lantern's in there," briefly replied the other; and they listened, with the rest, in breathless suspense.

The kicking and stamping had for a minute redoubled; there was a wild cry from the creature—

a fall—then all was still.

"He's killed!" cried the woman. "It's mur-

dered him! poor fellow!"

"Hold your row, do, you old fool!" was the polite rejoinder of her husband, who was himself quaking in his shoes; while Colly had already devoured all the nails of his right hand, and was attacking the left. The only one of the group who remained totally unmoved being the dumb girl. She never stirred, even to return the caress of little Lettie, who had crept up to her, and held one of her hands, saying—"Dear good Beauty to do that dreadful Star-ring for me."—Beauty adjusted her tunic and wreath, and quite unconcerned looked out upon the common where the elfin sprites were going through some professional evolutions, within the temporary erection prepared for practising their several tasks.

Another anxious twenty minutes.—"I heerd a groan, I did indeed, Jem," whispered the woman; to which Skurrick only replied by a look. Colly was on the point of suggesting "something short,"—when the door of the stall was flung open, and Philip appeared, leading by a halter the mare; which followed him tractable and subdued in de-

meanor as a lamb.

To describe the amazement of all—the delight of Skurrick—the exclamations and adjurations with which they all called upon Steyne to initiate them into his mystery—would need more words than I am inclined to bestow upon the occasion. Suffice it to say that Colly's proposition of "something short all round" was universally acceded to, with of course one exception—that Philip totally refused to enlighten them upon his secret, whereby Mr. Skurrick's gratitude abated considerably of its warmth—that Mr. Busby and his myrmidons refused to believe the fact before their eyes, as other than a "humbug," until the creature had been ridden in turns by all who would venture; to

none of them yielding such unqualified obedience as to her tamer, who seemed to have acquired a dominion over her, little short of supernatural; surprising no one more than himself—coolly as he might appear to take the result of this, his first ex-

periment.

Skurrick insisted upon his remaining with them while they stayed encamped. He couldn't think of parting with him so soon, after what he had done for him. Certainly, Steyne was the only one who as yet had perfect control over the mare, and he might best finish the task commenced. Yet we will not positively assert that Jem's gratitude was not

the genuine article unadulterated.

Impatient as Philip was to reach London—to hurry on—to be moving, doing, striving after something—he had some curiosity to witness the entire subjugation of his pupil: a gratification which a few days procured him. A slight recurrence of caprice, followed by a private interview as before, completed the mastery, and under a course of the usual training she promised to become a valuable acquisition to Skurrick's stud.

It was a novel life to Philip, of which he now obtained a glimpse; in all its mournful cadences sounding the same key of his own sad history.

In the troupe of Busby was a deformed lad, ill-treated, and worse faring, because useless in every department of the "business." This was Busby's son; his mother died when he was born, and legend connected both these facts with an incident in which Busby's drunken fury bore a conspicuous part—the latter being of such frequent recurrence as to make the tale more than probable.

Mrs. Busby second, a slim aërial sort of personage, followed closely in the footsteps of her liege lord; getting drunk every night of her life in total immunity, which might be ascribed to the fact

that she was the "star" of the company.

"Leastways she was,"—continued Colly, who had been enlightening Steyne on these particulars—"until the governor brought out his youngster, Beauty there. She is a beauty, too, and no mistake: ain't she?" They were watching the performance of the contested Star-ring, of which Beauty had relieved her younger companion, and acquitted herself to the perfect satisfaction of her task-master.

So swift was the motion, that the spectator failed to catch the moment of contact between the dancer's foot and the back of the horse as it sped round the arena; and the beautiful girl appeared to fly continuously through the hoops, placed alternately at various heights—her course marked by

the starry crown upon her head.

"Wouldn't think she was his breed, would you?" continued Colly. "But she ain't; she's his first wife's: Lettie's this one's. When first I set eyes on her, I thought she was the most sweetest creetur I'd seen. Pity she should be born deaf and dumb! Can't hear no earthly thing but the crack of his whip. He do treat her bad for certain, sometimes; but she's the devil's own spirit, when she's a mind: she'll sulk for days, and never stir for the

whip, though there ain't a thing but she can do. He'll make a good thing of her yet. They'll be getting her on the stage—just you see her dancing! Won't you stop?—Well, never mind, come along. But last winter, I'll tell you, we were at Bullsford, and he joined in with a lot of players; they'd a barn there. Beauty danced, and, my eye! to see the real gentry as did come in their carriages too. There was one young chap, they did say he was a nobleman, he seemed just crazy after it; the nosegays he'd throw her night after night! He never stopped for nothing else, and it made the other lot mad; so governor he fell out and come away in a huff. But I say it was a rare trick that o' yours wi' the mare. He's savage he can't get it out of you, but he'll surely make it up to you. It's a good hunderd in his pocket.

"And you leave us to-morrow? Well; it's chilly: what d'ye say to a drop o' sumthin? Oh! ay, I forgot, you don't do it: what a pity!"

The following morning the caravans started for a large fair which was to be held some nine miles off. Young Steyne bade adieu to his new friends, the richer by half a sovereign from the liberal Skurrick, and seven shillings which had been forced on him by poor Colly, with the observation that it was a "cursed shame he should get so little, when the governor was a good hunderd in pocket."

When night came down upon the highways and lanes, through which Philip trudged his weary way Londonwards—the crowded circus booth was ringing with the shouts of the multitude, applauding the flying course of the star-crowned "Beauty."

CHAPTER XXVI.

LITTLE BOB'S MOTHER.

"Danger, long travel, want, and woe,
Can change the form that best we know,
For deadly fear can Time outgo,;
And blanch at once the hair.
Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And quench at once the eye's bright grace;
Nor does Old Age a wrinkle trace,
More deeply than Despair."

On a gusty night in April, Philip arrived at the goal of his journey. Footsore and spent, he stood at length in London streets. But his attention was little claimed by the bustle and hurry of the scene; strange as it all was to him. For two hours he had been wandering in search of the address he held on a bit of paper in his hand. He had resolved on seeking neither rest nor food, till the duty was fulfilled, of which the neglect had smote his heart the nearer he drew to the point of his destination.

And now, by dint of inquiry and perseverance, he found himself at Charing-cross; thence, from what he remembered of poor Bob's description, into St. Martin's-lane. From end to end he traversed it, vainly referring again to the scrap of paper.

Another inquiry, of a woman just turning up a

narrow court out of the lane. "Bedfordbury?" was the reply to his question: "I am going there. Come along, it's just here."

Steyne followed his conductor, who, a little in advance, held her miserable cloak about her with some difficulty, against the fitful gusts of wind which whirled at intervals down the entries.

They passed through a paved court, and emerged into a street more dirty, ill-lighted, and obnoxious, than any he had yet crossed.

"This is it," said she, stopping. "Is it any one

partic'lar as you wants?"

"Deering—Mrs. Deering," said Philip, again referring, quite needlessly, to the scrap of paper in his hand.

"Lor! come along!" ejaculated his guide. Why she lives over me—have, these ten months. Well I never!—"

They walked on some yards further; the woman warning him occasionally of certain pitfalls in the broken and ill-conditioned road, and of break-neck cellars, whence came strange smells, and sounds as strange; plashing on through puddles of stagnant fluid, augmented now and again by a sudden deluge from a hastily-opened window, without notice or warning given. A lamp at each end afforded the only light, save where, at intervals, a tallow candle guttered and flared in the narrow window of a chandler's shop; whence would issue a slipshod girl, or man, or half-clad child, cuddling to its breast a portion of a loaf, hungrily picking at the dry corners; a red-herring perhaps, or dab of slimy butter or black treacle, in a saucer, to swell the feast.

A sharp turn, a dive now into total darkness, and water over his boots; Philip by the sound followed his guide down what appeared to be a mere passage; he touched the walls on either side; yet by the faint glimmer from within he saw they passed several house-doors ere they stopped before one which stood half open.

"This way," said the woman, as she began to

ascend a rickety creaking stair.

Up to the second story, where the woman stopped, opened her own door; and as the light fell on the

stairs beyond she pointed upward.

"It's the next flight: she's in, else she'd ha' put her key on my table. She don't have many visitors." Glancing over Philip sharply, she entered her own miserable apartment, and closed the door.

He groped his way up, and stumbled on to the landing; all was still: from under a door came a thin streak of light; here he knocked.

There was no answer, but at the second tap a

faint voice said-" Come in."

He entered a garret, the sloping roof of which on one side met the floor. The night-clouds chasing wildly across the sky seemed close in at the curtainless window, which opened on the parapet.

A handful of fire was dying in the grate; a wicker chair with a rag-cushioned seat, a scrap of carpet, and a small round table, were before the hearth. Upon the table lay some fine sewing, a large double-wicked candle, and a pair of spectacles.

Opposite the window stood a low truckle bed on it lay the form of a woman, but it did not move as Philip entered and stood within the door.

"Mrs. Deering," he said, gently.

With a loud cry the woman sat up on her miserable pallet. The wan moonlight streamed over her white face, as she put back the thick tangled hair from her forehead.

"What is it?" she cried—"who are you?" (peering out to where Philip stood)—"who are

you?"

"You don't know me," he said, in a soothing tone; "don't be frightened: I come from your

little boy, poor little Bob."

"My boy!—from him!—you?—oh my God! my God! it is her, it's her voice—from him!" She sprang from the bed, and rushed towards the spot where he stood, but suddenly stopped.

"You-who are you?"

"Mrs. Deering, I knew little Bob at the reformatory—" and as he spoke Philip stepped forward; the light of the candle fell upon his face; the woman caught him by the shoulder, flung aside his cap, and pushed back the hair from his forehead.

"Philip! Philip! Philip Steyne! it is him!" cried she, and she threw her arms round him, and cried upon his shoulder; and looked into his face again and again, holding him tightly the while, sobbing in an excess of joy and weakness.

"Oh little Philip; dear Piert's Rest—and Rose—and mother—and poor Tom—I never thought to see you dear, never—oh! where are they, dear? where are they? Take me to them, Philip."

For a moment amazement held him silent. Then, as he gazed down upon the shrieking, sobbing, haggard creature, clinging about him—in her thin white face, her small delicate features, her long, soft, showering hair, her moist red lips, and violet eyes all drenched and swollen—even in the fond caressing manner—he seemed to see a ghost of the past—and through want, sickness, misery, and drunkenness, he recognized the petted beauty of the village, sweet Cary Hinton; whose sad history had furnished food for the village gossip, when he was a boy.

Gradually he led her to the old chair, made her sit down, and tried to soothe her; but at every word he uttered the grief burst forth anew. "Her voice it was, just how she spoke to me that night—that last, last night!" She had not loosed her hold upon him; caressingly she laid her head upon his breast, and clung to him. "Dear Philip—dear old Piert's Rest—don't leave me, don't leave me—I have been so long alone. Oh! don't leave me.

Poor wasted life! poor, misused, foolish heart!
Hard was the struggle, even in that manly young breast, to keep back emotions so suddenly awakened: but it was done. Still as a statue

awakened; but it was done. Still as a statue young Steyne stood, supporting the poor frail thing, who swayed to and fro with the excess of her own violent and ill-controlled passions.

"Where are they all?—your father and mother and sweet Rosy?"

"Dead!—all dead!" said the young man,

hoarsely.

"Dead!" cried Cary, lifting up her head—"that dear child dead!—mother and father—all dead. It's such wretches as I that live—that live!" And in the maudlin fashion of a dram-drinker she began again to weep and sob.

"Poor Tom, too; he isn't dead-Tom isn't

dead?" she asked.

"I saw him not so long since. Don't—don't talk about him; surely you don't fret for him, Mrs. Hinton?"

"Cary—Cary—your mother called me Cary. They called me Cary when I was happy—when I was happy."

"Did he leave you?" asked Philip, in a low tone,

after a moment's silence.

"No, no," she said piteously—"no, Sir Robert wouldn't leave me, he was good to me—too good. But I couldn't help crying, thinking about poor Tom; and he didn't like that, and when my boy was born, he—" (She fell to crying again, and it was some minutes ere she could continue)—"it was his own son—I called it after him, it was his very face; but he did not like it; he wanted me to send it away. I could not part with my child, dear, I couldn't. He did love me, poor little Bob did!"

"You will go and see him; he is so anxious to see you—" Philip began; but stopped short at the look of amazement the woman gave him, lifting up

ier head.

"My boy, little Bob? why he died, six months

ago!"

Philip's heart smote him. How bitterly he reproached himself for the time spent in what to him was at least a blameless *liaison*, and had wrought him bitter punishment enough, Heaven knows.

"They buried him in the cemetery," Cary went on. "They sent for me when it was too late—he was gone hours before I got there. They had cut off his hair, and they gave it to me. He asked for his mother before he died and for 'Philip'—that was you—I little thought—"

There was silence for some minutes, then Philip drew away one hand, and raised it to his face.

"Poor little Bob!" he sighed.

"He's better off!" sobbed the young mother, whose sad history so far was told.

Yes, far better than in your charge, poor, silly,

fond, unreasoning Cary.

Oh, woman! woman! weak, unreliable, in the course of evil and of good alike!—who trusts thee with his happiness makes his venture in the leakiest of craft, that of a surety will founder—smooth waters and sunny skies befalling—as in night and

tempest!

Had Cary been candid in her confession, she would have told how, to her repining and lamentation for the man she had fled from, remorse superinduced another habit, which gained upon her so rapidly as to call forth remonstrance, sure to be followed by a recurrence of tears, complaints, and recourse to the old stimulant of the dram. It was a mixed feeling which had induced Sir Robert to express a

wish for the removal of the child from a guardianship certainly unsuitable; and he had suffered much from the unhappy result of his first wrong step.

Cary Deering's caressing ways and sweet gentleness of nature had won upon him, more even than her pretty face: he had loved her for herself, sympathised with her griefs (sympathy is not pity, dear friends); and all that affection and care could have done to compensate for what she had suffered, and lost, was lavished on her. But she yet clung to the shreds and relics of her clayey idol—the ruins of her visionary paradise had still a hold upon her. Heaven knows, perhaps 'tis the one protection given such natures—this adherence amid all their vacillation to a first though it be a proved illusion.— In her remorseful moments she would weep and bewail her "poor Tom," and dwell on what he "might have been" if she had stayed with him; and, under the influence of the dram, she not unfrequently turned her reproaches on her protector, who at such times found indeed that of his sin he had made himself a whip to his own back.

So reprehension, reproach, complaint, became frequent. The sunniest hours failed to banish the remembrance of the gloom; and, opportunity offering, Sir Robert—a sadder, if not a wiser, man—set out for Egypt and the Pyramids, leaving ample provision for the unfortunate girl, whose native goodness of heart at least made itself apparent in her fixed determination not to be parted from the poor little child, whom for a time she

positively idolized.

But you all know how one thing there is that never fails. Persevered in, has drink ever failed to lower the tone of even the highest and strongest natures? Imagine, then, to this poor weak impulsive girl, alone, in idleness, regretful, despairing, and the habit already formed; what it became—how it gained upon her—how with inconceivable rapidity it came to take the place of friends, thought, feeling, even child—how money was wasted, how principal was disposed of, at frightful loss—how furniture, books, luxuries, ornaments, clothes went, one after another; for who was by to say nay, or stay her hand?—how all this came to pass, why relate? It is a story of such oft recurrence.

Her little son, born and nursed in the very lap of luxury, at three years old ran the kennels of Drury-lane; saved only by the almost more than human sweetness and loveliness of his nature, from

becoming as one of the vile.

Looking at him, weeping over the blighted life of this fair blossom, the wretched mother found new motive for drowning reflection; work she must, to get food for her child, gin for herself. Her old talent served her here; she got any price almost for the novel and beautiful productions of her needle: then to weep maudlin tears over her child and the memory of poor Tom, was her comfort.

Came the day when, by the malice and cowardice of some young reprobates into whose company the child had fallen, poor Bob was accused of the theft of some linen stolen from a neighbouring laundress;

and, as we have seen, was consigned to the reformatory, where Philip's boyish kindness had rendered it the happiest period of his short and painful existence.

Little thought the coquettish merry-hearted maid of Osteen House, when first she smiled upon the giant Tom, to what a train of evil her bright eyes

set the spark!

And now, in her feeble, dependent fondness, she clung to Philip, as to one connected with a past she never ceased regretting; and he, as may be well supposed, would not hastily turn from one who, even in her degradation, recalled the memory of his mother with reverence and love, and often wept that she had not listened to the words of advice and comfort that good woman spoke to her "that last night."

It was a something to anchor by; even this poor, drifting, unhappy creature's attachment, which can be estimated only by those, like him, destitute of

any wordly tie.

Here, then, he stayed his wandering; and it was touching to see how the forlorn woman bestirred herself, with something of the old spirit of housewifery, to make arrangements for his comfort; if such a word be not too foreign to the miserable re-

sources of such a locality.

A room was vacant, on the same landing; this was hired, and scantily furnished from Philip's fast diminishing little treasure. The poor girl exerted herself, as she had never done in her own poverty, to bring all to a state of perfect cleanliness; with the sight of Philip the spirit of old times seemed recalled. But alas! not all: old memories, nor affection, nor fear of self-betrayal, could even stay for a while the love of the ruinous dram; and, though for a time young Steyne had no further evidence than that of one of his senses, when he chanced to enter the room, it was not long before -in the maudlin fits of weeping for "poor Tom," in the laying aside of work, in the neglect of what she had undertaken to do for him in the ordering of his room—the young man learned to know the signs of the unhappy woman's vice.

At first by silent disapproval, by avoiding her presence, and declining her services, he only showed what he felt; but his abhorrence and disgust soon moved him to a sterner course; and he spoke earnestly and with determination. He depicted to her the career of his father, the terrible closing scene of his life: he even spared her not the later passages of Hinton's own brutal drunkenness; and, finally, he announced his determination of at once removing to other quarters, unless she made an effort, ere it was too late, for her own rescue from

certain destruction.

The weak woman wept—urged habit, grief, bodily suffering—Philip was immovable, and she finally gave him a promise to endeavour to abstain.

How far kept, they who understand such a character will believe. In the airing of the room, in the caution of concealment, and in observation of the time when, the young man being from home, the dram might be safely indulged; so far

cunning—the strength of the weak—assisted

Easier building on the shifting quicksand, than to mould of such a nature, firmness or high

resolve.

Meanwhile each day Philip's anxieties grew heavier for himself. He had formed no idea of the immense difficulty of obtaining employment in London. At every turn he found nothing but rebuff. True he had the highest credentials for honesty, sobriety, industry, and trustworthiness; but what are such every-day qualifications as these, to recommend a man? The market was already overstocked with them! He had formed his plans, as he believed, humbly and reasonably; but when months passed, and his small stock of money was nearly exhausted, yet no chance of work appeared, even his sanguine spirit almost grew faint, and he retired each day to his poor garret with a yet gloomier belief that Fate had marked him for her especial sport.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GATHERED.

"Beauty, theme of innocence, how may guilt discourse thee? Let holy angels sing thy praise, for man hath marred thy visage;

Still the maimed torso of a Theseus can gladden taste with its proportions,—

Though sin hath shattered every limb, how comely are the fragments!"

M. F. TUPPER.

It is a small octagonal boudoir, fitted with every appliance of ease and comfort, a very temple of luxury and taste. Heavy crimson draperies, shutting out the windows, sweep the rich velvet carpet; voluptuous couches, downy cushions, low shell-like chairs, a Venus might fill, stand temptingly around; with tables and stands of costly wood, and marble-gilt, laden with rare and beautiful objects, and vases of softly-tinted exotics.

Rich paintings, chiefly mythological, cover the ceiling and the panels-of the walls, save where they are filled by mirrors half veiled in clouds of lace, whence coyly peep forth exquisite figures in alabaster, supporting lamps of crystal, which shed a

subdued moonlight radiance over all.

In a low recessed fireplace burns a fire of aromatic woods, whose faint odour mingling with the pastiles; set in dishes of burnished porcelain upon the velvet-covered, heavily fringed, mantelpiece; fill the apartment with a voluptuous and entrancing atmosphere, on which, at this moment, float the soft streams of hidden music, so subdued, that they seem to mingle with and soothe, rather than break, the silence.

Upon a couch of crimson velvet, within the radiance of the glowing fire, yet guarded from its heat by a screen of silvered coral, lies the queen of this enchanting bower. Her dress, of pale blue satin and gossamer lace, lies about her like a cloud; her golden curling hair, half escaped from the silver net, falls over the cushion—where her lovely shoulder lies, like driven snow, against the red

sunset—and half veils her bosom, on which the stringed pearls show yellow by comparison. One arm is thrown above her head, the lace sleeve, falling back, leaves it bare almost to the shoulder, and the rich rubies glow like blood-drops on its wazen fairness. Upon the small fingers, and in the tiny ears, gleam jewels; and from beneath her dress peeps out a tiny slipper, like a rosebud dropped in dewy pearls.

Could I catch the image of a poet's vision, or fix the transient reflection of some floating creature of the air, mirrored in the glories of a sunset lake, I might hope to tell how beautiful she was; amid the splendour of surroundings which seemed all

too poor to do her homage.

You have seen the little tripping fairy of Birdiethorn—the lovely dancing girl of the riding-booth flashed momently upon you, from out the sordid filth and depravity of her tyrants; but these were poor, to Beauty as I show her to you now, in the fulness, the luxury, the repose of perfection; with all that art, and wealth, and pride, could lend to add a lustre.

For (if it were ever true of any) hers was not the order of beauty "most adorned when least." Not a jewel, not a fold, not a sparkling lustre, not a draped grace, but seemed born to her, not adding to, yet of, not gained, but gaining by, adoption near one who might be well imagined destined to reign

over the realm of the Beautiful.

So she lies, her large blue eyes gazing at her companion, who, on a low cushion beside the couch,

is holding one of her hands in his.

"Sweet angel, beautiful pet, I do not even know which you should best understand, if you heard:" for he has been murmuring soft nothings to her in French and English, and once he tried Italian—all with equal effect. Beauty had but smiled and showed her pearly teeth, and languished with her

soft eyes.

"Loveliest darling as you are! if you could but speak to me!—yet I am a fool, too, an ungrateful fool! to wish for the very thing that has disgusted me with other women. Why, what would it be, but longing for this and pining for that—finding one isn't what one used to be—blowing up in a jealous fit, or flirting under one's very nose with the first fool that comes; by Jove it's the perfection of the thing, a woman without a tongue; lovely creature like this, too—believe she loves me for myself, too; not like the rest of the harpies." And he kissed the hand he had that morning loaded with jewels.

"So rich, too; something so excessively novel, this talking on one's fingers—makes a fellow so safe with her. Can't hear anything, and don't know anything, but what one chooses to tell her, and no

one else can talk stuff to her."

The handsome profligate began to talk on his fingers to the dumb girl, who answered him swiftly in like fashion; and so for a time, they conversed, till Beauty, in acknowledgment of something he had said, half raised herself from her cushions to lay her head upon his shoulder, and, passing one

arm about him, with all the heaven of her blue eyes smiled up into his vapid countenance.

"Diamonds! ah, to be sure, she shall have diamonds. Ma Belle shall have everything she does but admire: and since she cannot ask for it, we'll learn to read in her eyes what she would have—sweet angel."

There was a long silence; the soft perfume, and softer music, melting into an impalpable atmo-

sphere.

"By Jove!" mused the young noble, "I almost wish now I hadn't taken up with that Bulldog affair. I don't care about taking her to England, the fellows will be sure to get scent of her; and it would be such a novelty, such a sort of mystery, that would be the very thing to set them wild. There's that Colonel Gray, too, he'd be safe to cut me out; always did—odd too—deuced odd!——"

Here he glanced at a mirror which reflected his own well-formed figure, as recumbent, leaning against the couch, the golden hair of the dumb girl fell adown his shoulder, her fair brow and closed

eyes touching his cheek.

He smiled as he gazed. "'Pon my soul, wouldn't make a bad picture! Ha! how the fellows would stare to see it at the Academy Exhibition. She's positively, without exception, the most beautiful creature I ever saw. No, it won't do to take her with me—sure to be some bother; not but what I believe the girl has an affection for me, for myself. Odd, now, to think one shouldn't know anything about who or what she was! As to her being of that fellow's stock—I as much believe as—. I incline to think she was born dumb, though he said it was the fright of a fall; and the woman, I believe, could have told something worse. However, it does not much signify, I've got her—that's certain; ma Belle!"

To arouse her, and amuse himself, the lover began drawing the bracelets from the arms of his lovely property, who at first opened her blue eyes in mute astonishment; but when she found only one remaining, and that the rest were put out of sight, she frowned, bit her lips, and, raising herself from the couch, stoutly resisted his playful attempts to possess himself of her hands, uttering a low

"Why, ma Belle is positively in a passion! Ah! I like her. She shan't have one of the things back

-see, ma Belle, I put them all away."

murmur of disapprobation.

He made as if he would have carried them away; but she sprang up, and stamping one of her small feet violently, with clenched hands and flashing eyes, hindered him from moving. The young Sybarite laughed.

"Ay! why, this is quite a new part, ma Belle! You have got a spirit; you'll be murdering me one of these days if I offend you, you hussy, you will. Ah! now come, I'll not vex her. Kiss me, then, and you shall have them, and twenty more to match them, you queen of jewels."

As he stooped to clasp them on her arms, and seated her on the couch, a silvery bell sounded out-

side the door.

"Come in," said the young man; and an English servant entering, said something in a low tone, as

if mindful of the lady's presence.

"Ah, well; ah, let him come here. Bother the fellow!" he added, as the man left the room—"I shan't leave my girl for him. Now, ma Belle, you just turn your head that way while the brute's in the room. I don't choose even the Bulldog to see my pet's face."

He intimated his wish by signs to her, but Beauty did not give much heed to them. She understood some one was to see her, and her attention was all given to the fall of her robe and the turn of her bracelets, as she reclined upon her

cushions.

The bell again sounded; and as the master bade "Come in," the door opened, and there stepped into the boudoir, a being about as much in keeping

with it as a rat in a nautilus-shell.

Taller by half a head than the young nobleman, himself above the middle height, broad of build, firm in bulk, big-jointed, bullet-headed. His black hair close cut, and cheeks cleanly shaved of every particle of whisker, showed his huge red flap ears to disadvantage; his high cheek bones and iron jaw more prominent than pleasant, his beetle brow hung over his heavy dark eyes like the cavern where a murdered body may lie hid.

He was dressed in a suit of green plaid stuff, fitting him all too tightly: on his thick wrists he wore white woollen cuffs or mufflers, and in one monster fist held a short thick stick, crosswise, as we often see it carried by performers of wondrous feats of pedestrianism, and sporting bullies

of all kinds.

As he closed the door, and stood ducking his head to his patron, the velvet carpet seemed to wince beneath the pressure of his hob-nailed bluchers; the music had already stopped at the motion of the master's hand to a panel, but the delicate atmosphere seemed to shudder and recoil upon itself, as from the huge man's presence there exuded a strange overpowering odour, as of some subtle spirit made gross by animal contact. It was not gin, unless gin having passed through some unknown process by human pores and fibres. Certainly it was there, of and belonging to, the man—not his breath, not his clothes, neither that ordinary scent by which we detect one who has "been drinking"—yet a palpable giving off of an essence which seemed to render significant and rational enough the theory of spontaneous combustion: you felt certain that you only had to hold a lighted match near the mountain of flesh to have as considerable a specimen of an "indicator" as need be.

"Well, Bulldog—that'll do: you needn't come any further," said the patron. "You look in good case enough. Now don't go spoiling sport, and making an ass of yourself, like you did before. You can keep your hands off the gin and brandy when you like. That break-out of yours cost me a cool hundred, you drunken brute, all for nothing too. It's a blessing Bob Allen would take you

again at all; there isn't many trainers would, I can tell you. Is he with you? I told him to come—"

A fearful shriek from the Beauty, who had just turned her eyes upon the Bulldog; and she fell into the arms of her lover, as he darted towards her.

"Confound your ugly carcase! you've frightened my little girl to death with your hang-dog visage! She's fainted! by Jove she has!" and he rang half a dozen bells at once. "There, be off, and be hanged to you!—I was a fool to have you here! You might have left that murderous bludgeon out of your hand where there's a lady. She can see, if she can't hear! Water, Martin! and wine, quick! give me that essence! Show the man out; be off! I'll see you to-morrow at Allen's.

"My angel sweet!—by Jove how lovely she looks though—she's coming to—he's gone, my queen—the brute has gone. Pardon me, my most

divine, that I allowed him to enter."

The girl glanced fearfully round as he laid her on the couch; closing her eyes, she shuddered, as if

awakening from a hideous dream.

"Curse me," growled the Bulldog, as he descended the stairs of the lordly hotel, "but that wench has made a pretty thing of it! Shouldn't ha' known her, neither, but for her shrieking out, and him saying she can't hear. It's her sure enuf; but my word she's growed a beauty, she is so. Old Skurrick's feathered his nest pretty well out of the bargain, I'll swear. Hi, that there fall when he whacked her through the hoops on fire, knocked all the speech out of her, I expect. Eh! but she's got into a good berth wi' that rich young fool."

"What an odour that brute has left behind him! The beast bathes in gin, I believe, now he mayn't drink it. Bring wine, Martin; turn down those lamps. Ah, ma Belle smiles. You are better, my queen. Come, here is your favourite wine: drink, ma Belle."

[To be continued.]

WORDS FOR THE LIFE AND HEART.

A SONNET.

(Suggested by a work bearing the above title.)

Words for the Life and Heart! we need them sore,
For in the busy babble of the mart,
Or camp, or court, or where else lies our part,
Too soon methinks we miss the tender store
Of dear home-truths and thoughts that heretofore
Would keep blithe measure with the dancing heart;
And hour by hour the soiling touch of Art
Rubs from our life the bloom that comes no more—
Well were it then could cheering words be found,
(And blessed be the lips that bear the balm!)
Which on our work-day world can breathe a calm,
And while about our life rude storms resound,
Till the tired heart grows faint with many a qualm,
Can shower heaven's dew and God's own manna round.

ALSAGER HAY HILL.

TWILIGHT.

THERE is a delicious feeling in the air of twilight; a something that steals o'er the heart and mind, pleasant but indescribable. A serenity and peace envelope the earth; all seems wrapt in a quiet, soothing calmness. It brings relief to the weary head, and the sorrow-stricken heart. Every one, more or less, have had some time in their life, which they think of with pleasure, golden hours full of joy and happiness, but short, gone ere they are felt; too soon they vanish away, and are buried in the great, mournful ocean of the past, to come back in reality never more, though we strain our eyes to catch a glimpse of them, and would fain recall one moment of that happy time. The twilight hour seems to fill our hearts with these feelings. The twilight breeze, as it wafts gently by, takes our thoughts and memory back to the days of yore, -summer days, when love and hope made earth a very paradise. Golden days! full of joy and happiness, without a breath of sorrow or woe. Days and hours so joyous, that in our ears the very birds sang sweetest, and in our eyes the flowers seemed more beautiful. given us that, when the dark clouds came, and the cold, and the cutting wind of sorrow swept from us the bright flowerets that had been reared by love and hope,-when it came remorselessly and swept them all away, making the very sun grow dark, and the starlets pale. We might look back, and the remembrance of those other days be something to cheer us. Oh! ye beauteous twilight hours, in ye we forget the injunction of him who hath written,-" Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again; wisely improve the present; it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear and with a manly heart." Again, if friends whom we love and cherish are far away, how the twilight seems to bring them back to our memory; how unconsciously it takes the thoughts of their absence away from us, and leads us with a gentle hand to those by-gone days, those past twilight hours, when the loved one was with us. We faucy they are again beside us, we seem to hear their loved voice, whispering to us, as in those days of old. We are living again in the joyous past, but the twilight fades, and with it the happy illusion. We awake to the reality of the dreary present,-awake to feel we are living still, in a cold, unsympathising world, to strive, and to fear, putting on the false smiles, and the false laughs, listening to the world's picture of happiness which is running after pleasure - a picture, like the apples of the Dead Sea, "fair to the sight, ashes to the touch." We must bury our secret sorrows in our heart, for the dream is o'er, that short and brief, but joyous twilight dream—a moment stolen from the busy world, come and gone, leaving the impression only, leaving us to battle with the strife of life.

LEILA.

A FEW WORDS ON THE TURKISH BATH.

[Continued from p. 107].

"The Turkish Bath; how can I ever sufficiently extol it! How I wish that everybody knew as well as I do, the good to be derived from its use—I, who once was so opposed to even the experiment. You may remember how I once argued about the impossibility of not catching a dreadful cold in the cooling process; how it must weaken one, and how sensitive it could not fail to render those subjected to its influence. My dear friend, I repeat it, I never was better in my life than since I have taken the baths. You know what I used to suffer. You have heard of my bad nights, disturbed with fearful dreams, and so on; the lassitude, the depression of spirits, the loss of flesh; the misery of those hosts of black specks floating about before my eyes, and the total want of appetite, which at times made me loathe the sight of food. All this is done away with, or at least so much lessened, that I am comparatively free from them; and if I do, at any time, feel a return of the symptoms, a bath sets me right again. Oh! I do wish everybody could be only made aware of the wonderful power there is for good in them. But you wish me to tell you of my first experience at the Victoria Street Baths.

"I had been suffering more than usual that time. Pains in my back and head, weight over my eyes, no appetite: so weak, it was an effort to move across the room, and, withal, such depression and lassitude, that I seemed to lose interest in everything. I had sent my plate away at dinner untouched, and had actually been amusing myself with imagining all sorts of things which I could perhaps eat but in fancy I rejected them all

perhaps eat, but, in fancy, I rejected them all. "That afternoon I went down to the baths at Westminster. I had heard much of their efficacy, and yet I must confess, I did not put much faith in anything they could do for me. So much the greater merit, you will acknowledge, in what they did effect." . . . "I entered the hall, a wide apartment, with vaulted roof and handsome marble pillars; a passage to the left led to the second class; that on the right the first class. I followed my guide, a very neatly-dressed, pleasant young woman. The money-taker was a female. We entered a part of the hall, separated by a door, the floor matted, and a number of little recesses, like the berths of a ship, with heavy silken hangings of an Eastern pattern. In each of these recesses was a narrow seat or couch, and at one end a bundle folded in a cloth, also of Turkish pattern. This the attendant unfolded, and gave me a bathingdress of linen, fitting up to the shoulders, and flowing to the feet. A towel and a linen sheet were also in the bundle, all beautifully clean, as indeed was every part of the place, and its furniture. She left me here to undress, and assume the bathing-gown, with a pair of wooden clogs. Then she again appeared, and I followed her to the door of another chamber, every doorway covered with the silken hangings, shutting out the noise of the outer world, which, indeed, I seemed to have left behind on entering this inner apartment. The light came through a dome of coloured glass, tinging everything with a delicious subdued radiance. The floors were of inlaid marble. Every archway leading into the various compartments was of carved stone, surmounted with a ground glass globe, that when lighted at night with gas, have a pleasing effect. A partition of ground glass separated that portion in which I was from the rest of the

apartment.

"Here another attendant took possession of me. The first was dressed as an ordinary mortal, but this one wore a bathing-dress similar to my own (they are very becoming, and so prettily ornamented round the neck and arms). She bade me lie down on a couch, over which she had previously spread a clean linen sheet. She damped my hair with her hand, and I lay down. She turned the end of the sheet over my feet, wrapping them warmly up, and then left me to myself. It is impossible to describe the delicious feeling that took possession of me. It was a waking dream. The soft, warm, fragrant atmosphere; the dim roseate light, the flowing hangings with their gold and gorgeous hues; the total exclusion of all worldly sights and sounds: I recalled the tales of fairy land, and fancied myself suddenly transported to the apartments of an Eastern harem, while the delicious sense of painless repose that stole upon me might have been the effect of some genii spell or magic potion.

"The hangings across the doorway were lifted with a soft 'huish!' and the attendant entered. She was not a Fatima or Zobeide, however, but a very pretty pleasant-faced Irish girl, who brought me a glass of the clearest cold water I ever drank. She again left me, and after, I suppose, twenty minutes of the most exquisite dreamy silence, I was escorted by my nymph within the draperied archway to the hotter room. I wondered how it was the heat could be increased so much within so short a distance: the furnace was double, she told me, round the latter. Here I again reposed upon a couch for a few minutes, when the maiden began the shampooing process. This consisted of rubbing very vigorously and carefully every limb and portion of the body, but to no extent unpleasantly, while not the slightest exposure is undergone, or anything of the nature to which I have heard ladies, in fancy, object. The attendants are most courteous, attentive, intelligent, and have, I imagine, their business thoroughly at heart. them have come from Dr. Barter's establishment at Cork, and have been a long time employed in the baths; yet a more comely, healthy appearance it would be difficult to present than they do.

"I next was introduced to the washing apartment; it was quite private, and everything the most perfect of its kind; the rubbing is performed with little coils of India rubber, which the attendant attaches to her hand with a strap; soap is used, but rinsed off again with repeated bowls of warm water; till such an idea of cleanliness is attained

that I am sure I never realized till then. I thought how the heart of a Dutch frau would have been rejoiced at my appearance, though the surroundings were more of the Pompeian; the marble floors, the pillars, the bronze bowls, the plashing font, the young girl with her classically-bound hair and her tunic of bright bewildering pattern. Altogether the experience was one of the most pleasing and delightful. No drying with towels; but I must tell my lady friends that the sensation of the soft warm dry sheet, which the attendant holds up before you as you quit the little washing-room on your pattens, and which wraps you from head to feet, is the most luxurious I ever felt, and you are dry at

"Next I passed through the two outer rooms, to that I had first entered, with its matted floor, its easy chairs of all shapes, for reclining—as well as the couches—and little marble tables set about. Here I had a delicious cup of tea, served in a tiny silver pot, and like everything else in the place, the best of its kind. My dear friend, as I sat there, feeling myself every moment stronger, lighter, easier, and free of pain, my one emotion was gratitude for the wonderful instrument of my relief. I dressed and left the place; such a blessed change had come over me, the very sensation of existence was so delightful that I quite regretted the vehicle still waited to convey me home; to walk would have been a positive enjoyment."

My readers have here the experience of a quasiinvalid, suffering from what I suspect to be a form of dyspepsia too common among ladies; which is productive of many of the so-called "nervous" affections, and unfortunately of much irritability and inequality of temper and disposition in the

gentler sex.

Let us then away with the sarsaparilla, the quinine, the tonics, and cathartics, and the host of appliances by which we have too long deceived ourselves, and even induced the diseases we apprehend; shall we not at least make a trial of the remedy which science has perfected, upon the invention of ages gone by. It is easy of application, pleasant, and there is no reaction following its use.

The claims of the especial institution to which we have made reference, are those of perfection in the system. Much of the misconception which has obtained, with regard to the Turkish bath, has arisen from defects in its application, and the consequent failure, wholly or in part, in the results.

Dr. Barter, the promoter of the company, and under whose supervision the Victoria-street Baths are constructed, was a chief agent in their introduction to the United Kingdom. Mr. Urquhart, whose name, in connection with the Turkish bath, has obtained so great a renown, had been labouring, as he tells us for twenty years to get some one to carry out, in this country, that system of baths which constituted the luxury of the Oriental world; and, to quote his own words, "which was at once a mark of civilization and enlightenment

among Eastern nations." In 1856 Dr. Barter became acquainted with Mr. Urquhart's ideas upon the subject, and at once wrote to that gentleman, offering to put men, money, and materials at his disposal, if he would superintend the erection of one at the doctor's own hydropathic establish-

ments at St. Anne's Hill, Blarney, Cork.

From the Turkish bath there erected, all those in the United Kingdom have sprung: the liberalminded introducer had himself much to endure from prejudice and the ill-will of those anti-progressionists to whom the stamp of novelty is almost synonymous with quackery. But the result has gone far to prove that which, in fact, scarce needs evidence to sustain it, that originality, boldness, and determination, aided by a firm conviction in the truth of that maintained, will, eventually, come off conquerors. Dr. Barter found upon subsequent experience that the presence of vapour in the bath was an objection; he therefore substituted pure air, thus making it much safer in administration, more effective as a curative agent, and much more agreeable in its operation. These changes led to his naming it "The Improved Turkish Bath," for which he has secured a patent.

The Baths in Victoria-street are upon this principle, and, as we have said, under the supervision of Dr. Barter, the attendants have most of them received their training beneath his roof; and a single visit will suffice to assure the initiated of the efficacy of all appertaining to the process in detail. The cost of erection (the building being as yet scarcely complete in its inner arrangements) was £24,000. Here is accommodation for two hundred bathers at once, besides an extensive de-

partment devoted to horses.

We have here but glanced at a subject, which we could fain expatiate on at great length. It is one of those which can scarcely be exhausted in its many aspects; one on which prejudice is apt to be rifeone of which experience cannot fail to rout every objection we have heard urged against. As a curative, as a restorative, as an antidote to the effects of the vices to which civilization is prone—it is allpowerful - nay, viewed solely as a means of thorough ablution, its results might well comprise greater health, vigour of intellect and of body, greater cheerfulness of spirit and contentment of mind. It is a bold assertion, but to him who may feel himself aggrieved thereby (for who would acknowledge himself deficient in that particular?) I would say only, "Go to the Turkish Bath, there wash and be clean."

Why should you carry troubles and sorrows unhealed? There is no bodily wound for which some herb doth not grow, and heavenly plants are more medicinal. Bind up your hearts in them, and they shall give you not only healing, but leave with you the perfume of the blessed gardens where they grew. Thus it may be that sorrows shall turn to riches; for heart troubles, in God's husbandry, are not wounds, but the putting in of the spade before the planting of the seed.

THE SUICIDE TO HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL,

Why didst thou stay me? Like a broken wave
I was retreating from life's barren shore;
Why didst thou stay me? In the deep sea cave
I might have rested, and been tossed no more,—
Rested and slept, far from the ceaseless roar!

Why didst thou stay me? Life had lost, for me,
The blueness of its sky, its Summer flowers;
Nought but the cold wind moaning drearily,
Nought but the ceaseless drip of Autumn showers,
Were left me where I stood beneath the leaf-stripped
bowers!

Why didst thou stay me? All my dreams had flown,
And I would fain have fled the waking pain,
Nor risen to jostle in the world, alone,
Haunted by shapes, and memories weak and vain,

Thin shades of buried joys dim fluttering past my brain.

Why didst thou stay me? Let me sink to rest,
Lulled by the last voice of the nightingale;
And, ere life's load fall from my lightened breast,
Turn to the pallid moon my features pale,
While moon-lit rustling leaves low whisper in the vale

Let me depart; and let bright laughing flowers
Spring from the heart where gloom has dwelt alone;
Let me depart; and let low murmurous showers
Sway the long grass pearl-weighted, bending down—
Sweet nature's child-like tears that no Despair have
known!

Let me depart, I leave no void behin

A cup of water taken from the sea,

The severed waves will close, and no one find

An empty space reminding them of me,

Nor aught in the wide world or changed or saddened be!

THE ANGEL'S ANSWER.

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Faint-hearted soldier! does thy spirit fail?

And wilt thou quit the battle-field of life?

Shall the proud phalanx of thy foes avail

To drive thee, like a coward, from the strife,

And make thy trembling heart with fear and terror rife?

When round thee fiercely roars the conflict stern,

Cowardly cringing wilt thou leave thy post?

Back to the Great Commander wilt return,

Thy trust forsaken, and thy honour lost,

With thine own faltering tongue sealing thy sentence most?

Mourn not thy ruined hopes, lo! thou didst see
Glassed in a pool the image of a Sky;
And, plunging to attain it, instantly
Didst see its beauty fleet before thine eye;
Didst find but mire and clay, where Heaven seemed
to lie!

Mourn not for it, but turn thy steadfast gaze,
Up to the Heaven so peaceful, pure, and fair;
Altho' the way seem long, its beauteous rays
Will never fleet when thou arrivest there;
Will never fade and change and leave thee to despair!

A MONTH WITH MONA.

"STABIT QUOCUNQUE JACERIS."

I shall not preface my sketch with reasons for the preference given in the selections of my summer trip, though I hope, ere its conclusion, to furnish to my readers such a sufficiency as may induce in them a desire to follow my example.

Perhaps I was satiated with the suave socialities of Scarboro'. Brighton had bored me, her beauties and bathing notwithstanding; the varied verdure of Ventnor no longer possessed virtue for my vitiated appetite, and Ryde ceased to renew rapture. Perhaps, even, in my ardent longing for liberty, free and unrestrained, there was a something not wholly unattractive in the very symbol, the-what shall we call it? not sign manual; nor, most certainly, coat of arms, the heraldic device three legs rampant, in fact, which, from a sixpenny brooch, to a legal document, stamps and distinguishes everything of, and pertaining to, the Isle of Man-and which may have had some share in determining me to show a clean pair of heels to the land of my birth: at the same time, so far from adopting the accompanying motto of my Manx friends, which heads this article, I by no means inclined to remain, for any lengthy period, where Fate and Fortune had thrown me.

I pass over the railway transit from London to Liverpool; to few of my readers would it prove either a novel or pleasant reminiscence, any more than the journey by sea, of some seven hours' duration.

How certain enthusiastic visions, connected with the land to which we were bound—of the dumb fairy Fenella, gallant Peveril, and gentle Alice, with her stern Puritan father, and the legendary, "Moddhy Dhoo," or Spectre Hound, hovering in the shades of Peel Castle—fragments of legendary lore, old ballads, sweet refrains, rivalling in praise of

> "Our own dear Ellen Vannin, With her green hills by the sea;"

how all these grew gradually less appreciable; how, finally, they faded, sank, and disappeared, to give place to more tangible sensations of an irritating and self-abasing nature; calculated neither to elevate one's internal sense of dignity, nor to the nurturing of enthusiastic views of a life on the "ocean wave;"—how, in fine, we were desperately sea-sick, and endured all the horrors of the malady, with but one poor consolation, that everybody else, without exception, was in like case,—all this is, in fact, "easier to imagine than describe," yet not to be imagined by him who has not for himself experienced it.

A forlorn, pallid, and much suffering company we disembark at the pier of Douglas, as unlike as possible to the jaunty, expectant, smiling band which that morning took passage from Liverpool; our only desire being to "lie down anywhere and die,"—thankful, in fact, to any one who would expedite that business for us.

We thread a crowd of staring, grinning, "eyewitnesses," most of whom have themselves, not so long since, known our pangs, felt the same reckless abandonment of existence—yet from whom it were vain to expect one grain of pity. Everybody laughs at everybody, most of all at himself, when the first misery of sea-sickness is past. And it soon does pass, as you discover, when, having escaped being torn in pieces by clamorous carmen, or being carried off bodily, by rival boarding-house touts, you find yourself safely brought to anchor (though we shouldn't venture on a nautical phrase too soon after your collapse) in some well-recommended hotel, or quiet lodging; and instead of being stowed away in bed, or by any means going through the successive stages of dying, you are seated before a well-spread ten table, and actually engaging in the discussion of a good cup of tea, and some savoury dish, while for your comfort you are assured that you "will be all the better for it to-morrow;" and before the end of the week, it is hard if you are not convinced that a thorough paced six hours' sea-sickness is the very finest thing in the world, that, in fact, the man who has not known it may be said not to have lived at all.

A mere matter of opinion this; yours may vary in the course of twenty-four hours; and you will, not improbably, make one of the merry crowd upon the pier to-morrow evening; in your turn, to comment upon the washed-out, jaded, miserable wrecks of humanity who drag themselves ashore, meditating only a final exit from a tossed and heaving sea of troubles, but, as you know, in fact, to eat, drink, and make merry.

One might without rashness venture a bet upon the matter of that same savoury dish upon which you are engaged, not an hour within your landing at Douglas, and after, with an hydrophobaic shudder, you shall have in some extent sluiced off the crumple-up-ed-ness of your voyage.

Herrings—or as three-fourths of the folk here call them "harrings."—Done! and won! you could not make your first meal at Mona and omit her staple article of food and commerce.

And, sea-sick though you be, nay, even though, oh! luckless fate, the cynosure, as a last arrival, of a whole tea-table-d'hôte of eyes; you will have enjoyed the dish. Savoury acid, light, satisfying, indeed I know not any one thing which in like case will be more relished, with the ever welcome cup of tea. Other dishes in plenty will be there, and you may partake, but our word for it you will return with a greatful remembrance to your first experience of the island's favourite fish.

Do not turn up your nose, you who have made the acquaintance of the creature in the London markets, or even transported thence to your inland home.

We have seen him, carted, shovelled, salted packed, barrelled, squeezed, thrown from hand to hand, cried, counted, degraded in every possible way. Pray are you the same, after a journey of, say three hundred miles; your ribs squeezed between burly sides, toes trampled on by hob-nails.

shins excoriated by machines, sharp-edged and hoop-deviced—artfully hidden in soft feminine garments, for the more effectual distancing of the coarser sex-fumed with fulsome weeds, contaminated by alcoholic breaths, coal-dust and ashes, and the road's off-scourings? Are you the same, my gallant Sir, or dainty Madam, when you arrive sweltering or frozen, at your journey's end, all fagged and limp, and overdone; no more like the blithesome traveller setting forth with the morning sun, than is the herring of the city markets to the fresh-caught, plump, and tasty edible at a Douglas table. Oh but it is a great feature in the island, this same small fish. You will learn this before you have been here a week; and like ourselves, never hear that unmelodious cry of London streets, "Fresh herrings oh! eight a groat," without a fishy vision of the past. I wish, too, they may be as pleasant as many of our own.

At sunrise, when over the calm beautiful bay of Douglas, the first rays poured like a sheet of gold through a reft in the thin grey clouds, how peaceful the little fleet would lie, their sails, some glistening white in the opening day, some lying dark in shadow. They seemed to speak eloquently, their little company lying so still, so safely, under the protecting glory of the morning, like a child who had tossed and fretted through the fevered night, and lay now sleeping on the bosom of its

mother.

Through the night, dark and stormy, rain, wind, or fog, they had toiled for good fortune, or ill: (often the latter) the night that brought rest and sleep to the land, was their time for labour. Labour pursued in silence and in little companionship or comfort: slowly each and all made his way back; and the sun rose and found them gathered safe at anchor, and within sight of home. I know of few sights more touching, with more homely beauty in it, than the herring fleet at anchor in the early dawn, or one which seemed more eloquently to point a thanksgiving to the Hand which opened the gates of a new day to the watcher, and him who toiled throughout the night, upon the deep.

One cannot be surprised that the men employed in this uncertain and hazardous trade should cultivate a religious dependence and simple earnest faith, which in its genuineness it is to be desired we could find more universal. They will, on no account, put to sea on the Saturday or Sunday; evening being their time for quitting the harbour, and they invariably pray before leaving shore; every man in the boat on his knees, with bowed head, imploring the protection and blessing of the

Creator.

Poor fellows, their faith does not always realize its reward visibly. A season of unaccountable dearth has occasionally created a famine among them, and indeed for the lower orders generally, whose staple article of food the fish is. During our visit they had fears of such a calamity, a whole night's work often resulting in what, by a calculation, afforded just a herring and a half to each boat. Before our departure, however, fortune smiled, and

the sea yielded her increase to such an extent, every available cart seemed to have been put in requisition for transporting the fish to various parts of the island.

Other kinds are caught here, but in quite an inferior quantity. King Herring may well reign paramount, when, as we learn, the produce of this

fishery alone is £70,000 per annum.

The pencil rather than the pen should be employed to paint the beauty of Douglas Bay, which, in its varied features, I have seen none to excel. We are told by competent judges that it much resembles the bay of Naples. More rugged and vast than the Isle of Wight, more varied than Hastings; the marvellous clearness of its waters, the vivid greenness of the foreground, the sombre grandeur of the mountain range which, like a backbone, intersects the island; the castellated edifices well planted to meet the eye on the approach—all combine to form an exquisite picture, satisfying the eye and the heart, which yearn to the natural, beyond the artificial, in beauty.

I by no means design, in this little sketch, to rival the guide books which here are plentiful and excellent; either in historical, geological, or statistical detail. It will consist chiefly of the results of my own observation, and such notes as I made upon the spot, with occasional reference to competent authority on matters of general interest: and I should be gratified, if, by the representation of my own experiences, I could prevail on some among my readers to add the weight of their authority, till by force of numbers this island might attain to that celebrity it so justly deserves, and which indeed it does already possess among our countrymen in the northern counties, as a holiday place, and one of most health-inspiring capabilities.

We run over in memory the places we have visited, renowned for bathing. Nowhere do we recall such sands; so broad, soft, smooth and unbroken; the water invariably so clear. Resting on our oars half-way across the bay, we look down to the magnified stones of green and dazzling white and golden yellow, with the tangled maidenhead and branching seaweed lacing them across; from the steps of your bathing machine you see the glittering sands spread smoothly as if awaiting the headlong plunge, from which you arise so refreshed and buoyant. Everywhere it is the same. Among the cliffs, not a silvery torrent that courses down their rugged front, across the fields not a rivulet that flows, but is purity's self; you count the pebbles in their bed, or may pluck, leaf by leaf, the cress that springs below the surface. It is a peculiarity of the island and one which, prevailing so universally, we never met with elsewhere. The temperature is remarkably equal. In summer the heat is never oppressive; in winter the cold seldom severe. We were told of bouquets of pinks and fuschias gathered to adorn the Christmas table, from the open garden, and could well believe it, seeing the plenteousness of those which flourished at the period of our visit.

The usual season for excursionists extends to the

end of October, indeed with the exception of the south of England, we know of no place more adapted for a late holiday, the climate being milder even than at Ventnor, during the winter months.

To Douglas Head, the day being clear, and glass in hand, we advise the traveller to betake himself, for a complete view of the bay and its surroundings. And here having the utter inability of words to set forth the scene, I would fain pause, and wish that memory could photograph upon these sheets, for my reader's benefit, so fair a picture, that once beheld can never be forgotten.

Even then we could not reproduce the dash of wave and sunshine, the flow of waters, the chequered cloud shadow, floating on the hill, the varied motion of tree, and light, and water, the evidence of life,—not sound, not speech, not movement actually,—but yet the all-pervading signs that make the soul

of landscape.

No, I have the pictured view before me as I write, I feel how inadequate it is to do justice to the beautiful bay of Douglas.

So calm, so peaceful, so full of repose, and the luxury of rest. The sea that washes its shores, seeming to hold the little town between its spreading arms, tells of safety and isolation; the very smoke hanging midway in the air, tells how pure is the atmosphere, which it fails to contaminate.

As we recall the feeling with which we, weary, jaded, galled in the harness of the worldly team, for the time slipped off, greeted these new scenes: how health and vigour, interest in life, nay, life itself, seemed to grow within us that morning, we could desire some power beyond words that should impel others, in like need, to seek a like relief.

From the Head we overlook the town with all its points of interest, though with a visitor accustomed to cities of importance, these have less attraction than local residents will ever consent to believe, when directing your attention to the Pier, the chief country seat, or the Town-hall, and ignoring the most beautiful natural scenery which surrounds them

Douglas pier is however well worthy of notice; its dimensions are 520 feet in length, and forty broad, to where, at the latter part it widens to a platform of some extent, ascended by step, and having a lighthouse in the centre.

The pier is much favoured by promenaders, unduly we think, though the arrival and departure of the steamers, as well as the fleet of small boats, hired for rowing excursions, causes it to be a scene of much animation.

We were informed that a ball was held here nightly, during the fine weather; we never actually witnessed it, but the scene must at least have possessed the charm of novelty.

The quay is spacious, and, we believe, convenient for trading purposes, though to pedestrians far from being so, owing to the crowd of cars which usually take up their standing here with their attendant Jehus, who in general style, and colloquial powers, bear a close affinity to their Irish brethren.

It is a fact, though our Manx friends usually ignore it, that the Irish element appears very strongly mingled with the native. The barefoot children, otherwise decently clad, the thatched cabins, with the adjoining stye, and never-failing three-legged potato pot; and, above all, the unmistakable brogue which assails you, on all sides, are facts not to be gainsayed, and which speak strongly of intimate relations having been at one time established with the sister isle.

But we are wandering from the panorama which lies before us from the point of Douglas Head.

Immediately below us is the lighthouse; from the rocks jutting out beyond its base in stormy weather, a view truly sublime may be obtained by any hardy enough to venture; the waves dashing with a force that would seem irresistible, are resisted and shivered into spray, by the sharp points of the cliff: leaping and foaming in mad wrath they come almost to the gazer's stand-point, wetting his face with brine; then suddenly recoil and gather stealthily the strength for a new attack. There is an awful grandeur in the scene, and the isolation of the point-de-vue, which it needs a steady head and stout nerves to dare; but the venture is well repaid.

repaid. Fort Anne lies to our left, between us and the pier, erected some fifty years since, for a gentleman's residence; it is now an extensive and flourishing hotel. A similar fate has befallen the castle of the late Duke of Atholl, standing nearly in the centre of the bay, now the Castle Mona Hotel, the grounds connected with which form a great attraction. As the Liverpool boat, bearing the mail, approaches the pier, she fires a salute, which is immediately responded to from Fort Ann, and returned by the gun of the Castle Mona. The rocks and cliffs around take it up, the sound reverberates from peak to peak, from hill to hill; when heard from a boat lying off shore, at about the centre of the bay, the effect is very fine. At the extremity of the bay, near the sea, stands a castellated building called Derby Castle: on the summit of another cliff, perched, as it seems, upon the summit of an amphitheatre of green terraces, and rising from the bosom of leafy groves, is situated another edifice, somewhat similar, denominated Falcon's Cliff, and of imposing, almost warlike,

Yet of baronial style and princely belongings as they appear, these are, in fact, no more than the residences of ordinary mortals; and of a rent and cost altogether marvellous, generally speaking being no more than that of a third-rate dwelling-house in the neighbourhood of London. But we have less to do with the achievements of Art than of Nature hereabouts.

Far as the eye can reach we have a succession of rocky headland, picturesque bays and inlets, now dashed with sunshine, now sunk in shade. Here a wide down, clothed in heaths, glowing purple and gold, like a kingly robe, while at intervals, huge granite masses thrust forth their rugged outline; now a silver thread glistens white on the

dark surface of a cloven rock, that, by the help of our glass, we make out to be a crystal stream

banked with verdure.

In the centre of the bay (which is two miles across) lies a bed of rocks called Conniston, at low water a huge and jagged mass, at high tide barely covered; on which many vessels have foundered. In 1832, a tower of refuge was built here by the late Sir William Hillary, Bart. It is in the form of a castle, from the summit of which floats a banner, the whole forming a most valuable beacon discernible from a distance, also serving as a retreat for any unfortunate who should chance to be cast away upon it. Happily the tower has not hitherto been in requisition for any such lamentable event; its duty being the more pleasing one of prevention, so far transcending that of reparation in all cases.

It forms also a most picturesque feature in this glorious picture, and serves as an object towards which adventurous amateurs direct their boats, though it is far from safe at all times to attempt a

landing.

We descend the head by a rocky pathway to the lighthouse, thence by a somewhat precipitous détour to the left, in some places protected by a low rough wall of masonry; and arrive at a small cave, whose lofty walls of rock make, of the sheltered little bay they enclose, the most complete bathing-place art or nature ever devised.

Here the men, visitors chiefly, betake themselves at all hours of the day, perfectly independent of all bathing etiquette or expense, and tyros in swimming find ample opportunity for testing their skill, and

acquiring new confidence.

A little further in towards the shore is situate a small cave, in whose dim mysterious light, visitors of an enthusiastic turn are wont to find much deight. It is reached only by water, being an easy pull from the shore; arrived at the spot, the boatman rests upon his oars, leaving his bark to drift on between the green natural walls, worn smooth by the washing of the waters, which, retiring, leaves them festooned with many coloured sea-weeds. We drift on and on, further and further in, listening to the "drip, drip," which never ceases within the penetralia of this mystic abode of the Nereids—a fitter could hardly be conceived. The sun is setting over the sea, the distant hum of the shore, or a cheer from some retiring boat's crew, faintly reaches us.

The hour and the place are of those in which one might well forget "the world," as we ungratefully stigmatise the place where we eat, drink, and sleep, and the people who furnish us with the necessary appliances for those needful ceremonies. But the twilight grows cool, and, however reluctantly, we, perforce, return to the sphere of mere mundane enjoyments.

We must not omit to add that the cave is only accessible at low water, and he who should chance to seek for it when the tide is high, will find no traces of it, beyond the jagged points of two or three formidable outposts thickly hung with sea-

weed.

Such are a few of the aquatic pleasures of Douglas; to the naturalist, unlimited are the resources it affords. At low tide the bed of rocks at the northern extremity of the bay, are hollowed into innumerable little basing, which the retiring ocean has left filled with its choicest treasures, in crystal pools fit for fairy baths. The sea anemone. in every variety and of the most splendid hues; delicate sea-weeds, marine shells, small fish, with shrimps, and infant crabs; form but a few of the collection, sufficient to stock any number of aquaria, on the most extensive scale. The "objects" of the "sea-shore" are here far from "common," and the extent of the field devoted to their pursuit so wide as to secure perfect solitude to him who seeks it.

But one may grow weary even of the shore. One cannot always be seeing boats come in, listening to echoes, dreaming in sea-caves, nor counting the pebbles in old Ocean's bed.

So we will turn our footsteps inland.

The walk to Onchan is very beautiful, an easy stroll, too, there and back, to Douglas for dinner. Go by the shore, scale the rock at the northern end of the bay, so across fields and downs, all commanding a view of the sea, intersected with silvery streams, with here and there a tranquil bay running far inland, where lies a quiet little craft moored and waiting her master's pleasure. Hence you strike off inland, by some green lanes, and so arrive at the quaint old village of Onchan.

You may take a rest at the nursery grounds, if you will, but, unless you wish to buy flowers, our advice is the same as Punch's on a memorable occasion. You will only be aroused to invidious comparisons with some you have left behind you; which is foolish, as these never were meant to compete with those; and assuredly you will offend your guide or advisers who have urged on you the necessity for visiting them. In your walk homewards, inland, you may take the Nunnery Grove, a really picturesque spot. The walk lies through the private grounds of the Nunnery, a gentleman's residence extending along the bank of the river, which is crossed by a rustic bridge.

The name of the seat is derived from an ancient priory, said to have been built in the sixth century, which formerly occupied the site. The present is a handsome structure, almost covered with ivy, and forms a conspicuous object in the landscape when looking upon the town from the surrounding

heights.

The ancient church of Kirk Bradden, also an easy walk from Douglas, will interest those who delight in relics of the long past. The date of the original erection is positively unknown, it was rebuilt in 1773.

It is a singularly quaint old place; but the chief attraction of the spot consists in the Danish monuments which still stand in the churchyard, on which inscriptions in the Runic characters are traceable, and which by certain savans have been

Kirk Bradden has been made the theme on

which native poets have grown eloquent, to the equal immortalizing, doubtless, of themselves and the venerable edifice they celebrate.

To our thinking, the most terrible epitaph is written in the laconic inscription which marks one

part-" Cholera!"

The churchyard is actually full to repletion. Not a hand's breadth is left between the swelling turf-heaps. In the cemetery, which was thus necessitated, hard by, lies John Martin, the painter.

Another place well deserving a visit, within a walking distance of Douglas, (about five miles,) and on a picturesque road, is Greeba mountain. Those to whom the title conveys the idea of a steep or difficult ascent, need not be deterred thereby. The beneficent hand of a public benefactor has here assisted nature, without destroying or in the least deteriorating from her successes. The slope is easy, winding deviously among the thickly planted firs, pines, larch, and other species of hardy and picturesque mountain wood; diversified by the beautiful undergrowth of ferns, heath, and wild flowers in profusion. At convenient points, where a space is now and again cleared for the better obtaining of the view, are placed seats, so tempting in the surroundings of shade, sweetness, and the mountain stillness made musical by the birds which congregate unmolested in the trees overhead, that the wayfarer might well be tempted to stop and dream out here his visionary fancies; if the temptation of the summit did not arouse him to fresh progress. This gained; he will pause—as I do again wishing, how vainly! for the power to reproduce the extended panomara which stretches at our feet. Hill and dale, wood and water; the white country road winding far away, now deep in valley, now on the ascent; green fields and gardens dotted with farmhouses, country seats, or thatched cabins. Far away the little town glowing white in the sunshine, the smoke like a thin halo hovering above, and beyond all the blue glittering sea.

In the road which we had quitted to ascend the mountain there was piled a heap of stones for repairing the roads. An old man sitting upon the heap, occupied in the monotonous task of stone breaking, was the only human being within sight during the whole time of our ascent; the blows of his hammer had grown fainter and fainter as we rose higher; till now at the summit, it appeared as if the tiny pigmy below were only feigning at his task, or that the tool were muffled, his blows falling noiselessly. The mountains sloping from our feet lay robed in yellow and purple heather, the dark pine and larch contrasting richly; while facing us an opposite ascent, of almost equal height, was clothed in grim and barren shadow, and seemed to scowl like an unfruitful mother upon our favourite

smiling in golden plenty.

A hut is erected here, in true Robinson Crusoe fashion, built of wattles interlaced with twigs, and thatched with heath; well furnished, too, with such benches and table as poor Robinson certainly did not achieve in his noviciate. A Latin inscription, too, which Crusoe might have with advantage

addressed to his cannibal visitors, bidding all who came "to use, but not abuse;" decorates the wall. A few paces off a stream of water trickles down the face of the rock. And if our phrase so indicates tears, they might be those which nature shed for

joy over her finished handiwork.

A castellated edifice, with its ample grounds, some distance below, is dignified with the name of Greeba Castle. We understood it to be rented at something like £37 per annum. One might play the person of consequence on an income of a couple of hundred; and assume princely honours, at the rate of a thousand, in Mona's unsophisticated island.

Here we are reminded we have as yet given no idea of its extent. The length of the island from the Point of Ayr to the Calf of Man, we are informed is 331 miles. The breadth 121 miles, the number of acres contained in the whole 130,000. Hitherto undisturbed by the encroachments of rails or tramways, the only means of travelling from town to town is by the native car, stage-coach, or omnibus. The former, rather an expensive, and to us an unpleasant mode of transit. The party is disposed back to back, three on each side, right and left of the driver; who is perched in front; the feet are left exposed, resting on a narrow ledge, running below, and for ladies, especially, a most inconvenient and somewhat dangerous arrangement; while to a looker-on, the vehicle appears to hang upon the horse in a very uneven and comfortless manner.

The close car having the seats reversed, closed in at the lower part, with a door behind, is free from all those objections, and being open above, affords an opportunity of observing the beauty of the country at your ease; though for that purpose the more elevated seat of the coach-top is superior to

The horses usually displayed on these occasions, are about on a par with those one sees running in rope harness attached to the Calais "diligence;" nay, in many cases would bear the palm for meagreness and ghastliness of aspect from those far descendants of Rosinante. Yet they seem to wear well, and to understand their business; which would be hard enough, considering that the roads to everywhere, seem to be all up-hill—were it not that travellers are expected to turn out on the approach of an ascent, and take it on foot. In this manner we can confidently assert we performed quite the balf of the several journeys we made, during our stay in the island.

On the other hand, the descents, often very steep, are taken with a hardihood and dash, which to a novice appear truly reckless—the break even being mostly dispensed with; yet accidents are

almost unknown.

Laxey, Castletown, Peal, and Ramsey, are the four chief points of attraction, and to which every morning, during the season, vehicles of all sorts and capabilities, congregating in the market-place, are destined; their various drivers loudly asserting, in inharmonious clamour, their several claims for preference, of course depreciating at the same time the pretensions of their rivals. "All the way to Laxey, yer honer, for eighteenpence, there and back yer honer; a party goin wi' me yer honer, quite respectable, and a fresh 'orse."

"Arrah! dont be goin' with him yer honer, sure ye'll be all day on the road; and a break down

upon the mountain for sertin'-"

"Git out thin, bad luck to ye, an leave the jintleman alone, shure he knows his own mind—

ye'll come wi' me, sir?"

"Here ye are, sir, the reg'lar stage, two shillings there and back—eh! don't be listenin' to them bl'geards, ye don't know who ye get alongside of in them cars—box-seat, sir, splendid view of all the purty spots on the road."

So they tout, and rally, and banter, a little ill language, but more good-humoured jest, and mingled with much of that ever-ready wit which forms another feature of the Irish element afore-men-

tioned.

One warm morning a party having made selection of a close vehicle with glass sides, a sort of forcing house upon wheels, was beginning to feel the effect of the sun's rays thus unduly appropriated.

"Is it warm ye are?" cries the driver and proprietor of the machine thus appealed to—"Eh! but wait a bit, wait till ye're in motion, and ye get the concoosions of the draft, and see how cool ye'll be."

Going round a little later to furnish the tickets, he opens the door of the locomotive hot-house.

"Eh! but it's beautiful and warm ye are in here—" he cried, with as genuine gusto as if he not been sweating himself, even in the open marketplace, with the exertion only of urging the superi-

ority of his vehicle.

This is but an isolated though a fair specimen of the never-failing readiness of reply, excuse, or argument one meets with in a class so numerous here in the season, and may give some idea of the tumult which attends the period of hiring and starting of the vehicles. But, given a fine morning and visitors plenty, the old market-place lately so noisy and full of life will by ten o'clock, or a little later, be emptied of its chaffing crew. Coaches and omnibuses, cars open and close, flys from the inn, and smart barouches from the hotel, all have departed on their various routes. Let us suppose we have resolved on a visit to Laxey, the nearest, and in our opinion, most deserving of attention.

Laxey is seven miles from Douglas, the coach to Ramsey passes it, and on its return remains about ten minutes (usually prolonged to half-an-hour), to give the passengers an opportunity of visiting the renowned water-wheel, and the coachman a chance

of getting three parts drunk.

Most visitors are content with this cursory glance; for ourselves we believe that a day spent at Laxey will be one not to be least agreeably recurred to in the journal of our island tour. The glen in itself is a perfect gem of loveliness, looked down upon from the heights above. The small neat church with its gravel walks and green plots; the village school, the rustic bridge crossing the stream,

the humble dwellings of the miners, clean, compact and well ordered, the beautiful little chapel—erected by the mining company in the centre of the village—and the heath-covered hills, partially wooded, which back the scene; combine in a picture of singular loveliness; whose features it is rare to find combined in one spot so isolated, so apart as it were from the outer world.

The mine, in itself, presents an object of the deepest interest, together with the works belonging to it. Here we have the ore in its roughest state, the various machines for crushing, refining, washing, sifting, weighing, packing the metal, with all the latest inventions of science for expediting these several processes. Specimens of the quartz, with some admixture of metal, are offered for sale by a privileged person, it being contrary to rules to dispose of such, though a clandestine traffic is carried on; as you pass a workman, seated, hammer in hand, upon a rough mass of the raw material, he will endeavour to fix your eye, and exhibit a glittering morsel surreptitiously hidden in the palm of his hand. But, save for the interest which may attach to the relic, you will purchase specimens at a far cheaper rate in London.

The vein or lode is peculiarly rich, it runs nearly north and south, containing copper ore, lead ore, with a large admixture of silver, (from 80 to 120 ounces, in the ton, of lead,) and a great body of blende, technically termed "black-jack." The lead ore is worth about £23 per ton; the produce

averaging 100 tons per month.

The water-wheel working on the principle called "overshot," is said to be the largest in the world. By a staircase winding round a massive pillar, you reach the summit, whence a motion of its simple mechanism is easily obtained. One is struck with surprise at the ease by which in a moment the revolutions of the colossal machine may be stopped. The diameter of the wheel is 72 feet, the circumference 217 feet; the estimated power 200 horse. Two revolutions per minute will keep the mine clear of water; but its capabilities can be increased to a far greater extent.

The view obtained from the top of the pillar is beautiful in the extreme, comprising the whole of the valley; but the ascent is most emphatically a "dizzy" one, and should not be attempted by those at all subject to giddiness, as the winding stairs are very insufficiently protected, by a simple landrail, and an accident would be quite possible and

assuredly fatal.

There is, indeed, a sufficiency below to satisfy the most craving appetite, either for novelty or beauty.

From the glen the visitor should walk to the bay—a spot of miniature loveliness, which looks as though the foot of man had scarely trodden its beach, though good anchorage is afforded for small vessels.

There are some singular relics of antiquity in the parish of Laxey. One, a circle of rough stones, called, "King Orry's Grave," which has, in fact, been ascertained to be the covering of a tomb. The other supposed to be a Druidical tomb or

altar, consists of twelve stones, about six feet in height, cloven from top to bottom. Human bones have been dug up from within the stones.

Castletown, situated about ten miles from Douglas, must be visited; though the lover of historical antiquity, rather than he who seeks after natural beauty, will derive most gratification from the interest which attaches to it. Anciently named Rushen, this is the capital of the island. We should rather say was; though the principal law courts are held here, and the prison for the whole island is within the Castle, while the whole military depôt (consisting of forty soldiers) is stationed in the market-place. But the governor resides at Douglas; the voice of fashion and of loyalty, we presume, has given the palm to the latter town, and the former capital is now but a wilderness, dull, flat, and, we fear, decidedly unprofitable. Still must the visitor by no mean pass it over; round the grey walls of that ancient fortress linger recollections fraught with interest to every English heart.

Enter, and resigning yourself into the hands of proper authorities, you may learn how it was erected in 947, by Guttred, the Second Danish prince from King Orry. You will be shown the wonderful clock, a gift from good Queen Bess. Hear of the six months' siege its stout walls underwent, in 1313, by Robert Bruce. Picture to yourself the true-hearted Countess of Derby, with her children, who after the beheading of her husband the Earl, by the rebels, sought here an asylum, and bravely held her own, till betrayed into the hands of the republicans by the receivergeneral, William Christian, and by them afterwards confined in the Castle, till the restoration released

her.

You are shown where the decapitations were wont to take place, the small chapel where the condemned were confessed, and the passage by which they were led to execution. Criminals still suffer death here. It is thirty years, we are told, since the last execution took place. The Castle, formerly the residence of the Governor, is now a prison, in which, at the time of our visit, some twenty-four prisoners were held, fourteen of whom are lunatics, whose meaningless faces are seen pressed to the bars of windows, whence in times past the high and mighty were wont to gaze. Sic transit, &c.

A great feature in Castletown is the number and thriving condition of its excellently-managed schools. The Town Hall is also a neat and commodious building. The House of Keys, opposite the castle, is a very modest edifice, resembling

merely a small dwelling-house.

Roman remains and relics have been found in this neighbourhood in great variety, and furnishing very interesting data; but we are to return by the four o'clock coach and must husband our time so as not to miss a visit to King William's College: nor omit a passing glance at a ruin upon the road, called Mount Strange, once the residence of the Derby family, near which the traitor Christian was shot for his surrender of the island to Cromwell.

King William's College was founded in 1830, on property granted by Bishop Barrow in 1668, for the education of young men to supply the Manx churches. Its reputation now causes it to be sought by residents in all parts of the world, desirous of obtaining excellent and reasonable education for their sons

It is a fine building, of cruciform design, partly in the Elizabethan style; 210 feet long from east to west, 135 feet from north to south; from the point of intersection rises a lofty tower, 115 feet in length. It contains a public lecture-room, a large library, four lofty class-rooms, residences for the principal and vice-principal, with every arrangement perfecting the purposes of its erection. Exhibitions to the universities of Great Britain are granted to successful students; the college is everywhere spoken of as a well-conducted and ex-

cellent institution.

So far the interest attaching to Castletown, whose more thorough acquaintance we would hope our readers may make, at least under more favourable circumstances than those which condemned us to a sojourn of two days of pouring rain within its melancholy precints, for sole companions the very limited library of our landlady: to wit, "Chesterfield's Letters," "Goldsmith's Animated Nature," and the "Pilgrim's Progress,"—the latter, alas! forbidden us to make-good company, undeniably, and not to be contemned; but in these days of onward aspiration, who cares to look back so far to the clear-headed wisdom of our ancestors. We are bound to say, however, we owe to that rainy day at Castletown, a more intimate acquaintance with the habits of the feline, equine, and other brute species, than ever we before possessed; while our subsequent excursion to the Scarlett and Poolvash rocks almost atoned even for those hours of unparalleled weariness. The places so named are within a walk of the town; the aspect of the rocks, and the peculiarity of their formation here, ascend to the sublime; while in the wild desolation of the scene, you may suppose the extreme of human civilization to be reached.

A lonely farmhouse stands near, which tradition asserts to have been the dwelling of Cromwell. A space along the cliff, with a peculiarly formed projection, are also named "Cromwell's Walk" and "Cromwell's Chair," as being a favourite

resort of the arch reformer.

Port Erin, within a short distance of Castletown, is opposite the Irish coast. It is an excellent bay, with fine sands for bathing, which Castletown has not. There are some copper and lead mines within about a mile at Bredda Head. From Port Erin, boats are taken to the Calf of Man, but the passage is a hazardous one, and, unless in the calmest weather, not to be attempted.

From Bredda Head, a good and comprehensive view of the Calf is obtainable. It appears little more than a comparatively barren rock, being, in fact, five miles in circumference; a farmhouse or two are the only human dwellings upon it, the chief inhabitants of the Calf being the rabbits, which abound, and of which from 1,500 to 2,000 are killed in the season.

Two handsome lighthouses are erected on the most dangerous points, whose light is visible at

seven leagues distant.

We may suppose you to have returned to Douglas, somewhat weary with your double journey; for there being no intermediate conveyance from town to town, unless you are disposed to foot the intervening miles, it will be necessary to go and return by the day's coach to Douglas; for which purpose tickets for the double journey are issued; the vehicles leaving Castletown on their return at 4 P.M. Should you, however, purpose visiting the environs of Castletown, which we have named, it will be necessary to remain a night there,

returning on the following day.

Your next excursion—we are taking them in the order of their distance—will be Peel, situate ten and a half miles from Douglas. On the road thither you will pass Greeba, obtaining a very comprehensive view of the beautiful mountains near it. Also the church of St. Trinian, a halffinished ruin of great antiquity, a little beyond the half-way house to Peel. It is said to have been erected in fulfilment of a vow made in a hurricane at sea; but by the mischievous intervention of a demon, or buggane, as it is called here, never finished. As fast as the roof was put on it was nightly cast to the ground, so runs the tale; and, certainly, the church remains without roof or dome to this day, while trees of enormous size have taken root, grown and come to full perfection within its walls, in their turn again to sow the seeds of a fresh generation, thus testifying to the age of the dismantled structure.

It was during our coach journey to Peel, under a slight falling mist, that we saw the singular spectacle of a vast rainbow spanning the mountain ridge, which is never absent from the land-scape, from whichever point we take it in the island. Of these mountains, Snafield is the highest, being 2,000 feet above the level of the sea; from its summit, in clear weather, the shores of England, Scotland, and Ireland are all discernible by

the naked eye.

The sides of these rocky ascents are clothed with various productions, chiefly of mosses, heath, rushes, and cotton grass, though some are rich in the woody growth of the north, and others again present nothing but rugged masses of sterile granite to the eye.

On the road to Peel we pass the Tynewald Mount, where the laws of the island were formerly promulgated to the people; to a certain extent the observance is continued, a Tynwald Court being

held here, on the 5th of July.

The Mount is an elevation of about twelve feet high, formed in a pyramid of circular shape, cut into terraces. A canopy is erected on the summit, with a chair of state for the governor or his deputy, when the court is held here; the various official dignitaries taking their places in respective order below. Should the traveller chance to time his

visit so as to admit of his making one of the spectators, this novel sight will, we doubt not, form a prominent object in diary and sketch book.

Arrived at Peel, we very soon discover the fact that the sole attraction it presents is its castle; a noble ruin, rich in historical associations. It stands on an isolated rock, about a hundred yards west of the town, which the river Peel or Nab separates from the main land, though at low water it is so shallow as to be almost fordable. A wall built about forty years since connects the island with the main land. Visitors are conveyed across in a ferry boat; and we ascend the worn and decayed steps which have borne the impress of so many footsteps, whose memory yet lingers on the sands of Time.

Here, in 1440, was confined Eleanor, wife of the Duke of Gloucester; here she listened to the beating of the sea upon the base of that isolated rock, saw the sun rise and set, counted the days, watched them lengthen into weeks, months, with who can tell what agony of hope deferred, for fourteen years, till death came to her release! Her crime, or that

of which she was accused—witchcraft!

The Earl of Warwick, too, for a time was held prisoner by Richard II. in this garrison. These are the only great names which history hands down to us; but who shall say how many have lingered out the heaviest portion of their existence vainly beseeching death to come to their aid, in those dreary dungeons, up whose dark winding stairs the death damp still lingers, whose roof, but twenty-one inches above the ground constrains a crawling posture—whose dank and slimy floors were made more hideous by the sickly ray permitted to visit them, only to disclose the horrors of the noisome creeping things which shared the captive's bed.

One shudders less with the physical revulsion than at the thought that such horrors were elaborated by men for the torture of his fellow-man; men, too, assuming the highest of all human callings; priestly divines, pious ecclesiastics,—for these dungeons, many of them are situate under the cathedral church, whose ruins are within the area enclosed by the outer walls; as also is another, supposed to be the first Christian church erected in the Isle of Man,

and dedicated to St. Patrick.

As may be supposed, tradition has laid lawful hands upon the fast decaying walls; legendary spectres and mysterious appearances tenanting their abandoned precincts. But to us, the most abhorrent apparition still haunting them, appeared in the shape of a bushy bearded custodian, wearing somewhat of a military aspect, who, having marshalled into marching order some dozen unfortunate sight-seers, set himself at their head, and proceeded to do the honours of the venerable pile with the ludicrous pomposity and nasal twang possible only to the genus showman.

"This castle, ladies and gentlemen, was built by Thomas, Earl of Derby in 1500, the walls are from three to four feet thick, of clay, slate groined and faced with red sandstone; that pyramidal mound is supposed to be a tumulus raised over the ashes of

an illustrious chief; till the Act of Investment, the fortress was garrisoned by native troops in the pay of the Lord of the Isle, but when the Island became vested in the British crown the army and garrison was removed, since which it has fallen into decay; this, ladies and gentlemen, is the dungeon where the great Earl of Warwick was confined, eleven steps down: mind the steps and turn to the right—lady and gentleman, this way, observe the loopholes in the wall; mind your head, lady and gentleman; smoke, sir? oh yes, certainly."

So ran the stream of eloquent and intelligible explanation, glib enough till put out by a specific question or interruption, when with evident discomfiture the doughty cicerone would try back and commence anew. The question put by a wag of the party, anticipatory to lighting a cigar had this effect, we left him floundering somewhere in the thirteenth century, and absented ourselves to enjoy alone the solitary grandeur of the scene, and conjure up undisturbed the fancies which the declamation of our walking guide-book had dispersed.

We effected our purpose, roaming ad libitum for a time undisturbed; but in the dim shadow of a vaulted apartment, came again upon the deep voice of the tireless custodian, retailing the traditionary tale of the "Moddhy Dhoo," or "black dog," with which doubtless our readers are acquainted.

The effect was very ludicrous; the pretentious unpunctuated roll of our big guide, delivering himself of his well-rehearsed lesson, contrasting with the gloom and mystery of the place. We gave vent to a half-stifled laugh, which a wicked echo took up and made so much of that we retreated in dismay, and ventured no more within range of the party; which from afar we saw later in the day quitting the ruins, bestowing sundry farewell tokens into the himfert of their entertains.

into the big fist of their entertainer. Seated beneath the shade of the old castle walls, we watched the great changeful plain that lay stretched before our eyes. Sea everywhere, rolling up to the land, breaking its billows upon the flinty rock, as it had done the day that these foundations were laid into the stone, the same as in the day that saw the triumph of its finish,—the first fire kindled, the first bread broken within these walls; the same that in the stormy nights had lent the burden of its hollow roar to the cathedral chant, whose dash and wail had mingled with the mass sung for the parting soul, to whose tides the hopes and fears, the wrongs, the sorrows, and the joys of so many had been told-still the same-all these passed away—to the mouldering ruin, with its idle gazers, and windy ignorant desecrater of its sanctity—still the same.

And we sat thinking of these and such things, the passing away of Art, and Nature's ever-renewing endurance; meanwhile forgetting what a sensible matter-of-fact acquaintance had told us in starting, that it was "the very place to eat our sandwiches."

The sun shone warm; and the small, perfect wildflowers and delicate fern and grasses waved

softly, while the butterfly flitted, and the grass-hopper leapt and chirruped, where banqueting halls had stood, and solemn alters been reared, centuries past.

"Will it be so one day where great St. Paul's and Guildhall now stand?" was our thought, as we hailed the ferryboat and took our leave of Peel Castle.

We must hasten to a close, yet, were space even more limited, we could not forbear to glance at the concluding excursion which we have marked

The journey to Ramsey, distant fifteen miles from Douglas, surpasses in the wild romantic character of its scenery any we have hitherto described; nay, were we compelled to select one from all the various excursions offered to the visitor on the island, we should resign all the rest in preference to missing the never-to-be-forgotten beauties of Glen Helen, the cascade of Rhenass, and Craig Willie's Hill.

We attempt no description; to those familiar even with the picturesque scenery of Switzerland these have presented equal charms. The steep coachroad is literally between mountains, towering far above on either side, clothed with the most beautiful varieties of trees and shrubs, through which trickle streams of surpassing purity; forming a clear line at their base.

Solitude unbroken, save for the wheels of your vehicle, reigns around; scarce a wayfarer is met; now and again we come upon a solitary wayside public-house, or a romantically situated country seat calls forth exclamations of admiration, but most frequently silence the most expressive renders absolute homage to the perfect beauty of the scene, and there arises that sense of grateful satisfaction which is apt to dim the eyes and cause the heart to bound with thankfulness for the world of beauty that exists around us.

We pass through Kirk Michael, where time is afforded for a brief visit to the tomb of good Bishop Wilson, whose best epitaph is written in the hearts of his people. Not a man has ever lived more universally the benefactor of his race, nor everywhere more eulogized for his many virtues and wide benevolence.

On this road, too, we pass Bishop's Court, the residence of the Bishop of Sodor and Man; a comfortable and ample domain, replete with every appliance of luxury and ease.

Ramsey itself has very little to attract: it has a port, and a steam communication is kept up with Liverpool; boats also trading between it and Whitehaven.

The environs are, however, of great beauty. One of these is the Glen of Ballure, a beautiful combination of wood, hill, and water. On Hay Hill, at a considerable elevation above the town, stands the Albert Tower, marking the spot where the late Prince Consort landed in 1847. We shall not find much to detain us at Ramsay, indeed the excursion is chiefly undertaken for the beauty of the road thither; the coach going by a long way round, and

returning by the shorter; so as to embrace the chief picturesque spots, including Laxey Glen.

We now draw to a close, with an assurance to our reader that far more remains to be explored

than we have even touched upon.

The waterfall of Glenmeay, in the neighbourhood of Peel, Cronk-ny-moar, or Fairy Hill, near Castletown, Port St. Mary, the Chasms, with many more, famous for their beauty or singularity; features all varied in the face of the island's loveliness, to which let us hope his attention will be directed when he shall have been induced to follow our example, and exchange the cares and responsibilities of counting-house, desk, pulpit, bench, or till, for a month with Mona.

CHLORINE.

THE commerce of England is so much indebted to chlorine that a short notice of it may be acceptable to our readers. The value of chlorine to arts and manufactures rests principally upon its power to bleach and destroy colour, and by its means our manufactures have been so much improved that British manufacturers of linen and cotton find a ready market all over the world. Chlorine was discovered by the celebrated Charles Wm. Scheele, a Swedish chemist, during the latter part of the last century, to whose experiments we are also indebted for many other discoveries in chemistry. Chlorine is so energetic, that, if let loose upon the world, it is sure very quickly to unite with some one body or another; hence we never find it on the face of the earth in a primitive condition. Again, nearly all the compounds of chlorine are soluble in water; hence rain dissolves them out of the soil and thus they pass by running streams, brooks, and rivers into the sea, where they are found in great abundance. The most notable compound of chlorine is the table salt of domestic use, which consists of twenty-three parts of chlorine, both of which can be separated from one another and exhibited in their natural beauty. When it is isolated, it takes the form of a vaporous gas, having a green yellow colour; hence Sir Humphrey Davy gave it the name of chlorine, from the word chloros, light green, A compound of chlorine and potash is most extensively used in the formation of friction matches. How much these household trifles add to our daily comforts, all can tell. In crowded hospitals, in dark and dank places, where the matter of infectious miasma lurks, there a little chlorine set free destroys the arch enemy on his own ground; hence chlorine is a most powerful disinfectant, and for this important discovery, Dr. Carmichael Smith received from the English Parliament a large grant of money. It is but one, however, of a family of four similar bodies, all of which are to be found in the ocean .-Piesse's Laboratory of Chemical Wonders.

LEAVES FROM AN OXFORD PORTFOLIO.

LECTURE X.—EASTER DAY AT BINSEY.

I no not think the country about Oxford is very much to be admired. I confess I was disappointed in it. The city itself is very beautiful, and far from any disappointment was I, in it. But not many of the immediate walks are remarkable for much beauty. When you have walked out about two miles, you come to trees and some undulations, but an ordinary walk between work does not commonly extend beyond that distance. I speak more especially of the straight roads: the regular "walks." For instance, on the road to Addington, the first two miles are flat, and bounded on the two sides by hedges, and beyond these flat fields. True, Bagley Wood ends the two miles, but then it is time to turn back. You get a good view of Oxford from the hill at Bagley, but this is spoilt by the growth of new red-brick cottages, that have sprung up about the town since the railway. The tall towers and spires look out grandly into the distance, above the ring of upstart little huts, and gather their gardens round them, and fold their feet in their

There you see them, St. Mary's, Merton, Magdalene, venerable, grey, and calm, seeming wrapped in their own abstraction from work-a-day thoughts, and noisy trains, and frissy engines, and long stations, and the mushroom growth which surround them. They look out straight into the distance, and perhaps from their height, do not even see the impudent and glaringly new pigmies at their feet. Many years have softened their tones, and hushed their new stone into that soft delicious, almost solemn, grey. As many years have stepped into light, and died away in the shade, since those towers were new, as the little red cottages can boast months. Winter; -and the snow has picked out their channelling with perfect white, and danced past them in a shower, and died from them in a stream, and passed away before the spring. Spring; -and the year was full of grand schemes, and lovely imaginings; and the rush of leaves, and the burst of flowers, hardly keep pace with its glow, and energy, and impulse. But the Summer came, and quieted thoughts with it. That wild young ardour that must go on, and on, from that which was attained to that which was future still; -that touching each step in the ascent, but to gain a spring for the next;—that wild impetuosity, that ever-fresh planning, that restless joy in the race, and exultation in the mere gladness of motion; this had died away. A check,—a calm rather, had come upon the year. Much had been attained, not all, perhaps, that the first eager onset had designed, -blights, insects, ravages of wind and sorrowful rain had thwarted many a designed perfection;nay, reality had stopped far short of the dream of the young year's ardour. But it had grown older now. If it gave up, somewhat reluctantly, the attainment of those old grand visions, it had learnt that they are forbidden to earth. And much had been attained, much of beauty, much of usefulness, -and thoughts of the useful were gradually edging into the mature year's mind, where only a wild profusion of blossom and beauty had run wild. And the year was content, in its summer, to rest and dwell in what had been done. It might feel hushed, and something of a sigh might pass through it in the summer evenings, at the missing that old wild, headlong joyfulness, but its thoughts passed again from its faded blossoms to its maturing fruits, and the sadness was only gravity, and re-And so the trospection only contemplation. Summer passed by. And Autumn came, while the ancient buildings looked on, and now "an overmastering graveness rose, and the fields and trees seemed thoughtful in their absolute repose." The summit had been gained, and the decline had come. The old towers could have foretold this, but they knew, by experience, that the young year would never have believed them, or they held their peace, not in contempt, but in a loving forbearance. The fruit and the harvest were gathered in, and some return of the old yearning after mere beauty came upon the year in its decline. Rich colours it tried now, for the old delicate tints; but a cry arose of Winter coming, and it cast down its garlands just when complete.

Yet some beauty still was found; for-

"When the fogs had passed away,

The wide lands came glittering forward in a fresh and strange array;

Naked trees had got snow foliage, soft, and feathery, and bright,

And the earth looked dressed for Heaven in its spiritual white."

Well, well, what have the four seasons to do with Oxford from Bagley Hill? I don't know; they properly belong to Thomson, no doubt, but I was thinking of the changes which those old grave towers had seen. And, perhaps, I was thinking more of the life of man on which they had looked down, and of those eager Spring feelings which are so ardent in the younger dwellers in the grave, old buildings; and how much less of achievement we settle down upon contentedly in the mature years of our life, than our glowing thoughts had designed in the pressing on from point to point in those old Oxford days. So many blossoms there were, they could not all set, and well is it if not all were abortive, and if we buckle to work in earnest in the Summer of our life, to mature some enduring fruit from that mass of crowded promise.

Well, now, the sun is sinking, and a warm glory makes a flush over the Ancient City, so let us leave the old towers and the new gathering of houses at their feet, and return to our subject, viz., the walks of Oxford. The Scone Bridge Road is, I think, dull for the first two miles, and you pass through anything but a romantic neighbourhood to get to it. Along and beyond the parks, to Summerfield, the road is flat and unvaried, and the walk to Iffley is monotonous enough until you arrive there.

Cowley only invites by the tented field which crowns its summit. Headington Hill is better, and the view from the seat under the tree, fine. And the walk to Shotover Hill is a right pleasant one, and the hill itself, with its velvet turf, and surrounding view, a worthy ending to the walk. Still, as a whole, the scenery immediately about Oxford is, I think, poor. There are so few trees of any size, and the roads are little varied. As compared to the environs of Cambridge, indeed, I understand that the country about Oxford is quite wooded and hilly. But I am thinking of Herefordshire, with its lovely hills, and deep woods, and winding river; or, to take a far lower standard, I recall Kent, with its undulations, and its garden-like cultivation, and pretty villages, and ash-copses, and cherry blossoms and hop-gardens.

I used to pine for something a little less flat and formal than I found in the ordinary Oxford walks. And so I struck out of the beaten tracks, and found out many a pleasant ramble among the hay-meadows, and by the lily-paved streams. It rested my mind, after work, to be in the fields, and among the wild-flowers, and hedges; and a crimson leaf here, or a redder rose than common, or a stem of flowering rush, or an isle of forget-me-not, or a full assemblage of white cups on the stream,—would catch my attention, and soothe my mind, in a way that a mere walk along the road could never have done. The little beauties that many never look for, and never find, "the harvest of a quiet eye;" this I loved to gather in, and then went back to work

refreshed and rested.

And it was in one of these explorations that I lit upon the little church, and village, of Binsey, concerning which I am now to write. You can get to it by a turning from the Seven Bridge-road, but I lit upon it in an exploring expedition among the fields. Turning from the road just beyond the Railway Station, I followed the stream, as far as Poole Meadow. I had looked longingly at the deep hay-fields beyond the water, and sought where I might cross, and lose myself among them. This desideratum I obtained at the Boat House on Freshman's river, and soon was shut out from the sight of long flat roads, with only seas of mellowing grass about me, and green hedges, and pollard ash clumps, with the delicate pale green fringe, just gaining fulness. Through the fields to a locked gate, and there on, across a common, surrounded by some rustic cottages, and inhabited by pigs and geese, aboriginal tenants of such places. Another gate at the end, and then a pleasant little lane; a bridge over a lilied stream; -some sweet mea-I did not know a bit whither I was coming, which ignorance I hold to be a particular delight in a walk. It can only be had once, of course, in any given walk, but it hath a great charm. The next turn may make all familiar, nay, you may, all the while, be close at home, but never mind, so long as you do not know this. I resolutely ignore the bearings, and do not attempt to find out my whereabouts. I share something of the feelings of Columbus, perhaps in a less degree, but still something of the glow of discovery. Hold you this to be childish, hard-headed men of sense? Nathless it is a pleasure to me, and I can't say I look with the contempt that counting-houses inspire upon "that child's heart within the man's," of which our great Poet speaks. I like to retain some of that early freshness; I don't think the young leaves gain an equivalent to their loss, when they lose their greenness, and become sober hued, and coated well with dust of the world's ceaseless traffic. Besides, I believe that something of those old child feelings, simple trust, and quick delight, and ready rapture, will come into fashion again, in a purer and better world. The spirit of a little child is not spoken of with any scorn in the Book of books, and by the wisest of men, by Him who spake as never man spake. But I an scotching an imaginary caviller, I will relapse into narrative

again.

I came suddenly upon Binsey Church, and was mightily pleased with its appearance. It looked such a very quiet, unsophisticated little building, among its trees, and with its few graves at its feet, in the long grass, and with two unhoused bells in a little turret, I made a resolve to attend service here some Sunday, and ascertained that the service was only performed once in the day, and that on alternate mornings and afternoons. I made a note of the order in which it came, and departed, much refreshed by my walk. Next time I walked to Binsey, it was with Hilton. He had come out of the schools early in the day, and there was a space of some hours to wait for his Testamur. So I took him off to see the green fields, and the low-lying quiet little church, to minister nature's soothing medicine to a mind diseased. Poor old fellow! he would have enjoyed it more at another time. And when we arrived at the schools again, and I rushed to the fateful little door, the Testamurs were not yet out! So he walked in the parks, and I waited yet half-an-hour, until I could stand it no longer, and went off to join him. I was afraid, when I saw his old grave face looming in the distance, to quicken my pace, lest I should disappoint him, and I feared my solemn gait might seem an omen of woe. But I joined him, and sent him into Chapel, to wait there, and raise his heart from earth's anxieties, large and little; and when he came out, I was waiting for him in company with Cobb,—and the precious document!

This by way of episode,—'tis, to Oxford men, an oft-told tale, and may recall to many their hour of anxious waiting at that dreadful little narrow door, where Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, dread Moiræ sign—or refuse to sign—Testamurs. It may recall the joyous rush off, with the blue slip in hand, to roll the stone away from some Sisyphus, who has been laboriously toiling it up the hill for a period, and who dreads lest, at the very top, it should elude his grasp, and thunder into the plain, to consume another half year in the weary repetition of work

once done.

Easter day had come, and my brother of St. John's came to take his breakfast in my rooms.

For I had calculated that morning service would be performed at Binsey Church, and thither we had determined to go, on that Easter day. It seemed pleasant and suitable, to pass by the hedgerows and through the fields of risen flowers and verdure, and to hear the choristers of the chancelled lanes straining their little throats in ecstacy, and so to pass on, with glad heartiness after the subdued thoughts of Lent, to mingle our joy with our brethren, and to raise the voice of exultation, "Christ is risen from the dead!"

Catch the glad murmur, as it swells, And chant together in their towers."

So Longfellow; -but we had our breakfast, and leaving St. Mary's Church for that day, rose and went on our way through the fields, full of Easter thoughts and Easter gladness. The day was lovely, Easter being late that year, and the warm air, and the blue sky, and the feathery foliage, and the almost perceptibly growing grass, made the heart light and joyous. So we went on, and neared the little church. The Oxford bells sounded sweet in the distance, so many and so busy that it seemed as though there were a hive of them, and the air was just filled with a new swarm. But though it was full time, yet the two bells of Binsey chimed not, but remained motionless and voiceless in their little roost. We could not make it out; I went over my calculations again, certainly I had made no mistake. We met a farmer, and inquired, and sure enough there was no service till the afternoon. The order had been changed on the previous Sunday, in order that the Holy Communion might be administered near Easter Day, the other church at which the incumbent administered claiming his presence on the day itself. Well, we were somewhat posed: it was just eleven o'clock, therefore there was no time to return to any church in Oxford. We walked up to the building, and round it, but arrived thereby at no satisfactory conclusion. We entered the garden of a snug-looking house close beside it, to make certain as to whether the service were not half an hour later, but we knocked at each door in turn, going over them like the keys in a piano, yet with no result. We had thought that perhaps the best thing to do under the circumstances, would be to choose a cosy nook by the stream, and pass the time in reading until afternoon service. To this there were, however, two rather serious objections. In the first place, we had no books; in the next place, lunch was rather a serious consideration. It would be rather a long day to be without any bit or scrap between breakfast and dinner. However, as we turned from the house, thinking the place altogether uninhabited, the sound of wheels,

"Low on the sand and loud on the stones,"

greeted our ears. A cart drove up, and in it the owner of the house, his wife, and daughter. We afterwards learnt that they lived on another farm, some miles off, but having here a good house and

capital garden, sometimes would come in this way to spend the Sunday, and attend the service at Binsey. They corroborated our information, and passed on to the house. Well, here seemed an opening, it struck us, as they left, to the attainment of both our desires, at any rate, to the supply of the first need, and hence, not unlikely, might follow the satisfaction of the second. We called and asked if they could lend us any books, as we had determined to pitch our tent in those parts until the afternoon. They produced some scrials, a volume of "Kingsley's Village Sermons," and Evans's "Songs of the Birds." A worse repast might have been had. I was curious to read some of Kingsley's writings. I confess that I objected to some passages in the volume that seemed at least ambiguous on certain points of doctrine. But there was both force and beauty in both manner and matter, and the first Sermon on Psalm civ., calling in nature as a comment on the teaching of the Bible, harmonized well with the pleasant scene around. Evans (not Archdeacon Evans, but his brother) made each wood-bird sing, with much sweetness, some little song that kept the character of the bird's peculiar note or habits. It is a little book that would be more read if more known.

Well, there we sat, very comfortable, except for the flies, and thoroughly enjoying the quiet and the peace that was around, above, and under us. I had spread, at last, a white handkerchief over my head; which, though it might look a little peculiar, at least kept the flies somewhat at bay. It, as it happened, also served another end; for we saw, about one o'clock, a lad beating about the bushes in search of some one, and my head-dress guided him to where we sat. His message was for our ear, nor was it unwelcome-" Would we come in and lunch with the family, or have some lunch sent out for us?" Now it would be untrue to say that this message had been altogether unlooked-for by Must I own that we had a little calculated upon it? Blush not for us, O reader, you can't think how hungry one gets, sitting in the open air after a walk. Then it is pleasant, and raises your opinion of your race, to find hospitality among your fellow-men. And in this virtue the British farmer is certainly not wanting. No, we should have felt disappointed in a moral, no less than in a physical point of view, if we had fasted that Easter Sunday. Of course we chose, -or "elected," as the hateful slang of newspaper English hath it now -a slang that all the lovers of pure English ought to resist—to share the meal with the family. We found them sitting down to some cold mutton and not bacon, with some capital peas and early potatoes from the garden, and we refused not the substantial fare. The host was a good sterling specimen of a kind-hearted, worthy farmer, neither educated nor ceremonious, but hearty, hospitable, and with a natural, gentlemanly refinement in his welcome to two utter strangers. They were all kind and hearty, and anxious to do us honour.

No doubt it was rather unusual for them to see two University men at their board, and to us, our

company was not that usually met with in the city of learning; but not, therefore, the less pleasant. There was a charm about the novelty of the situation, just a tinge of romance. For our plans had been so different on starting in the morning, and certainly few things had been further from our expectation, than the thus becoming guests to people we had never seen, and whose very name

had been unknown to us.

After dinner or lunch we went into the garden, and were there furnished with two enormous bunches of roses, &c., the best the garden afforded, by the attention of the daughter of the house. Then the two little bells began to chime, and the clergyman came in due time, and the church, impenetrable in the morning, received us now, and we sat in the large square pew in the chancel with our entertainers, who reverently joined in the prayers and listened to the sermon. Neither church nor congregation were large, but it seemed so quiet and rural, and such a contrast to St. Mary's, indeed to any Oxford church, that the beautiful old words seemed also new to us in that little House of Prayer. And, the blessing said, we let the labourers and their wives pass out one by one, and then we rose, with our friends, who seemed quite the family of the place. It was a sweet sight, as we paused at the gate of the churchyard, after we had given our thanks and our farewells, the looking out upon that calm, untroubled scene; none of the crowding out from a town church; here and there the little congregation dotted the faint path through the fields; straggling at intervals; here one alone, there a little group: the man in his whitish gabardine, the woman in her clean Sunday attire, the child, or children, holding the father's hand, all hard and rough with work for them; but this was his day of rest, and home. The clergyman, with quicker step, passing each little band or solitary, in turn, and greeted by the good old curt'sey, and the touch of the hat, and ready with a friendly word for each. Here he might pause, perhaps, overtaking one whom he had not seen for some time, or to ask after a sick or aged one at home. No wonder English painters delight in painting such a scene, and that all love to look at a picture that renders it well. It is, to my mind, one of the most restful, contented, hopeful scenes that can be found. Respectability, if nothing more, -and more there often is, -is stamped on the appearance of the villagers; and the educated pastor is the natural and beautiful link that binds and connects them with the educated class above them. Being a clergyman of the church of England myself, perhaps I ought not to express what I think. But I cannot help saying that I believe the influence and presence of the earnest and devoted pastor, with his advantage of education and refinement, throughout this happy England, -is little, very little, realized and appreciated by men generally, at any rate, the House of Commons and the Government. They would not be so ready to strike at us, they would not so instantly cast in their lot with

those who would overthrow us, they would not regard us with jealousy rather than sympathy, not to say regard, - if they thought what an invaluable engine of government-to take even this low view of it,—they possess in the staff of educated gentlemen, who enter as volunteers in surely no light, no very remunerative work. To live among the people, whether in the crowded courts of towns, or in the solitude of entirely country villages, to make themselves sharers in the cares and troubles, in the interests and joys of their flock: to relieve want that would never have been known, or have been known by some outbreak of crime, but for their searching out: to go about preaching peace and obedience, temperance, virtue, and godliness; instilling principles of order; refining and raising the thoughts of the people by their influence; aiding in the improving of their houses, in the promotion of health and cleanliness; —to superintend and share in the education of the next generation in intelligence, in moral, yea, in religious principles,—this is their work. And, supposing that this were a scheme devised by some admirable politician, and not really, though quietly, at work, what government would not hail such a plan as almost beyond even any reasonable hope? But, you say, not all are of this stamp. I ask you, are not very many,—by far the majority, thus engaged; some, no doubt, more, some less, but still most, in some measure, doing this good work? Earnest men, good men, yes, holy men,—are these last, even so very uncommon-working on, unwearied, unremunerated, unthanked, nay, often thwarted and opposed, -not, in many cases, even expecting promotion, certainly not labouring with a view to it, but really having at heart their Master's business? Again, men of property there are among them, who devote their means,-not to making a show in the world, not to luxury, not pomp or pleasure, but to building up the broken heart, caring for the orphan and fatherless, and stranger, and making the widow's heart sing for joy. To the promotion of schools for children and for adults, to the innocent amusement of the people, to the extending and adorning the House of God, that none may be turned from its doors, and none be pushed out of sight or hearing. Is this so, or is it not? Then, if it be so, remember all this, O reader, next time you hear a cry against us; next time you are inclined to join in the yell that is raised, because, after all, we are but human, and fellow sinners, and one amongst us falls, and soils his Master's uniform. Think of this, next time you are ready to join in a tirade against our power, our pretensions,-and to lend a hand to those who would fain see the village church crumble, and the village pastor pass away. If this were ever so, then would many a heart in England miss the friend of even the lowliest in every parish; nay, then would the whole country, I prophesy, be ready to give much for the recovery of that quiet ministry again, that mighty engine for good, whose results are enjoyed by all, but by few traced back to their source. I do not repine that clergymen should be more severely judged than others; it is quite right that it should be so. But I only say that even our foes would forbear to cheer so loudly at the fall of one, if they realized more the patient endurance and earnest strife of the many, against sin, and sin's result, of sorrow.

There now, that is said. I've had it in my mind to say, for some time, and this Leaf has come in for it. I had a little steam of wholesome indignation to be let off, because I don't think we get quite fair play. I hope we don't work for praise, I know we only do our duty,—rather, I, for myself, say with a sorrowful heart, we come infinitely short of it,—but yet I do think that our services are of great value to the community,—and that blame and unkind feeling often fall to our lot, that we do not quite deserve at the hands of our lay brethren, however we must be conscious of our shortcomings

in the sight of God.

And now let us return to Oxford. See, we have lingered so long by the gate, that the last straggler has long ago passed away, and the sun is throwing longer, broader, deeper shadows, and matting the landscape into a richer, bolder picture. A soft breeze takes the tops of the long grass, and the mellow sun sinks lower in the clear sky. Let us go on, in the quiet eve of the day of rest, of this glad Easter day, with hearts yet softened with the solemn prayers, and high praises, and all according with the peaceful fields, and soft air, and mellow sky. I, and my youngest brother, we wended our way back, and spent the evening together, the calm evening of the holy day. Some bells made music for us, as we looked out of the window, after dinner, still upon the grey old buildings; and no unquiet thing came to trouble our peace on that quiet day, only the bats flitted noiselessly past us, and we closed the casement, and the two or three that composed our little embryo clerical meeting assembled in my room, and, in unrestrained invigorating talk about the best and holiest things, our evening closed.

And among our mutual collection of Oxford photographs, one of the pleasantest and most peaceful, is that picture of that calm Easter-day, and the little grey church, and the hospitable entertainers, and the country folk in little patches, dotting the fields on their homeward way.

To you, O reader, may it not prove a dull narration, though robbed, for you, of many little charms, from experience, which make the memory of it pleasant to us. I would not that any of these my Leaves should rival those of the "herb Nicotiana," in its narcotic power. And, if I have scolded you a bit, Atom of the general Public, will you not strike a hand in mine, and tell me that we part, friends?

V. I. R.

Live not for selfish aims. Live to shed joy on others. Thus best shall your own happiness be secured; for no joy is ever given freely forth that does not have quick echo in the giver's own heart.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR

OF FACT AND RUMOUR.

Notwithstanding the depressing influences at work, either of which might in itself be sufficient to interfere materially with the briskness of an ordinary season, it would, to a superficial observer, appear difficult to excel the present in gaiety; and such as are accustomed to find delight in the mere fact of a crowd, must have arrived at the acme of satisfaction; seeing that each point of attraction, on which soever side we turn, appears to be, not in succession or collectively, but simultaneously and individually, the especial object of desire to a striving, straining, anxious multitude, which seems, by a large majority, to consist of importations "from

the country," and "foreign parts."

There is certainly no lack of objects both of interest and amusement; or even of those, usually to be avoided, comprising both; -too often, it is to be feared, failing lamentably in either.—Among the latter, we have little hesitation in placing our old friend with the everchanging face, the Polytechnic. Mr. Pepper's latest subject-glancing at many of the most interesting objects in the Great Exhibition in a genial and pleasant discourse-may be taken as the utile, with which the dulce is pleasantly, and indeed not unprofitably, blended, in the veracious and striking history of Bluebeard, portrayed in a series of very effective dissolving views. The Colosseum, too, deserves honourable mention for the very decided improvement visible in its selection of entertainments; the bill of fare is sufficiently varied to suit every taste, and to many not the least interesting portion will be that in which the trickery of the soi-disant spirit mediums is exposed by the very efficient and amusing experiments and descriptions of Mr.

In music and the drama, amid an embarras de richesses one is puzzled to give preference; and the universal answer when called upon to decide to which the visit should be paid, is to see or hear (if possible)

all.

Who indeed would be bold enough to withhold the palm which the voice of popular favour has so signally assigned, where the 100th performance was even a greater success than all which have gone before, each in itself a success? We allude to the Popular Concert at St. James's Hall, for the benefit of Mr. Arthur Chappell, the manager of these deservedly attractive entertainments. Is not M. Thalberg gaining daily increasing favour? To M. Tellessen's concert has not Madame Lind Goldschmidt lent the aid of her matchless powers? while for the charm proverbially attaching to novelty, nothing can yet compete with the Welsh concert of Mr. J. Thomas, where, in addition to an excellent and powerful chorus, we listen to the thrilling music of twenty skilled harpers, producing a whole effective in the extreme.

At Covent Garden, Madame Csillag is replaced by Madame Nantier Didier, in the *Prophète*. A new cast of *Dinorah* is spoken of: in *Don Pasquale* Mdlle.

Patti is to be brought forward.

Mr. Mapleson, at Her Majesty's, has agreeably surprised many who confidently anticipated total failure. It is refreshing to meet Miss Pyne in a part so well adapted for the scope of her remarkable powers as that of Zerlina. Mlles. Titiens and Trebelli, and M. Gassier, make up a sufficiently attractive list of names, alike to the connoisseur, and him who seeks to gain new light upon the most seductive of all the arts.

The theatres rival each other in the desideratum of effective and moving ("sensational") pieces. At the

Adelphi, admirers of Mr. Webster may renew acquaintance with, or initiate friends into the excellencies of, his delineation of Robert Landry, in the Dead Heart. The Olympic needs but a line for the announcement (in itself a host) that Mr. Robson assumes the Porter's Knot, with all his old vigour. The Colleen Bawn Settled at Last, is information which might tempt many a one within the walls of the Lyceum without the additional attraction of Miss Lydia Thompson and Mr. Charles Selby; though we are bound, in truth, to add that even these favourites of the public fail to redeem a tiresome and ill-conceived piece from utter and wearisome stupidity. There is but one Dundreary, and Mr. Selby cannot profit by attempted imitation. At that fount of bubbling and perpetual laughter, in the Strand, Mr. Clarke is, by a singular contradiction, greater than ever, while making capital of his inches. For the misanthrope who has been exasperated at the extortions of the Exhibition, pillaged in his "peas," or otherwise put out of sorts, we can advise nothing more likely to restore his equanimity than a course of the Silent System, to be followed by a Little Savage and Apartments. If these fail to restore him to himself, improved in temper and digestion, we give him up. This admirable little company has received a valuable addition, in Miss Tungate, a very prepossessing and unaffected young lady, who contrasts in stature so admirably with the hero of the piece in which she appears, as to render the tableau irresistible. lady is to be commended for her taste in not falling into the too common error of "over-dressing" her part. When will actresses understand that ladies are not in the habit of appearing in fancy silks—of the full-dress style as to make-at breakfast in their own country houses-even at "Bagshot?"

The performances, in aid of the Lancashire Distress Fund, at the Royal Italian Opera, though falling short, in their results, of the merit of the occasion, were still not wholly unproductive. There is talk of a repetition of these, or an attempt at something similar, for the

same purpose.

The Picture Exhibitions are the places least attended by those of our visitors contemplating but a short stay in London, as might be expected; though the chief of these offer some unusually attractive features. The British Institution, in particular, is rich in several masterpieces of no common merit. We purpose to enlarge upon these on our next opportunity, our space being limited this month. The Water Colour Exhibition is, as usual, strong in landscape, though honourable exceptions are shown in some figure pieces. Of these "Rhine Wine" (19), by Gilbert, and "Repose" (7), by Mr. F. Tayler, deserve especial mention. "Harvest Home" (148), by Mr. Goodall, is a daintily executed representation of that animated scene in country life. Mr. Duncan's "Sea-Weed Gathering in Guernsey," another phase of open-air labour widely opposite, attracts, from the peculiar felicity with which the effects of distance and the transparency of the air are rendered. Mr. Hunt makes the mouth of the epicure to water with his life-like groups of such peaches and grapes as would, assuredly, win for the exhibitor the prize at a fruit show. Miss Gillies put in a very creditable appearance in the person of an Italian Contadina; and the lover of rural scenery will not fail to be delighted with the exquisite rendering of many favourite originals, which are dispersed throughout the rooms; which, by the way, are in every respect much improved by the recent alterations.

The International Exhibition has not, we are happy to find, interfered so much with the attendance at the Crystal Palace of Sydenham, between which and its temporary rival comparison would be invidious; indeed, in its chiefest beauties must not the Sydenham Palace remain long unrivalled? With summer, real summer, to brighten its sunny slopes, to scatter jewels on the waters of its pleasant lakes, and fill the air with the fragrance of its thousand flowers; who would wish to pass a happier or more profitable holiday than may be passed among its health-reviving shades and walks and with the countless treasures of its hoards within?

The spectacle afforded on the occasion of the awards by the jurors at the International, was one of those maintaining so nicely the indefinable ground between the sublime and that which is said to be but one step removed, that it were difficult to pronounce judgment upon it. Assuredly, however, the occasion of the assembly must endow it with sufficient importance to escape the latter, if not quite attaining the former. With regard to the attendance of the public daily at this mammoth Fact, the Exhibition itself-it appears still on the increase, and, as may be supposed, the shorter the time remaining, the greater will be the rush to gratify curiosity yet unsatiated. Grumblings of terrible import continue to proceed from the victualling department; "peas" appear to form the chief grounds for dissatisfaction as a rule; while tea, pale ale, ham or salad, vary the items at which discontented mortals cease not to rail; apparently forgetting that the game is in their own hands, and that they have but to abstain from "refreshment" at the counters of the extortionists to bring the latter to more reasonable and just demands; at least, in individual cases, the remedy will be found a sovereign one against chances of

At no time do we remember the bookmakers to be so little in demand. Several works of fiction which had been announced, have been, we see, put off to a more convenient season; while those which have recently appeared seem to be passed over in the universal hurry and drive of every one to go here or there themselves, or to receive or prepare for somebody else who is going or coming, or intending to go or come. Apropos to this state of things, however, is a little work which we have come across, and in which we became more interested than it has been our good fate to be interested since—a long while. A Cruise upon Wheels, by Charles Alston Collins, is a graphic, pleasantly told, chatty, entertaining account of what must have been a very agreeable trip from France to Geneva, performed by Messrs. Fudge and Pinchbold. We dare not enter upon extract or particular here, the matter being too seductive; we do not hesitate to assure our readers that, even in the days of international excitement, the perusal of this book will well repay them, and even the ladies may depend upon finding it excellent reading, and although much of the contents are "fact," quite as entertaining as the average novels of

the season.

A little volume, exquisitely bound in the chastest possible style, has been put into our hands, bearing the remarkable title of "Lunaria Saxifrage." (W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.) The young lady so named is the heroine, and her remarkable trials and vicissitudes form the subject of the story; while the amiable dispositions and deep piety which support her through these, form an example worthy of all imitation. The volume is one eminently belonging to the class termed "gift;" the very beautiful style of its "getting up" making it an ornamental addition to boudoir or book-

A pleasant duty now devolves upon us of concluding a notice we commenced of the books lately published by Messrs. Partridge, of Paternoster-row.

The Confessions of a Decanter, and the History of a Shilling, partake largely of the character of Temper-

ance works; yet here again, by reason of the author's tact, so far from aiming at the isolation of one particular class of readers, she addresses herself to every well-wisher of humanity, every lover of her kind. The tales may be read with interest by all as tales, while the lessons they inculcate, the Christian charity and benevolence with which they overflow, can be no more denied than one could be deaf to the sweet music of the church organ, or the hymning choir, even while compelled to trudge on the world's dusty ways of trade and labour.

Toil and Trust, is another of Mrs. Balfour's stories for the youth of the day. A simple groundwork, enough it should seem, in the life of a "Workhouse Girl"—yet the author has in her own way thrown over incidents the most ordinary, facts the most unattractive, the charm of grace and love. Patty, the heroine, is of a type the most enviable; we know of no more suitable gift to a young girl just entering life, even though she set forth under auspices more fortunate than did the poor honest workhouse maiden, who so well fulfilled

her destiny.

The Two Christmas Days, from the same prolific pen, is a book especially adapted to the season whose doings it records, yet which even read in the coming dog-days, cannot fail we believe to give pleasure and satisfaction. Mrs. Balfour joins to her other gifts, a fine vein of delicate satire, which is the more charming, when brought into play, from its being unexpected. Honestly we can commend the foregoing to our readers' notice, and, whether as prizes for industry, as holiday gifts, or as testimonials of kind remembrances to absent little ones, we know of none more suitable. The style of their getting up is simple and tasteful, pretty enough to be valuable, but not so fine as to inspire dread of handling.

Our Moral Wastes, and How to Reclaim Them, by the Rev. J. H. Wilson. This is a book chiefly relating to the experiences of his ministry in Aberdeen, but generally valuable, as setting forth the evil influences of dirt, neglect, and drinking habits upon the social welfare, not only of the immediate sufferers, but of every member of society. It pleads pathetically the cause of the poor and needy, and points expressly to the duty of Christian men and women to assist in remedying a state of things so opposed to all the aims of the progressionist and the teachings of a religion which has

universal charity as its foundation.

Young England (W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.) This little periodical continues to gain in public favour, nor can we wonder at the fact, considering its superiority over most other papers of the kind which have been issued, and the apt and pleasant manner in which it combines instruction with amusement. The extra numbers are especially excellent. The eggs of British Birds, the British Butterflies, and British Moths, form each the subject of a distinct number. The illustrations of all are of the size of life; the descriptions singularly exact and interesting. A most entertaining and instructive pursuit is here originated; we would propose that the young amateur set himself to the pleasant task of colouring these engravings, exactly after the living originals, thus at once fixing the facts in his mind, and making himself possessed of a really valuable book of reference and information.

The announcement of pensions granted from the Civil List between June 20th, 1861, and June, 1862, contains, among others, the names of Mr. Charles Mackay, £100; and Miss Emma Robinson, author of "Whitefriars," £75. The sum total of the various

grants is £1200.





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TINTERN ABBEY-WEST FRONT.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

TINTERN ABBEY.

The ruins which form the subject of our present photograph are certainly the finest of an ecclesiastic nature in England, probably in all Europe. Their situation, amidst those delicious and secluded valleys which so plentifully adorn the banks of the river Wye, add a charm which in no other country could be excelled. The whole surroundings harmonize so beautifully with the majestic and imposing aspect of the venerable pile, that we believe we may with truth assert that the first coup d'œil

will never be forgotten by the visitor. Entering by the western door, the scene which is presented by the interior even surpasses the anticipations which will have been raised by that of the outside. Parts remain in a state of entirety sufficient to give a very tolerable idea of what the whole must have been in the season of its prime. A range of Gothic pillars first arrests the eye; the massive arches, the gigantic window, the rich morsels of sculpture yet remaining, the "storied urns" and "animated busts"—albeit mutilated and fallen into the decadence of all sublunary things-unite to furnish forth a whole, which, even in its hoary age, inspires the beholder with feelings of solemnity and awe, rarely experienced in the most elaborate triumphs of modern architecture. From the length of the nave, and the height of the arches which supported the tower, we may form an idea of the vast extent of the original edifice; while enough of detail in the parts still remains to show how regular was the plan, how light the ornamentation, how exquisitely delicacy and massive strength were made to unite in one perfect whole.

But Nature has been quietly asserting herself in the passing of ages, and, though Art be slow to succumb, the victory is fast deciding. A green smooth turf covers the floor which once the cowled and sandaled monks have trodden; the ivy clothes those massy columns, where, doubtless, many an aching and remorseful brow has leaned, or plotting brain cooled for an instant its throbbing fever.

From arch and choir, and grey sepulchral stone, now spring the humble wild-flower or incipient lichen, and dainty mosses have long usurped spots once sacred to portly abbot or lordly prior. Winds whistle and the night owls hoot where once the well-trained choir made wondrous music, and our footstep scares the nightingale, where once the thunders of excommunication made men's hearts to quail.

The place and its purposes—its vast magnificence, the skill, the beauty, the power of its design and execution-grow upon us as we linger within its shadow. To our fancy it is best seen by moonlight, but, under whatever aspect, it is unrivalled. The abbey was founded (so runs the legend) in 1131, by Walter de Clare, the grandson of the Conqueror, for Cistercian monks, and dedicated to St. Mary. Passing successively into the possession of the Earls Pembroke, it descended to the Earl of Norfolk, who in 1286 completed the church. On the suppression of monasteries by Henry VIII., it was granted to Henry, Earl of Worcester, ancestor of the present Duke of Beaufort, to whom it belongs, as does the neighbouring castle of Chepstow, Wyndcliff, and much of the land between Monmouth and Chepstow.

Quitting Tintern, and taking the road to Wyndcliff, the view presented by the Abbey on the eastern side is lovely in the extreme. The variously hued foliage of the ivy, and other plants, which has taken the shape of the different portions of the ruin which they clothe, suggests some singular freak of nature, by which the portico to a gigantic forest had been constructed on the principles of Art. The lofty window is the verdant portal, the clustered pillars are seen in the long vista of space, down the centre of the church, and a dense mass of dusky foliage closes the view, athwart the exquisite tracery of the western window, dimly visible.

A walk of about two miles brings us to the foot

of the world-renowned Wyndcliff. Here the stranger is agreeably surprised by the Moss Cottage, an unpretending but most picturesque little structure, apparently constructed of moss, with which, inside and out, it is literally covered. Rustic seats are provided, with tables and bowers, where the simple refreshment procurable appears doubly delicious by the aspect of the surroundings; Nature literally ministering to, as well as furnishing forth, the feast. On the occasion of our visit, we had been only just preceded by a fair visitor, whose fame, though of somewhat later date, might almost vie in extensiveness with that of the Abbey itself. Jenny Lind (as we still love to call her) had been on a visit to the spot, and left a memorial of her visit by writing her name, with her diamond ring, upon the little window of the Moss Cottage. To Wyndcliff, the ascent, though apparently interminable, is made easy, by a flight of steps cut in its surface, and leading through the Giant's Cave to the summit. From this point the view is truly sublime, embracing as it does parts of the counties of Monmouth, Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Brecon, Glamorgan, Somerset, Wilts and Devon, To this unrivalled panorama, the town and castle of Chepstow, with the cliffs and woods of Piercefield, form the foreground; like a silver ribbon the Wye meanders to its confluence with the Severn, and both far away to the British Channel. In the other direction, the course of the first-named river from Monmouth is apparent, and the black mountains bound the distant horizon. As we gaze in silent and awe-struck admiration of the glorious picture spread by the privileged hand of Nature for our delight, we find it difficult to believe that Englishmen continue year after year to travel to other countries in search of the beautiful and picturesque, yet can leave unvisited the Wye and its surroundings.

OUR DOMINIONS IN INDIA.

COTTON SUPPLY.

To direct attention to the current topics of the day is very much the use of the National Magazine. We interrupt, therefore, the relation of the progress of our first connexion with India, to offer a few remarks, by anticipation, on a subject which we had proposed to treat of, but which the exigency of the hour commends greatly to our attention now. "The national destiny hangs on a thread of cotton," said the Times, in one of its epigrammatic hyperboles. They that have shared in the discussions of the Corn Laws will not accept the proposition, but none will deny that a very large interest has grown up in society dependent on cotton. Whether this hothouse stimulus to mechanical contrivance which the great riches acquired in the cotton trade have brought forth will continue,

or whether, as in other arts, having reached the culminating point of human ability, it will subside, leaving its productions a legacy to all mankind, and thus reducing Lancashire to its normal importance; whether a product, which has protracted slavery in America, and promoted that accumulation of masses who cluster round the name of labour as separated from capital, and whose lives are a great political experiment which the modern factory system has brought out—whether such a trade is beneficial in every detail-whether the domestic industry it has supplanted, the homegrown produce it has extinguished, are to be deplored or despised, are not so pressing questions as that how are our fellow-countrymen to be fed, whose lives have been hitherto supported by this exotic import. The sudden and continually improving automatic success of mechanism applied to cotton-weaving, has given to the employers of this new force of science an elevation and social importance remarkable in the history of commerce. Our old agricultural families jealously regard the purchase of ancestral estates by the newly-born cotton lords: not only the weaving but the cognate printing has partaken of the progress of mechanism and chemistry. Since Mr. Warren, the designer, whose taste gave success to the firm of Sir R. Peel, Yates, and Warren, posted in a chaise-and-four from Lancashire to the London factors, on the production of each new pattern, the printing of cotton has kept pace with its weaving. At the City of London School last examination, it was mentioned that one of the scholars, of eighteen years of age, had, by a discovery in the solution of aniline as a dye, gained an appointment of £800 per annum. The field of operations for every improvement is so large, that the smallest advantage becomes greatly remunerative. The progress of this trade, for the last fifty years, has been the most prominent character of English commerce. The waste lands of America and the increasing breed of slaves, pari passu with the advance of extending markets, have supported the industry with materials for manufacture, at progressively diminished prices, till the Manchester cloths have desolated the immemorial seat of the cotten manufacture in India, and ruined the looms of the world. The danger of so great an interest depending on one source of supply has frequently furnished grounds for inquiries as to other sources, and India has been looked to as the alternative to New Orleans. True Mr. Cobden, somewhat as the advocate of the cotton interest, said in Parliament that it was no part of the obligation of spinners to be concerned in the cultivation of the raw material. Yet the instinct of the Manchester and Glasgow men has contradicted this dogma.

For more than thirty years by memorial to the East India Company, both in its capacity of merchants, and in its authority as governor, the Manchester and Glasgow manufacturers have pressed the importance of promoting the growth of cotton in India, and by committees of the House of Commons, which their influence has obtained, the whole question has been repeatedly examined and pre-

sented to the public in ponderous blue books. The Chamber of Commerce of Manchester, in its organised character, has at different periods provided suggestions for the use of the Indian Government, applicable to their desire for larger supplies of better cotton, not always consistent with the laws of political economy, or with the necessities of the vegetable world, or with the facts of history. To diminish the land-tax on land employed in the culture of cotton; to sow the seed for the cotton crop, at a period appropriate to the climate of America: are instances of advice which indicate at least an interest in the manufacture beyond the spinning; and a late deputation from that body to the Prime Minister, shortly previous to the extinction of the governing power of the East India Company, inviting the company of a large East Indian merchant to offer complaints to the Premier against the obstructiveness of the East India Company, alleged, as one of the grievances they had to submit, that no European could hold land in India, and were surprised to hear that at that moment he held land in India for which the land-tax was £4,000 per annum, and that while resident there, the area he had subject to his authority, as to its culture, was large enough to pay a land-tax of £20,000 per annum. His co-operation, therefore, on those premises, was impossible. The great suggestion with which the Government of India has always and still does answer the remonstrances of the manufacturers is this, pay a higher price, and the Indian cotton will soon increase in quantity and quality. Such was Mr. Willoughby's answer in the House of Commons to Mr. Smith's objections against the East India Company's Government.

The hon. Member seems to suppose that it is the business of a Government to bring Indian cotton to his door, and receive for it such a price, not as will pay the costs of growth and transit, but as the spinner is content to give on the occasional lack of

supply from America.

With a view, however, in this emergency, to afford every information that is likely to form a basis for action, the Indian Government, immediately on the news of the cotton famine reaching India, directed a handbook to be drawn up in each presidency by some competent officer, recording what had been done, with a view to the wants of Manchester. It may be well to explain that the cotton pods are grown on a plant about two feet high, and are about the size of a small egg when ripe, the containing sheath bursts, and the soft white fibrous integument which covers the seeds (small black balls about the size of a pea) discloses itself, and is fit for picking. The issue of the choice between the Indian or Surat cotton and the New Orleans depends on the length, strength, and lustre of the fibre. The American in these particulars has the preference. The fibre or staple of the Indian cotton averages half an inch, that of the American, one and a half inch, in length. Thus a smaller number of twists of long fibre will make a thread than of short, and if the machine is made to

move more rapidly to twist the short fibre, there is equal advantage in moving rapidly for the long fibre, so that the natural superiority cannot be be overcome. The strength of the separate fibre in the American variety is greater than that of the Indian, a No. 60 thread of American is as strong as a No. 30 of Indian. The method of extracting the cotton from the seeds is by passing it between rollers of such distance apart as to allow the fibre to go through but reject the seed. This instrument is called a "churka," and specimens of them, of Indian manufacture, are to be seen in the western annex in the Exhibition, in the cottonspinning department. American cotton is separated from the seed by the addition of teeth to the rollers, which tear away the cotton fibre from the seed, and by a brush revolving against the teeth the teeth are kept clean; this is the principle of the saw gin, admitting of many varieties of application. Its rapidity of action over that of the "churka" gives it a great advantage in the question of cost of preparation for the spinner. But though for American cotton, the gin has worked such wonders, as that immediately on its invention by Mr. Whitney the growth of cotton sprung up from 189,316 lbs. in 1791, to 5,276,300 lbs. in 1797, by reason of the economy and greater consequent profit, yet its vigorous service is found to be too severe for the more tender fibre of the Indian plant, and the result of brokers' reports on all the experiments submitted by the Indian Government is, that the fibre is so broken by the saw gin that its value for spinning is greatly reduced. These advantages in favour of the American produce, enable the American planter to obtain a price nearly fifty per cent. greater than that of the Indian ryot, and such is the increased length of yarn secured in diminished time by the spinner, that Indian cotton is a drug as long as American cotton, at its superior cost, can be obtained. The more perfect separation of seeds and leaves gained by the saw gin gives an additional preference to American clean cotton over the leafy and seedy staple of the Indian bales. Mr. Turner, the Manchester spinner, startled the House of Commons' Committee, by stating that his firm paid £7000 per annum for dirt which they had to separate from Indian cotton; of course it was a sensation view of the question, for the price in buying regarded the admixture, yet it is illustrative of the condition in which Indian cotton reaches England.

The direction of the experiments above alluded to, has been to ascertain how far it was possible to grow the New Orleans variety in India, in substitution of the indigenous plant, and what means could be formed for causing a better cleaned condition of the indigenous cotton to become the custom of Indian export. True, Mr. Bazley, M.P., in a late discussion at the Society of Arts, expressed a confident opinion that India could grow every kind of cotton, but without the qualification of the profitableness it was hardly material to name it. In special plots of ground spread over the whole of the Company's territories where the greatest

likelihood of success existed, American seed was planted, and the general result was failure. Planters were engaged from America to superintend the planting and growth, and seed was provided of the New Orleans variety; in some cases a hope of success from fortunate returns sustained the experiment for years, but acknowledged failure was the lamented issue of the whole experiment. Nor was this the case with such tracts as were under official management. Seed was distributed gratis among the ryots, and the collector's influence exerted to induce them to try the new kind; but the same result disgusted those who had no fund to fall back on for failure in experiments, and the general body of Indian farmers declined any further guidance in the matter. The violence of the rains, or the alternation of drought, through which the indigenous plant lived and throve, destroyed the exotic, or insects attacked what the elements had spared. Again, an impression spread that the seed of the foreign plant was not so nutritious for their cattle as their sort. Beyond this, among a feeble race of people the suspicion grew that the introduction of the "sahib's" cotton was preliminary to the raising of the rents. The adverse feelings thus built, on economical as on political grounds, have entirely frustrated the vigorous efforts that the East India Company made on behalf of the Manchester people, who repaid them with so little The extension of the growth of Indian cotton is but a question of time and price. The cotton crop in India is one of rotation. More cotton can only be grown at the cost of other produce, which being diminished in quantity will be dearer; and they who chiefly grow for their own maintenance have to reckon on the policy of abandoning their method of self-support in favour of the more mercantile system of buying produce for use and selling their own. The source, then, to which England must look for further supplies is the gradual cultivation of the waste lands of Madras and Bombay, for Bengal already imports from the other presidencies. But the Indian ryot is a different man in condition from the American planter; -he has no spare capital to bestow on larger cultivation; his present means are obtained by borrowing at exorbitant interest and repaying when his crop is mature. But supposing that capital is supplied (and the system of taccavi, or loan, was an institution under native governors), then the question occurs, will the other rota of crops be sufficiently productive, or will the price paid for the cotton crop reimburse any loss that may occur in the other crops? The experience of the Indian ryot is against such a hope. The price of his cotton has been continually falling since the American came into competition with it; under the excessive advance of prices now ruling in England, the best possible encouragement is given to extended culture, but no security exists for this to remain another season, and loss on his produce is the prospect rather than gain on the part of the native buyer and dealer. Nor is it improbable, where newspapers are seldom consulted, that the

news of the advance of price at the port has hardly yet reached the isolated village in the interior; or, if the rumour has travelled, the credit in its veracity may not have accompanied it. During the mercantile career of the East India Company it was in some districts customary to receive the land-tax in kind, and strict regulations were sent out to all collectors to reject cotton in payment unless brought in clean; but since that system has ceased, little care has been taken on the part of the Indian merchants to encourage a clean sample, and where a system is established and a character earned, the occasional efforts at reformation or improvement of individuals are not sufficient to overrule the prejudice of the market, and in many experimental cases it has been proved that as much money is given for dirty cotton as for clean. Nothing, therefore but a long protest against neglectfully-gathered cotton, and ready and liberal encouragement to improved samples, will induce the ryot to take the trouble, and incur the cost, of separating as carefully as does the more masterly American planter, the seed and the leaves from the cotton. Manchester Cotton Supply Association seems now to have taken the right course for securing success. The passiveness, however, of the Indian farmer will try the patience of the more eager Anglo-Saxon. In the enjoyment of such comforts as he at present possesses, the ryot is relieved from the canker of an ideal greatness which haunts the European trader and urges him to exertion.

Still, human nature has common qualities, and the example of the superior race in time will affect the lower. But patience, rather than im-

pulse, must achieve the victory.

Other districts of the world are fortunately opening up for the growth of cotton, and the cessation of demand in China, to which large quantities are exported from India, may give some immediate relief by directing the whole exportable supply to England. From the great earnestness with which Indian cotton is mentioned, in some minds an opinion seems to prevail that cotton is a new product in India, whereas the fact is, that 200 millions of people in that land are clothed in little else, and allowing 4 lbs. to each person as the estimated annual consumption, we have within one-tenth as much cotton grown and spun and consumed in India, as is required by the mills of Lancashire for the markets of the world.

There is, however, at work, a more insidious evil to the Lancashire trade than the temporary suspension of American cotton. During the 10 per cent. duty period imposed on Indian imports to meet the deficiency of revenue caused by the Indian mutiny, numerous mills sprung into existence at Bombay. The Queen's Government, now under the favourable countenance of the Manchester party, was forgetful of the traditions of the old East India Company, but at the remonstrance of the Calcutta Chamber of Commerce, and the spinners at home, removed a favour which was enabling the mills of Bombay to supply the native market. With the protective duty of 10 per cent. the mills

were a lucrative investment, it remains to be seen what the late alteration in the Indian tariff will effect; with labour cheap, with coal cheapening, with the material at their doors, and the market contiguous, the opposition to Manchester of the Bombay mills becomes an anxious subject.

The following is a list of the joint-stock companies in Bombay whose shares are on the market

On the way 444 Cowasjee Nanabhoy's Company.

Ditto Throstle Mill Company. Throstle 10,000 Mule ... 10,000

Victoria Spinning Company..... Mule... 5,000 Great Eastern Spinning and Weaving Company. Manoekgee Petty Spinning and Weaving Company. Bombay United Spinning and Weaving Company. Jafur Alee Spinning and Weaving Company. Besides others in progress of building. What will be the issue in the Oriental markets of this new manufacture as regards our home production, time will show.

The celebrated muslin of Dacca, "materialized vapour," as it has been called, was made of a fine indigenous variety, grown on the banks of the Ganges and Meyna. There was great care bestowed on its culture. The cotton fibres were picked by hand from the seed, and are said to have been twisted by hand. The lustre of the thread is said to have been secured by twisting the fibres in the same direction as they inclined in the pod, which is said to be in the direction of the sun's course. The confusion of the fibres in machines renders this lustre less visible.

Competition with Scotch and English muslins has proved fatal to this once royal manufacture, and though £2 2s. per yard was lately offered for a quantity by the Court of Directors, the artistes capable of producing it were not to be found.

The late Nabob of Oude, before the competition with English manufactures, derived a revenue of £200,000 per annum from Customs, levied on exports of cotton fabrics manufactured in his territories; one of the causes which Lord Palmerston's Government suggested for his deposition, so full of retribution to England, was his fallen revenue. Where might predominates in the person of the accuser and the judge, it is almost nugatory to offer "recriminatory defence."

Wherever I find truth, I will appropriate it, for it is an estray from God's Word, and belongs to me and to all. Eminent masters, parties, and sects, claim truths as theirs, because they have most fully expounded them; but men never make truths; they only recognise the value of this currency of God. They find truths as men sometimes find bills, in the street, and only recognise the value of that which other parties have drawn.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

ALL earnest men watch with eagerness the unfoldings of the great American conflict. It is a strife waged by vaster hosts, and the causes of which go deeper into social problems, than any war since the European upheaval of 1789. One great master in the political world styles it, in words more graphic than choice, as a conflict to which the Seven Years War was a joke; and in presence of its greatness, even his overflowing levity is changed to seriousness. The Federal officials could point out, before the new levies were ordered, the positions of 720,000 soldiers as the array on one side alone; and to these are soon to be added 600,000 more, making, with the necessary allowance for losses in battle, and by the tear and wear of a campaign, one million and a quarter of combatants ready to do battle for the North. Of the Southern forces we have less knowledge; but, pressed as the leaders have been in their strongholds, and forced to resort to a conscription, the numbers cannot be estimated at less than half a million. The vastness of the struggle, and the vital nature of the issues involved, are not sufficiently recognized by the British people. Many journals, dealing from day to day with details rather than principles, have drifted into an unhappy tone of censure towards the only combatant of whose acts we have an intimate knowledge, while, in too many instances, such hostile criticism has degenerated into sympathy with the slaveholders, and, as a matter of necessity, into blunders, real or feigned, as to the origin and importance of the war. In one quarter we are told that the tariff is the cause of the whole contention;—as if a nation would arm for mortal conflict, and battles, such as those of Shiloh, Fairoaks, and the seven fierce consecutive encounters on the battle-field betwixt the Chickahominy and James River, would be fought, because of protective duties on pig-iron or cloth! When the bread of our own people was taxed to the extent of sixty millions per annum as a protection to a class, the sense of unmerited suffering amongst the poor never tempted them to menace the integrity of the empire. But, for an illustration of the tariff theory, we must proceed to the wilder supposition, that the ruling class in this country, who have the direction of its policy in their own hands, could become rebels on account of duties virtually imposed by themselves, for the protection of our manufactures. It is asserted, with all confidence, that the Southern statesmen who, up to March, 1861, were masters of the American legislature, held all the executive offices, and had moulded the policy of the Union since its birth, have been forced into an unnatural rebellion, because of the cruel and hard-hearted protection policy of the New England manufacturers!

In another quarter it is alleged, with equal confidence, that this is a war of races—the old English stock in the Southern States resisting

the aggressions of a heterogeneous mass in the North formed out of all the nationalities of Europe. Even assuming the South to be as homogeneous, and the North as heterogeneous, as is thus represented, the explanation of the contest is imperfect, as differing races do not war to the death without a cause, and no cause can be stated for their enmity, except that which is sought to be ignored. The fact, however, is, that the native Americans of the South are descended from a more mixed race than the native Americans of the North; and those of the former, who are of Scotch and English descent have been alienated in sympathy from the mother country since the grand act of Negro Emancipation. The New Englanders, on the other hand, have drawn from this country no small part of the inspiration which has nerved them to resist slavery propagandism. It is true that, of late years, a stream of emigrants from Germany, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, has mingled with the broad river of British and Irish emigration to the Northern States, and that many of them have fought heroically in the Union armies. But it is no less true that there must have been some overmastering cause which forced these men from their farms and handicrafts. They are proverbially peaceful, and, up to March, 1861, were ploughing and hammering in industrious silence, part of that noble body of Northern workers, at whom Southern editors were accustomed to point the finger of scorn. A better explanation must be given of the sudden change in their demeanour, than that a portion of the Southern States were colonized from England, while these are from the north of Europe. As a corollary to this hypothesis about race, it is always assumed that the Southern armies are composed of high-minded and chivalrous gentlemen of English descent, while the Northern levies are stigmatized as foreign mercenaries. The Southern gentlemen—the planter class—are undoubtedly active in promoting the war; but it is in America as in other countries—while the rich and the powerful make the quarrels, the poor have to fight the battles. The planters must rely on the aid of the "greasy mechanics" of the Southern towns and villages, to fight the same class and the yeomen of the North. The planters are powerful, but not numerous, and would make but a sorry figure if paraded in separate regiments. Equally must the idea that the Northern soldiers are mercenaries be banished from the mind before a just estimate can be formed of the combatants. The troops from Rhode Island, New Jersey, Vermont, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio, New Hampshire, Maine, are as truly composed of the people of those states as the inhabitants of Virginia are Virginians, and the great proportion are of purer English descent than the people of any of the Southern States. Scarcely a single emigrant from these islands has gone to the South for the last twenty years, while during that period thousands have flocked to the free States. The city of New York contains a large infusion of the foreign element, (and so does London, if we would only look

nearer home,) but the magnificent State of New York, including such towns as Albany, Troy, Rochester, Syracuse, Buffalo, and many others, is essentially American, and the forces raised within those districts are equally genuine native troops. The prairie States have received large accessions from continental Europe; still the bulk of the emigrants to Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and Kansas, were Americans from the east, who have leavened the whole lump of the foreign immigration. Illinois, the native State of the President, stands conspicuous for its loyalty and patriotism to the Union, and it is as idle to dispute the title of Illinois and its armies to be genuinely American as it would be to deny that Lancashire is English. Whatever the contest may be, it is neither a pure race fighting a mixed race, nor English-descended gentlemen fighting mercenaries collected from all Europe. Indeed, we are now told that it is the foreigners who are most inclined to resist the Federal draft from the Militia; men who expect to be permitted to participate in all the benefits of the Union without sharing in its perils. The conflict is truly betwixt two sections of Americans, and the armies on both sides are chiefly composed of the common people of the two sections.

It is asserted by others, beating about for some theory which shall make their Confederate sympathies square with liberal and anti-slavery opinions, that the North is the aggressor in the war, being inflamed with the lust of conquest, or rather for these Northerners have committed a new crime under the sun—the lust of Union. People occasionally do not scruple to turn history, even the history of the last two years, upside down, or to read events as they would Hebrew, in a reverse fashion. The North, which for the last forty years has too tamely submitted to Southern dictation for the sake of peace, which has been compelled to accept of the humiliations of the Missouri compromise, the Nebraska bill, the Kansas war, the Fugitive Slave law, the arrest of Burns the fugitive slave in Boston, the slave trade connived at, and the thousand and one indignities to the national name, while pro-slavery Presidents and Cabinets reigned in Washington—the North, which permitted John Brown and his companions to be ignominiously hung at Harper's Ferry, three years ago, rather than lift a finger against the "State rights" of the South, to be taunted now, in antislavery England, as an aggressor, because a rebellion in the interest of slavery was more than even she could bear,—it is the bitterest and unkindest cut of all. The Southerners are an ambitious and aggressive race, having a longing eye towards Cuba, and given to the encouragement of filibusters, but all the offences of which the slaveholders have been guilty are pardoned to them, while retribution for these very offences is exacted from the present government, and the Northern people, who have suffered from Southern insolence and aggression, far more than Great Britain. We shall show in the sequel that it was the determinedly aggressive policy of the South, the resolution of the slave-

holders to have the vast unconstituted western territories given up to them to pollute from their birth, as it were, with slavery, which was the final act of the series of their demands, while the North has all along scrupulously, nay, far too scrupulously, abstained from touching a single Southern prerogative. When President Lincoln came into power, his first step was to declare in the most solemn manner that he did not desire to interfere with one jot or tittle of the State rights of the Southern people, nor has he done so at this moment, although provoked to it by a most causeless rebellion. We must advert to one other class of the hostile critics—those who labour for a division of the Union, because they believe the political supremacy of Great Britain requires it! This argument for giving "aid and comfort"to the South is very despicable,—firstly, because it shows that they who use it have no faith in their own country; -secondly, because they would make up for her supposed deficiencies by the immoral means of sowing tares among the wheat of others; and, thirdly, because they would work evil to a country which has befriended the friendless of every land, solely because they do not dwell within its borders. Let us pass by this Machiavellian class with the contempt they merit.

All these schools of misrepresentation, daily at work, cannot fail to mislead multitudes of the British people, but the great heart of the nation is just, and when once it is thoroughly understood that the rebellion is in the interest of slavery, and that the North, in endeavouring to put down the rebellion, is resisting the aggressions of the slaveholders, public opinion cannot fail to set in strongly in favour of the Federals, and their righteous cause. To prove the nature of the contest, it is only necessary to revert to the events which

preceded its outburst.

Two years ago, this autumn, the people of the Union were busy with the forthcoming election of a President. In the North, the traveller was not unfrequently asked to give his vote in the railway cars, as the conductor, or one of the passengers, tried to cast the horoscope of the contest, by ascertaining the views of the miscellaneous gathering in the train. In the larger towns huge flags were strung across the street, bearing the names of Breckenridge, John A. Douglas, Bell of Tenessee, or Abraham Lincoln. The "wide-awakes," or Lincoln-men, were drilling at night, in order to make a respectable appearance at anticipated public ceremonials, while every village, from the New England shores, away west to the vast prairies of Iowa and Kansas, where population begins to thin off, and be lost in the immensity of the fertile territory, had its tall flag-staffs bearing aloft the insignia of the various champions. In the hot autumn nights, picturesque torch-light processions might have been seen approaching western "cities" of wooden stores, to swell the numbers who had assembled to hear the sentiments of some well-known republican or democratic chief, out "stumping" for his party. Little did the masses dream of the awful issues involved in that political struggle. Many of

the merry torch-bearers in those party processions have since bit the dust, valiantly fighting for the principles which they believed necessary to the national life, and for their country, native or adopted, but in either case, most worthy of the affection of its children. It was remarked, that the feelings of the Republicans were less keenly enlisted for Lincoln, than they had been for Fremont four years before, so that as far as the North was concerned, there seemed to be less menace in the aspect of the two great parties than on previous occasions. The Republicans knew their strength, and could afford to to be calm, while vigorously working for victory. They certainly were not like the Southerners, working for victory or death, and did not realise that this was a condition of the contest. The more thoughtful and prominent men of the party had painful forebodings, but even they, while feeling "the irrepressible conflict" was approaching, never dreamt that it was to assume the aspect of so fierce an internecine war with upwards of a million and a half of men under arms. Had Mr. Breckenridge the Southern candidate been elected, there would have been no war. The opponents of a Southern policy would have submitted quietly to a constitutional defeat, in the hope of retrieving their position at the next Presidential election. Mr. Lincoln, as the defeated candidate, would never have reappeared as Mr. Breckenridge has done at the head of a brigade of rebels. It is most important to keep these facts in view when deciding who are the aggressors in the quarrel. Now, what principles did Mr. Breckenridge represent, and what was the point at issue betwixt him and the other candidates? Mainly, and, so far as the decision of the contest was concerned, it may be said solely,-the candidates differed on the slavery question. Putting Bell, the nominee of the old whig party, out of view, as his following was too small to have any national significance, the others may be classified thus:- *

BRECKENRIDGE.—Slavery as a sacred institution in the South. A fugitive slave-law over the North to protect the institution.

The slaveholders to be permitted to introduce slavery into the new territories of the West.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.—Slavery as it in the South.

-The fugitive slave-law.

—Slavery to be permitted in new territories if majority of settlers so determine. This doctrine was usually called "Squatter sovereignty."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—Slavery as it is in the South since they so will it.

—The fugitive slave-law, since that is part of the constitution.

-No SLAVERY in the new territories.

Any other questions of homestead bills or tariffs were as mere drops in the bucket compared to the all-engrossing and testing question of slavery. The pro-slavery ruffians in the Kansas war used to ask whether a person was right "on the goose," when they wished to know whether he was for slavery or against it, so in the late Presidential contest the sole practical point at issue was the "goose question." The writer of this paper does not state so from any superficial knowledge obtained at second-hand, but from personal observation and an attentive study of the phases of the contest on the spot, while the election was in progress. By favour of leading politicians of all parties, he was enabled to attend meetings now of Democrats, and again of Republicans, and to get at the real soul and marrow of the controversywhich was undoubtedly slavery in every aspect except abolition, which at that period was a faith confined to a little daring but chivalrous band. The doctrine of Stephen A. Douglas (who died shortly afterwards) was most properly disapproved of by the republican party, because it was the same scheme which occasioned the civil war in Kansas, and would have lost that State to the cause of freedom but for the exertions of Lane, John Brown, and many others of what Kossuth would call the "unnamed demi-gods" among the people. Men went into Kansas from Missouri for no other purpose than to vote for the slavery constitution, and attempted by violence to force the accursed institution upon the young nation, and this was naturally and most properly resented by the free-soil settlers. Had the squatter sovereignty system been adopted there would have been civil war at the settlement of each new State, those who deny to the negro the right of freedom not being scrupulous to respect the constitutional rights of the friends of the negro. Mr. Douglas' supporters were a portion of the pro-slavery or democratic party in the North, but they were neither thorough enough to please the South, not strong enough to stand alone, and accordingly their proposition fell to the ground. It will simplify the matter to regard the contest as having been betwixt Breckenridge representing the opinion that slavery was a good thing, and ought to be encouraged, promoted, and extended to new States, and Lincoln representing the opinion that slavery was a bad social institution—bad in itself and bad in its effects upon the cause of labour and the white race, and accordingly that it ought to be limited to its existing area, and not permitted to poison the infant communities of the West. The effect of the doctrines of the Lincoln party necessarily led to a stoppage of the growth of the slave South, and to an unlimited expansion of the free North-to the decline of Southern influence in Congress by the gradual addition of the votes of more free states, and the practical supremacy of the ideas and policy of men who believed slavery to be accursed. It was this prospect which rendered the Southern slave-holders so bitter, and caused them to rush to arms when the triumph of Northern views was declared by the election of Lincoln.

It will not, we presume, be denied by even the strongest sympathisers with the South, that the rebellion, or war, was a result of the Presidential

election. There have been many falsifications of the history of the period, but we have not yet seen it disputed that the election was the immediate occasion of the war. If this be conceded, and if, as we have shown, the question of slavery, in its various ramifications, was the great testing question at the election, it is very difficult to escape the conclusion that slavery is the true cause of the mortal conflict now raging. Occasionally we are told that slavery is not, and cannot be, the cause of the war, because the South are fighting for the right to secede and be independent, while the North are fighting for union and to subdue the South to the federal government. This is all true, but why do the South wish to secede,—why are the Northerners compelled to fight for the restoration of the Union, and the supremacy of the Federal power? The South desires to leave the Union because a majority of the electors at the Presidential contest were in favour of limiting the evil of slavery to its present area; they would not have seceded, and would never have raised the question, if they could have imposed their opinions then, as heretofore, upon the North, and had obtained a guarantee by the election of Mr. Breckenridge that the action of the executive government would have been proslavery. The North requires to fight for the restoration of the Union and the supremacy of the Federal power, because the South, or rather because certain leading politicians of the South, refused to accept of the result of the constitutional election, and excited the people to rush to arms to avenge the vote, and establish for themselves a Confederacy where their slavery principles, and their propagandism of slavery, would never be impugned. It is not necessary to discuss the abstract question whether one State, or any number of States, had the right to secede at any time, and to break up the nation of which they formed part. This is a question which could only be discussed in the national congress, and decided on after a solemn vote of the people at large, and which no individual State, or section of persons in a State, could take upon themselves to determine. Mr. O'Connell properly pursued his secession or repeal movement at home by petitions to Parliament and constitutional action, but whenever Mr. Smith O'Brien, John Mitchell, and others, changed that action into violence, they were treated as rebels, and we were prepared to put down the movement by the whole power of the kingdom. It has been so from the foundation of the world, and must continue so to the end, that a power or Government worthy of the name, and which could be tolerated as such in the family of nations, cannot permit its authority to be defied, and its prerogative of judging of the measure of the rights of its subjects to be set at naught. The Southerners not only pursued a rebellious course, but they armed themselves, for the purpose of resisting the Federal power, from the armouries and forts of the Federal Government, and they showed the determined and bravado-spirit in which they acted by themselves striking the first blow at the federal flag. What were the Government and the people

of the North to do? To submit — to accept humiliation before the world-to allow their influence for good to be utterly destroyed—to permit the will of twenty-two millions of freemen, constitutionally expressed, to be subjected to the frenzy of three millions and a half of slaveholders unconstitutionally, rebelliously, and defiantly expressed? Was Mr. Lincoln to resign, and to quit the high post confided to him whenever the serpent which the North had taken to its bosom raised its crest to sting its benefactor? Would such a truculent policy, while it destroyed the Federal Government abroad, have availed it at home in avoiding war? No, verily! the right to secede would no sooner have been yielded to the South than the border States would have been demanded by the New Government; the territories in the West-the testing question of the election-would still have remained menacing as ever; Kansas would have been re-occupied by pro-slavery ruffians from Missouri; slaves flying from bondage would have been hunted and caught within the Northern dominions, causing constant broils, because the North as a separate nation could have granted no Fugitive Slave Law, in short, as Mr. Seward too truly observes in his recent communication to the British Government, secession accomplished would only have led to war as surely as secession resisted. The North, however, would have entered into the contest against further encroachment, with its spirit broken, with its good name tarnished abroad, and the South more defiant and more certain of success even than at present. War undoubtedly is an awful scourge to humanity; but when it is forced upon a nation, as this conflict has been upon the North, the Government and people so visited must either accept the trial and go through with it manfully, or agree henceforth to lose their place among the family of nations.

The Federals are not fighting for abolition, but slavery is not on that account less the cause of the war. They are fighting to put down rebels who denied to the North the right constitutionally to put a stop to the further encroachments of slavery. That they are not fighting for abolition is a reproach which may be quite properly thrown upon them by abolitionists, who, sympathising with the action of the Government, so far as it goes, desire, over and above, a more sweeping and more exalted policy. But it is an odd reproach in the mouths of men who sympathise with the slaveholders; because if the President, with the approbation of the majority of the Northern people, has spared the rebels in their most cherished institution, and has not called to his aid as soldiers the liberated slaves, it has been from feelings of tenderness to the rebels, and to leave the door open for their return to the Union. This consideration for the rebels has not been a successful policy, and has led to the sacrifice of a vast number of loyal Union men, prolonged the war, and alienated to a certain extent the sympathy of Europe; but we do not blame President Lincoln, fettered as he has been by the strong feelings of the loyal Border

States, and the traditional opinions of a very large section of the Northern people. Neither President Lincoln nor Mr. Seward would personally be averse to cut the Gordian knot, if they would be supported by the public opinion of the North, and if the act would not unalterably alienate Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, and Western Virginia. Public opinion is making rapid progress in the right direction—the abolition of slavery in the district of Columbia, the treaty to suppress the slave-trade. the President's Emancipation Scheme, by providing compensation to loyal masters, and the Confiscation Bill, as it is called, passed by Congress at the end of the session, being all evidence of a healthier tone in the public mind. A knowledge that the exasperation and malignity of the rebels could not be greater, while the arduous struggle of the Government would be shortened by a proclamation of freedom, and an invitation to the slaves to join the Federal army, is working hopefully at this moment upon the Northern people; and recent intelligence from the States brings, among other favourable symptoms, the report of a speech delivered at Washington in presence of the President, by Mr. Boutwell, a government official, who formerly belonged to the pro-slavery party, urging that the war-cry should be "Away with Slavery!" The North has learned much within a year, and the lesson is one which can never be unlearned. The majority of the people were so hardened in indifference to the great cause of emancipation, that nothing short of the fearful chastisements of this war would have roused them. The devastating scourge is forcing them at last into a path of duty, which, had they entered years ago, many hearths in New England and the West would now be gladdened by the presence of those who have become food for vultures on Southern battle-fields. The infatuated slaveholders are suffering a yet heavier retribution; but, so maddened and blinded do they appear to be with the lust of preserving their dominion over the negro race, and with hatred to the Northerns, whose only offence has been their forbearance and sympathy with the Southern crime, that the end of the strife is shrouded and hidden in the dust and smoke of battle. How the heart bleeds for both combatants! But as we look on appalled and horror-stricken, what a lesson is read to us of the Nemesis that awaits nations which palter with wrong, and heed not the cry of the captive! Nations do not live hereafter, and accordingly they receive the award of the Great Judge in this world.

If there be any truth in these views, what ought to be the attitude of the British people in the struggle? Some of our countrymen unfortunately answer this question practically, by boldly throwing all their sympathies into the cause of the rebel slaveholders, by watching with eager avidity every turn of the fortune of war, for the purpose of decrying the bravery of the Federal soldiers, and exalting the virtues of the Confederates, by penning, or chuckling over, fierce diatribes against the right of the Federal Government to put down re-

bellion, and urging on our own Government, with an ignorance of results as blind as the hatred of the Confederates, to intervene in favour of the Confederacy, and thus plunge this country into the same whirling Maelstrom. The sufferings of the cotton operatives are charged against the Federals, whilst the Confederate rebels are excused even when they malignantly burn the cotton. Such a mode of dealing with the great Western revolution is most lamentable. It is not what the North had a right to expect from their kinship and real community of thought and feeling with the better portion of the British people. It is not what they had a right to expect, in return for their regal reception of the Prince of Wales, and their thorough sympathy with us during the Indian Mutiny. It is not what they had a right to expect when it was resolved to put an end to the extension of slavery, and to bring their policy more into harmony with that of Great Britain, on the all-important question of negro servitude. Not then, and scarcely now, have they reached the high platform of immediate emancipation; but the day dawn has arisen, and the day star of liberty has begun to shine forth in their national acts. Every speech of public men, every magazine or press article, in favour of the South, encourage the rebels in their obstinacy, and by so much inflicts injury upon ourselves by the continued stoppage of trade. That it did injure ourselves would be no reason for refusing our moral encouragement, if the rebels were in the right; but if the people of England have come to the belief that negro slavery is right, and that slaveholders ought to be encouraged when they fly to arms to maintain slavery intact and dominant over a vast continent, against the constitutionally-expressed will of a majority of their fellow-countrymen, then we have much cause to blush for our own history, and especially that we were ever so foolishly enthusiastic as to incur a debt of twenty millions to free our own slaves. If Jefferson Davis is to be considered a great patriot because he has headed the rebels, and let loose the dogs of war upon as fair a country as God ever blessed with manifold bounties, for the purpose of conserving, perpetuating, and extending the area of negro bondage, then what can we say of Brougham, of Wilberforce, of Clarkson, of Buxton, of Macaulay, and all the names hitherto treasured up among the nation's most sacred pos-If Stephens, Vice-president of the sessions? Southern Confederacy, is to be esteemed for his work's sake, when he declares that it is the aim of himself and his associates to make slavery the head-stone of the corner in the fabric of the Southern constitution, how can we also rejoice over completed treaties for the more effectual suppression of the slave-trade, or shed maudlin tears for the wrongs of the children of Africa? The Southern Confederates must be right; they ought to be encouraged by every loyal son of England, if the Parliament and people of England were egregiously wrong and fanatically weak, when they proclaimed that henceforth the sun, which never sets upon our dominions, should never shine upon a slave.

Hitherto, we have been accustomed to thrill with genuine national pride, when orators or statesmen pointed back to that great act of national emancipation, and to thank God that one battle at least in the cause of human progress had been nobly fought and nobly won. Has all this been delusion, weakness, folly? Was the act of emancipation a crime, or, worse, the work of half-insane bigots? And is Jefferson Davis, with his slave-driver's whip as a sceptre, the great king and patriot for whom British citizens ought to reserve their most enthusiastic acclamations? One almost feels that he commits sacrilege by writing thus, even in irony; and that there comes from the great heart of the British people such an overwhelming and indignant No! a thousand, thousand times No! that every doubt of their unwavering faith in freedom is removed, and we once more breathe freely.

Then let us be just to our brethren of the North; nay, let us be generous; for they are in the midst of the fiery furnace of national trial, and a voice of friendship sounds sweet at such seasons. Be just to them, for their cause is just. If they have been slow to arrive at the resolution to prevent the further growth of slavery, the dread and fierce war which the expression of that resolve has entailed upon them may well plead their justification and condonement. A higher tone on the slavery question taken by more of their statesmen and public writers at an earlier period might have saved the Republic from this fierce outburst of hate and revenge, but for the sin they have suffered, and it would be well for us to cease useless taunts and recriminations. If, on the other hand, it be true that at no time could the North have ventured upon such a policy as the limitation of slavery without causing war, and at no time with any prospect of success, except when the movement was at length constitutionally inaugurated and carried out, in the excess of the sacrifice which the adoption of that path of duty has entailed upon them, they have abundant justification for their caution and delay. Our duty now is to bid them be of good cheer, for God will defend the right; to urge them on to the grander policy, and the nobler faith of proclaiming freedom wherever the star-spangled banner is flung to the winds; and, with freedom as their watch-word, they will need no fresh drafts of willing or unwilling citizens, for the very stars in their courses will fight on their side.

Going into a village at night, with the lights gleaming on each side of the street, in some houses they will be in the basement and nowhere else, and in others in the attic and nowhere else, and in others in some middle chamber; but in no house will every window gleam from top to bottom. So is it with men's faculties. Most of them are in darkness. One shines here, and another there; but there is no man whose soul is luminous throughout.

LEAVES FROM AN OXFORD PORTFOLIO.

LEAF XI .- THE PRINCE OF WALES AT OXFORD.

I PROMISED, some few Leaves ago, to introduce the diligent and patient student of these Oxford scraps, to the most august—if not the most intimate and best known—of my fellow-students. The time has come, and I will wander over the old fields, and glean here and there what ears I may light upon, to bind them up into a tolerably full sheaf of reminiscences of His Royal Highness,

the King to be.

In the first place, I must observe that the conduct both of Dons and Undergraduates towards the Prince was worthy of all praise. There was none of the cringing and fawning with which a less dignified Body might have received so august an inmate. Nor—as you may be sure, in loyal Oxford-was there any lack of proper and due respect. The even balance was preserved, and the University behaved as might be expected from a Society of gentlemen and scholars. Therefore I confess to some indignation still, at the recollection of a caricature which appeared in "Punch," at the time of the Prince's matriculation, entitled, I think, "The Royal Road to Learning." In this very scandalous libel, are represented a double row of fat, greasy aldermen, coarse and vulgar, bowing down to the earth, on each side of the Prince, who walks between them, attired in cap and gown. To say nothing of the want of taste and truth in thus misrepresenting some of the first gentlemen and scholars of the time, the fact is the very reverse of that which the caricature would allege. The Prince was matriculated like any other Undergraduate, walking down to the Vice-Chancellor's house to sign his name, instead of being waited upon, as perhaps one might almost have expected, by that Dignitary himself. Nor in any way, as far as I know (and having been at the time on the spot, I am more likely to know than "Punch" can be,)—not in any way was there anything of that degrading and lick-spittle homage represented in I believe that to an almost Roman degree of severity, the heads and members of the University carried their behaviour and preserved their dignity, in their reception of the Prince. Therefore it is neither fair nor generous in any artist or editor, to attach a stigma to an institution of which every Englishman should be proud,—a stigma utterly uncalled for, and untrue. Punch concluded hastily that the reception would be overdone, and never took the trouble to inquire whether the case was so, or not. Let him "shoot folly as it ilies," but let him have a care that his shafts are prepared with truth for a middle feather. Else will they wound where he would, if better informed, himself grieve to have wounded, and then glancing back, injure the archer's self. None more than I enjoys the wit, and often valuable sarcasm, of this now, and worthily, famous periodical. But I do and must lament the want of fairness and charity

too often shown in its pages, and the large amount of evil mixed with their good.

It was understood, among the undergraduates, that the etiquette with respect to the Prince was, to take no notice of him. Poor fellow, had they all capped him, his Oxford life had been a long and weary course of raising his cap, in order to acknowledge their salutations. While the constant exercise might have strengthened his biceps, it would have certainly wearied out his patience. So only noblemen were to pay him that respect when they met him walking abroad. When he came into a billiard room, from which my brother, with some others, had been watching him play at racquets (a game of which he was very fond), of course the men removed their caps, and laid aside their cigars or pipes, but otherwise no notice was taken of him. So well, I repeat, was the line drawn, by both officers and men, between servility and want of due respect.

His companions at Oxford were, of course, the young noblemen residing there, and besides these, young Gladstone, the son of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. I believe that the Queen signified her wish that they should become acquainted. Christ Church, was, of course, the Prince's College, and his residence was at Frere Hall, near New Inn Hall. I am told that, except on very rainy mornings, he never missed his morning attendance at his College Chapel,—a fact worth mentioning, as showing a regard for College rules and discipline,—if not necessarily a concern for interests which will remain when the kings of the world are no more, save in responsibility, than their poorest subjects, at the bar of the King of kings. And, further, I mean to jot down even trifles in themselves, in this bundle of reminiscences; because even trifles are interesting, in the youth of one on whom the eyes of England are fixed, and concerning whom all ask, "What will be his character and conduct, when he becomes our King?"

The Prince did not attend college, but only public Lectures. It is said that, it not being desirable that the men most read in the subjects of these lectures should put the royal student at entirely a disadvantage, -not to say, completely extinguish him, —the Heads of Houses were requested to send some men of moderate abilities and acquaintance with the subjects of the Lectures, to be his fellow-students in them. One man of my acquaintance, who came in high glee to boast of his having been selected to read with the Prince, might have abated in his ardour, had he been acquainted with this fact. I used often to think that, had I been the Prince, I would have entered as Duke of something, and have gone through the course, like any other nobleman. But I suppose this could not be; and, perhaps, such an education might not be the most suitable for a King. And yet why should he be less of a scholar than any other gentleman's son, even in a mere classical education? Well; I am not the Prince, but I could not help thinking asabove, because to enter at a University at all, and to take its degree unearned, hardly strikes one as

worth while. No doubt, however, this was one of the divers pictures of life and society which his wise father and mother intended should expand, and, at the same time, educate his mind. And we owe a debt of much gratitude to the wisdom which employed the early years of one hereafter to be necessarily much confined within England's silver walls, in sending him hither and thither about the large world, that his heart and thoughts might widen beyond the immediate circle of his island home. Rome, with its ancient glory; America, with its birth of yesterday; Oxford and Cambridge, the venerable abodes of classic learning; Syria, Egypt, and Palestine, yet older in their history than Rome, and full of the deepest, most solemn, most instructive interest; -all these have been visited by the young descendant of many mighty kings;—the father, we hope, of yet many wise and powerful kings to be. A better plan for pulling the dangerous weed "prejudice," out of a virgin soil;—for opening the mind, and widening the sympathy, could hardly have been devised. And, therefore, we will not grumble at the Examiners having missed a chance of—(loyalty will not allow me to hint at more)—giving the Prince second

papers in "Smalls."

The first time of my seeing the Prince was at a University Sermon. He sat among the Doctors, as any nobleman may do, though few take advantage of the privilege. I liked to look at him, and felt, I am free to confess, something of that intoxicating thrill of loyalty, which has led many in many ages to deeds of utmost devotion for their sovereign. I can't and could not account for the feeling, but still there it exists, to be accounted for. Look at young Charles Edward, and the devotion of men and women even to death and ruin; a devotion which is a passion, strong as love to a woman; a devotion which casts itself and all it possesses like so much dirt at the feet of its object. Further back, look at David's mighty men, and their hazarding life, yea, breaking through an army to gratify his least wish. The feeling is not even allied to that contemptible one called tuft-hunting, and which toadies a man, perhaps neither great nor good, because he has a title. It is not anything despicable, it is indeed a noble, glorious passion, that has led men to noble and glorious deeds. With all his faults, with which does the greater part of any assembly of gentlemen sympathize? with the kingly Charles and his fiery Ruperts, and brave Cavaliers, or with sour old Cromwell, and his Ironsides? Nay, look at the absolute madness of that attachment to his foolish and wicked son, miscalled the "merry monarch,"-an attachment which worthlessness could not alienate, nor ingratitude dispel, nor ill-treatment overcome! Though he were a heartless scamp, a very nut without a kernel, were there not hundreds of young brave fellows who would have, to the last, thrown down their lives for him, as you would throw a halfpenny to a crossing-sweeper? Loyalty, love, and, in some great instances, friendship,-these are overmastering passions in the human heart,-these

stir it to the extreme of generous devotion; these have each that power which

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'Took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might; Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in

music out of sight."

Something of this unexplained, and unexplainable feeling, thrilled, I repeat, through my breast at the sight of the Prince of Wales. Not that there was anything very remarkable in his appearance, though in this I was agreeably disappointed. Large, somewhat melancholy blue eyes, a clear pleasant complexion, glossy, pretty hair,—these struck me as the best points of the face. Not tall, slight, but well-made;—this was my impression of his exterior. But there he sat, the descendant, the heir, the representative of those old kings with whose history our boyhood is acquainted. Richard of the Lion heart; the Edwards, grim and brave; Henry, the conqueror of France, and Harry, bluff and brutal; Charles, though faulty, yet still more sinned against than sinning; these were the ancestors of this young prince: and it seemed almost like a living page of history, to have him sitting It must seem strange, when a prince studies the history of England, to feel that he is. indeed, just getting up his own family history, and to know that, some day, at all the schools in England, boys and girls will be hard at work getting up the account of what himself has said and done. May this prince, when king, give us that rara avis in all annals, a really good king. I mean not only a wise ruler of his people, but a good subject of his King, eternal, invisible, in the heavens.

The Prince could never stir out, as far as I know, unattended by the two Officers who had him under their care. This, I should think, must have been rather a bore, but I suppose it was necessary. But, as I before hinted, he did not shirk the sports of the University. Besides his fondness for racquets, he enjoyed the boat races as much as any of us. He ran by the side of the boats, in that wild, many-coloured, many-voiced, tumultuous, confused, and roaring mass, that surges along the banks of the river, on the evenings of the races. I did not know that he was there, at the time; and, probably, few were aware of his presence. And, since we are not very ceremonious at those times, especially in crossing the bridges, a random drive in the back from some stalwart elbow might have sent England's Hope flying into the cold flood. But no such catastrophe happened: and at the end the Prince was as eager as any in giving his opinion as to a disputed bump of the Brazenose boat. And, presently, I saw the Fountain of Honour crossing the river in a rickety old punt—a few other men in the boat, though, of course, most held back, when they saw him in the vessel, instead of crowding it, as usual after the race, till you could hardly stand another man in it, and poor Beasly, champion punter, can scarce propel the groaning bark.

Once when Joy and I were walking near Ferry

Hincksey, we met the Prince riding with his two attendants. Shortly afterwards we met a solitary cow, quietly walking in the direction in which he had disappeared. Joy was for embracing the opportunity,—rushing after the Prince, coming breathlessly up to him, -throwing ourselves at his feet,-crying, in disjointed accents, "O, my Prince, my Prince, fly, save yourself! We, your loving subjects, will guard your flight with our lives!" "Recover yourselves, gather breath, take time, tell me the danger," the Prince might have said; "a Son of England's kings will never flee from an unknown peril; what is it that pursues us?" "O, my Prince,- a cow!" Thus, vividly, did Joy sketch out the oppportunity which thus offered itself to us; but, since we were rather late for dinner, and from some other considerations, the idea was never developed in deed. Another corroboration of the immortal Shakespeare's remark, how

"— Enterprises of great pith and moment 'With 'some' regard, their current turn away, And lose the name of action."

But, that my leaf may not be, in the words of the aforesaid bard, voted "sear and yellow;" and the branch that bears it a mere "stick," I will turn me to more important events. And first, I will narrate how Oxford honoured the Prince's Birth-

day.

'Twas the ninth day of November, day in which the great City of London annually gives birth to a Lord Mayor - day also on which His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, was born. On the whole, the mind of Oxford considered and determined that a great show of fireworks would be the thing, in doing honour to the day. For some reason or other I did not go, but I know all about it as well as though I had been on the spot. I believe I was reading in my room that evening. The fireworks were duly discharged in, I think, Christchurch meadows; but these proved to be only the preliminary to the celebration of the day. The Fifth of November, the great anniversary of the immemorial "Town and Gown" disturbances, has become quite a quiet evening, comparatively, now. Time was, as Clement, an old whilome shoemaker in Oxford, detailed to me;when an Epic might have celebrated the grandeur and extent of that evening's doings. Three hundred men, the flower of England's homes-the choice blossoms of the University—assembled in the High. Seven abreast on the pavement did they march, a mighty stream of dark caps and gowns. Stalwart were their arms, with rowing, with cricket, with divers sports. Were they bound to what mighty lecture room, that could contain them all? Were they athirst for Logic?—did the chase after Mathematics seduce them from their rooms? Plato, Aristotle, Bacon; -did they march to a battle of strong arguments from these?

But, lo! double the number of men of the town;
—also large armed, heavy-fisted men from Abingdon
and the other villages about Oxford, march in like

manner on the pavement up the High. They, too, march in close array, and so as to meet the learned phalanx in the teeth. They meet;—and holloa; here's an uproar! The ranks are broken up, and a surging, seething, fighting mass overspreads the street from All Souls to University. Now the Gown drives back the Town, anon a sturdy Bargee rallies his forces, and the Gown recedes. At last the Town yields, the roaring, shouting, fighting mass disperses; vain is the cry of "Muggins to the rescue!" the Gown has succeeded, and has swept the High. As an enormous gutter, when the drains are stopped, and the rain excessive, gathers its dark waters, but a heap of straw and dust opposes it; it struggles, and swells, and storms, and rises, and, behold, the bar is broken, and the exultant stream rushes on in triumphant career; -so the sons of Oxford, -but I pause for breath, and you, O well-read epic reader, must conclude the simile. Do you ask me, fair listener, what all this hard fighting was about, what beginning it had, and to what end it looked? I answer, -none whatever. There was no quarrel, at least in these modern days, to cause the contest, and nothing at all of result to which it aimed. "Why did they fight then?" I suppose from the pure English love of hard knocks,—and, with a view, perhaps, to the circulation of the blood. On the part of the Gownsmen, it was looked upon as an exciting, but certainly amiable, and mutually friendly, evening's amusement. On the part of the Town, I think the feeling was rather a darker one, for pokers have been used, instead of fists, in olden days, and lives even have been lost.

But I am writing of the past. Now-a-days, no Oxford man can walk far in the streets on the once famous Fifth, without being met by an obliging Proctor, with two or three bland bull-dogs, who request that you will be so good as to return to your college. There is a special staff on for that night, and so efficiently do they work, that the Gown has no longer any chance, and can never gather in any force, and so, except in a few skirmishes, the Town has all its own way now, on that memorable anni-

versary.

Can you wonder then,—the Proctors being at their commons' table, and the authorities quite off their guard,—that the idea seized some vigorous minds, that here was a golden opportunity? The Gown might assemble, unchecked, and recall old days of victory to the mind of the hitherto, of late, unchecked Town. Besides, should Oxford celebrate the natal day of their Prince, with only half the honours done to Guy Faux? Not so,—and with the thought arose from a small dark band near St. Mary's Porch, the ancient cry of "Gown!"

Nor did the thronging Gownsmen disregard the summons. Soon, in clusters and in units they assembled round their chiefs, and in somewhat of its old might, the marshalled Gown, unresisted, swept the High. The Town was taken by surprise, and little resistance was attempted, none was made. Like a canoe, or dingy, in the path of the University eight, any opposing force was swept away in the

rush. That evening the tables were turned, and

the Gown reigned unchecked, supreme.

But by this time the Proctors were out, and the mighty torrent split and divided upon this small line of rocks. The Gown was soon disbanded, and its component parts returned to their college rooms. The Proctors were just in time; for indignant Town had recovered the first shock, and had gathered in force, and deeds worthy of the pen of a Homer had assuredly been done, and many noses spoilt, and many crowns cracked, had the Gown still banded in the High. As it was, the chief sufferers were quiet men, going home from a quiet tea, perhaps, with some benevolent tutor. Athirst for vengeance, the mob fell on these, and sent them home bleeding, broken-toothed, and much surprised,—for your Townsmen are arrant cowards in their fighting. One man, a first-rate boxer, told me that he was coming home that night from a friend's, and at the corner of a street was sorely smitten over the legs with a grievous crabtree cudgel. As soon, however, as he turned, his assailant was nowhere to be seen. I heard the mob rush yelling down the lane towards New, and a little congratulated myself that I was not, singlehanded, at their mercy. Joy came in, having exchanged some passes with them-Ridgely, also. Willoughby, hearing them rush by, put out his light, and from his window, which overlooked the street, poured a basin of soap-suds upon the excited mass. Innocent youth! in five minutes, to his surprise, there was not one whole pane in either of his windows. He sat, like Marius, &c., in gloom and astonishment, amid the universal smash; and went to bed a sadder and a wiser man.

Thus, then, did Oxford keep her Prince's natal day. The mode of celebration was characteristic, if not exactly appropriate. Perhaps a better way might have been found; but one good thing I may note about these senseless contests, which is, that, seemingly, they leave no ill blood on the morrow. Your tailor fawns and cringes as of yore, with whom, but yesterday, you were in combat dl'outrance. The fishmonger whom, the morning before, you sent flying into the midst of the Turl, gives you nothing but obsequious smiles and offers of unlimited tick to-day. On the whole, I think it is more like the rough games of schoolboys, who throw hard balls in "breakbones;" or lay open their legs at foot-ball, than anything of an outbreak of ill-feeling. Notwithstanding this, my own opinion of course agrees with that of Hamlet-

"Horatio. Is it a custom?
"Hamlet. Aye, marry, is't:
And to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honoured in the breach than the observance."

The Prince was very fond of attending the debates at the "Union" (N.B. not the workhouse, but what may be described as the University Club). The "Union" consists of a capital library and reading rooms, either for study, or with many, serving as a lounge into which they saunter, to

read the papers, write letters, &c. Added to this, and lately built, is a capital debating room. It has galleries, benches, and speaker's chair, &c. It is lit from the top, an arrangement which serves very well for the purpose of disseminating light, but sorts not at all with the scheme of decoration which has been carried out on the ceiling. Its several compartments are filled with fresco paintings, from the story of King Arthur. Some are well done, but in the exaggeration of the extravagances of the extreme Pre-Raphaelite style. Rosseti, I believe, has painted one or more of these; also an amateur,—a member of the University, and once a Proctor. On the whole, I must consider them a failure. They do not look at all natural, and the beauty of the true Pre-Raphaelite School is its adherence to, and faithful rendering of, nature. Witness, as a perfect specimen, the bank of the stream in Millais's "Ophelia," also the sward, and brambles, and wild flowers, in Holman Hunt's "Sheep." Then, again, except when lit up at night, you can hardly see the paintings, owing to a great glare bored right in their midst by the lights in the roof. Nevertheless, the room is a fine room, and well adapted for the purpose for which it was built.

Here you may see, acted in miniature, the stormy or dry debates that are going on in "another place." The youthful orators are quite as dogmatic, quite as bigoted, quite as divided, quite as interested, as their sires, on whose debates real results hinge. Nay, party spirit is even stronger for the most part, in the young; and much of early prejudice is worn down when they are exposed to the rough realities of life. The one subject on which, strange to say, Christians are bitterest, namely, Religion, is barred at these debates. And the rule is undoubtedly a good one. Predestination, election, reprobation; the grace of the sacraments; the power of the Keys, &c., &c.—questions on which those most learned speak with most modesty,—are debated and settled at Oxford, at once, positively, and dogmatically. None so bigoted and prejudiced, and hard to reach with argument, -and that in either extreme of doctrine, as your youthful theologian. Your reasoning is met with a smile of superior wisdom and pity, nay, the remarks of an experienced, deeply-read, and, one would think, reliable, senior, at a Divinity lecture, are received, not with doubt—a caution, which might be quite allowable and to be expected,—since Doctors even differ,—but with scarce concealed contempt and derision. In after life, when you meet these youthful dogmatists, and rally them on their opinions, they commonly tell you that the larger field of life and experience and reading has much softened, and sometimes quite altered, the strong prejudices that an atmosphere of controversy naturally engenders in the young. For myself, I must say that I suspended my judgment on many knotty points, until such time as I should take up reading more suitable to the considering of the deep things of theology, than Tacitus, Virgil, Greek Plays, &c., with here and there a smattering of some surface Divinity—could pretend to be. One word more on this subject, since my pen has strayed into it. I earnestly advise all those who are but beginning, or who have not much time for, the study of theology, to let recent controversial works alone. Let them build a foundation of solid stuff that has borne the rubs and shocks of time. If they can, let them read some of the standard works of the early Fathers; if not, let them, at least, get well up the history of their Church, both Apostolic and Restored; let them read Hooker, Waterland, Bull, &c., &c. So will they have a standing point amid the storms of discussion. So will they not be like weathercocks, which turn at every wind of doctrine, nor like that worse thing, a weathercock out of order, which persists in pointing west, when the truth is plainly due east. As an example of my meaning, my elder brother, who was at Oxford at the period of the appearing of the "Tracts for the Times," carefully abstained from reading any of them. Whatever good there might be in them, or whatever harm, he knew that he had no solid building yet to oppose to a wind of controversy. And young men would do wisely to lay down the keel, and patiently build the ship, before they venture forth into a deep and stormy sea. I am tired of apologizing for digressions. I will own boldly, that I like to digress, and mean to digress, it is part of the essence of my title. You come upon all sorts of disjointed scraps, in turning over a portfolio; and is not Millais' pile of "Autumn Leaves," a heap of all shapes and colours? Remind me not that these last are intended for the flame; I should consider such a remark rude and unfeeling. Again, you know that I am not for a regular straight sedate walk on a high road. I told you, last time, that I like a ramble rather, and to turn off into by-ways. And it was necessary to explain to you why I, a clergyman, approve of the veto laid on religious discussion at a formal debating club.

To resume. The Prince commonly came in for the second and concluding hour of the debate. All rose to receive him, and he went and sat by the President's chair, beckoning to him some acquaintance, in order to find a vent for his opinions on the speeches and their sentiments. Some of the speeches were really good, and some as amusing from their deplorable badness. Among the speakers you might trace, incipiently, the sarcastic Disraeli, the wordy Gladstone, the don't care Palmerston, the Bright theory,—that all black is white, all wrong is right; the caution and sailing-with-the-wind of Russell; and so on, through the shades of speakers, from highest Toryism, to the depths of extreme Revolution. Interesting, however, is the study of all this, and you feel that, perhaps, you are listening to the early efforts of some, on whose lips the interest and the fate of nations may hereafter hang.

On the particular evening which I am about to describe, the discussion was to be, "On the Reality of Ghosts and Apparitions." The subject seemed to be a popular one; the room was literally crammed. The Prince came at his usual time, and when the discussion was hottest; and was evidently

much interested and amused. Notwithstanding the exertions of the learned advocates for their shadowy clients, the matter was going hard with the ghosts. But here appeared a new and unexpected ally. An undergraduate, with head nearly bald; evidently much older than most of the race Undergrad., arose in the breach. His manner was eager and excited, he spoke with a slight, but unmistakable, brogue. He had never spoken before, but now he had listened until he could stand it no longer. Like the "Disinherited Knight" in the lists of Ashby de la Zouche, he rode forth, alone, to defy the opposite side already secure of victory. Interest, which had flagged before, was quickened anew, as the last champion of the spectres couched his lance. And at the foe he went, helterskelter, with plenty of pluck, if not much of science. What with his brogue, what with his energy, what with his excitement, the room was in a roar. But laughter and chaff fell like feathers or snowflakes upon a coat of mail. With much assurance, much earnestness, and some reason on his side, he went on, and said all that he meant to say,—and perhaps more. He, being older than most there, rather incautiously dwelt upon their youth. A voice from the benches hailed him, hereupon, as a deputation from the Parent society. As the speaker did not look much like a ghost, being comfortable, not to say jolly, in his appearance, the sally was received with shouts of laughter. At last he appealed to the account of the apparition which appeared to Saul,—in corroboration of his view. An uproar arose. The Bible was a barred book! Order! Chair! &c., &c.

The O'Morgan (so I will call him) stood firm, and flinched not. He contended that he might quote the Bible history as any other book of history, provided that he did not, at that time, claim for its testimony more weight in argument than for any other well-authenticated and reliable historical narrative. And, reason evidently being on his side, he carried the day. The President, though somewhat hesitatingly, was obliged to own him in the right. And thus the O'Morgan triumphed over his foes. I believe that, after all, the cause went against his clients. But his good humour, and earnestness, and tenacity, were the amusement of the assembly, and his fame spread quickly through the University. He told me afterwards, that, being excited, and never having spoken before, he feared he had committed himself, but I endeavoured to reassure him on that head. He was of my later Oxford acquaintance, and a Leaf may hereafter turn up with some more particulars of a pleasant importation from the sister Isle.

I have yet another scene, and that the most interesting,—in which the Prince appeared. But the editor, like Atropos, is waiting to cut off the thread that I am spinning,—a thread perhaps already too long. I will defer this episode to another Leaf, which Leaf I will head with a name worthy of high honour, "The Bishop of Oxford." You shall see what I have then to say about a good and earnest man, who will be better under-

stood, and less undervalued, when a quiet cross marks the place of the now busy brain, and soft sward wraps the heart that now beats with zeal for his Lord, and,—where the feet at last rest that are now busy about his Master's business,—we see only—

"The letters of his name,"

and but

"The number of his years."

"Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest,
Let them rave.

Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave;
Let them rave.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form;
Let them rave.
Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave,
Let them rave."

Yes, the living, while they live with us, to them we are very niggards of our praise and kindness, doling it out like the last rations on a raft. But when Death comes he smites a sudden repentance into hearts really generous, and we begin to bethink us, that we might often have praised where we said nothing, and have sometimes been silent where we have blamed. And on this subject, and on the Prince too, I shall have more to say in a future Leaf.

V. I. R.

AMONG THE FLOWERS.

Come away! let us stray to you sweet still vale,
As in happier hours of old;
For though hearts are frail, the flowers will not fail,
And the cowslip will chequer the wold.

And often it seems in my dreams by night
When the hours go gliding slow,
That a face comes back like a blossom of light
From the spring of the long ago.

For the daisy-bud brings its tale of love That never can fade away,

For it tells of my little one taken above Ere sorrow could dim or decay.

And the violet too, from her bonnet of blue,
Breathes a prayer that I cannot deny;
For she looks like a maid that my boyhood knew
With the glance of a dew-bright eye.

Yet the primrose peeps like a laughing star 'Mid her sisters down in the dale, And the blithe blue-bell rings a soft farewell, To the lark as he mounts the gale.

So when snows fall fast on earth's weary ways,
And the winter of life grows chill,
Away from the blast, I smile back on the past,
And dream 'mid the May-blossoms still!

ALSAGER HAY HILL.

CIVIL WAR.

A field of battle in appalling gloom
Arose before me covered with the dead;
And the recording angel with a plume
Of darkness was recording, and I read.

The tale I read of sons, sires, brothers, friends,
Who 'gainst each other there contending fell,
With circumstance of horror meet for lyres,
Fingered by fiends to the delight of Hell:

And of that Angel reason sad inquired.

He with delay of momentary thought,

And wave of plume uplift, and words inspired,

A cloud of demons fierce and dusky brought:

Who, winging to command the field of death,
To unencumbered space dread burdens bore,
In order strange disposing them, while breath
Suspenseful held, I wondering more and more;

Then cloudlike rose, and, o'er their finished task Superincumbent, pinions spread afar, With fires, their dusky bodies faintly mask, Lighting the lurid letters Civil War—

Writ in grouped corpses on that page of strife.
Such the strange answer that dread Angel gave;
When I then, "Would they might re-enter life,
Each other to forgive," they, at a wave

Of his recording plume, to life arose,
As they had died not: by a moment's love,
Bewildered, stood; then rushed together—foes,
With yells re-echoed by the fiends above.

But speaking, he in pity e'er they closed,
The life so lately given took away;
When dropped they still in order strange disposed
Of Civil War, and agonizing lay

Horrible, terrible, a ghastly sight;
Sons, brothers, sires, who had each other slain;
The zealous fiends made choice with such to write
Those wild words—Civil War—upon that plain.

Brother lay bayoneting brother there,
Son sabring sire, and friend destroying friend;
A bas-relief of Hell beneath that glare,
Those words seemed, and that Angel too a fiend.

Sadly he smiled, the spell in mercy broke;
But vanishing the vision left a trace;
Returns the shudder still with which I woke,
Those words abhorrent, and each ghastly face.

And Civil War is terrible, for fiends
Write it for me in letters wild, which are
The corpses grouped of sons, sires, brothers, friends,
Who have each other slain in Civil War.
HESPER WEST.

As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odour every day, so let your Christian life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God.

LOSING, SEEKING, AND FINDING. BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADEN POWER."

[Continued from p. 173.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE DOCKS-A FEATHER.

"We do but row, Fate steers the boat."
HUDIBRAS

Months passed on, and found young Steyne still seeking employment. So hopeless had it now become, that as winter set in, he would gladly have accepted work which he had at first rejected, confident in the certainty of obtaining something more suitable to his capabilities and wishes. Now, in turn, his services were declined, even here: the severe weather found hundreds in a like position, with whom employment at other seasons was regular.

His store of money had dwindled slowly, in spite of every possible economy; the faster that Philip's unhappy neighbour, poor Mrs. Hinton (or Deering, as she had called herself), had been a great part of the time failing in health, and become totally dependent on him, without whose assistance she

must have fared but sorrily.

The young man took care that she should want for nothing; he enlisted the services of the woman lodging beneath, who had brought him to the house the first night; and who, for a small remuneration, readily undertook to tend the invalid; and, for a wonder, fell in with his express injunction that not a drop of intoxicating drink should be con-

veyed to her, under any pretext whatever.

Cary had counted on a willing auxiliary in aiding her to her favourite stimulant, but she found all her entreaties and supplication vain. The woman declared "she'd not see the young feller cheated. She'd ha' likely died in the work'us if it hadn't been for him, and she was blessed if one penny of the money as he put into her hands should go in drink, that it shouldn't—she knew nobody never died for want on it, so that was all stuff. When Mrs. Deering got well, she might do as she liked; but not a drop would she get of her, so she might rest easy."

That the miserable creature did suffer for the time, from the craving of the unnatural appetite she had fostered, there is no doubt; that the regimen of quiet, and nourishing food, restored her from what would have carried her off under another course, is certain: and the young mentor did not let slip the occasion of her expressing her deep gratitude to him, to impress upon her the blessings and advantages of relinquishing the use of the hateful poison which had already told fearfully

upon her constitution.

But anxieties for himself were weighing heavily upon him. Ceasing to draw any distinction, setting aside all preference or prejudice, he made up

his mind to accept absolutely anything that offered, but for some time he found himself not one whit the nearer. He might have indulged in the extreme of fastidiousness, for anything that his determination benefited him.

With horror he contemplated the probability of finding himself destitute in this great city—a

stranger, friendless, without a resource.

Small need to tell of the weary days spent in pacing the long bustling streets; in anxious scanning of advertisements, in meals abridged to save the pence necessary for registry-fee at some petty office, for searching the pages of some especial journal; or in the brief indulgence of some heart-sickening hope, raised only to be again and again dashed from him; of sleepless nights, passed in recalling the scenes of long ago, and the curse that had blighted it: such memories ever reverting to the one fixed idea, clinching yet more firmly that solemn purpose to which he had vowed himself—revenge upon the man.

"It's just that I live for," he would say to himself; when—lashed to agony by the vivid images memory conjured up—he would rise from his bed, and pace his wretched garret to and fro. "It will come—the time will come, unlikely as it now seems—the time of my revenge will come, and I care not what I suffer, what I have to bear to gain

it."

For Philip associated but that one name with the ruin of his family. He admitted no shading of the history, no lighter thread was woven in with the blank web of absolute wrong. But for Crichton they would all have been living together now, well and happy. Wrong upon wrong, sorrow upon sorrow, had come to swell the sum of the great account, and his own destitute and forlorn state formed a share, the more galling that it seemed to mock at all his sworn purpose of retaliation.

Poor Cary sympathised with his trouble as far as she could enter into it; her scanty fire and frugal supper were always placed at his service, with cheerfulness; but Steyne most usually preferred going hungry to bed, where he might be alone with his grief: and, truth to say, Cary stood somewhat in awe of the stern young advocate of a self-discipline which entered not into the conformation of

Early in April, Philip found work.

The son of a lodger, in the miserable haunt at Bedfordbury, got work in the Docks: his mother was removing to a locality more convenient to the employment; and, taking leave of her gossip, Mrs. Deering, she spoke of her boy's good fortune.

Cary, ignorant even of what the employment in question might be, related the circumstance to Philip; who, careless what it was, so it should be work, went, found, and entered upon, the duties of

a dock labourer.

the woman.

We need not dwell upon all he felt and thought in this new phase of reality; or how near he came to the decision that life, as dealt out to him, was not so choice an article he need be cautious of preserving it. When, at the close of his first day's labour, he joined in with the gang passing in review before their superiors—when he saw hats and caps held out for survey—saw suspicious hands passed searchingly over the person of each man—felt his turn come too, and the half-crown flung, which his fingers would fain have rejected, as the hot blood mounted to his brow—came up the old sting, the bitterness—fresh wrong and degradation, added to the rest; fresh motive for life and energy—yes, a time would come, and even that endurance was sweetened by the belief.

It grieves me that I should have to relate such things of my hero; how this cherished idea of revenge served him in lieu of hope and faith in brighter times; how it seemed gradually to become the very principle of his existence; and wrought him up to marvels of endurance, self-denial, and industrious perseverance, which might have touched the sympathies of the greatest moral philosopher going; which proves that we need look a little further than results, before we pronounce upon the

genuineness of the motive.

I am afraid, too, that about this time, young Steyne did not stand high in the opinion of his fellow men, which should be desirable—seeing what small account we make of conscience, truth, nature, and the very belief we swear by, to obtain it

But, in the first place, Phil did not smoke nor drink; in a word, he was not sociable, which those gentlemen, on their 2s. 6d. daily, did contrive to be. In the next place, he never shirked nor undervalued his own strength, rather exerting it beyond its due, than require the aid of a comrade—uncompanionable this; it got him, besides, a sort of distinction in the Docks which was not approved by laziness and envy. He was silent, too, sterngrumpy, the men called him-and when I have added that Philip always managed to look decent and clean, however poor his attire, and that his manner and conduct soon procured for him almost total exemption from the derogatory process—which it is galling even to witness towards English workmen of any grade—at quitting the Docks daily, I have said enough to make it evident why young Steyne should be nothing of a favourite among his daily associates.

With poor Cary I fear he was not much more so, though she cooked, and mended and ironed his linen, being remunerated liberally by Philip. They still occupied adjoining garrets, nearer the young man's "place of business;" but, truth to say, Mrs. Deering stood in wholesome awe of the stronger judgment, where her conscience too keenly reproached her; and she scarcely held him so dear as she might, considering how disinterestedly he

sought only her welfare.

I am not sure that Steyne was at this time altogether unhappy. He had a purpose, and a Purpose, my friends, will sometimes stand a good deal for happiness—somewhat like the ghost of the loved dead in its resemblance—a fearful substitute, but still one; and he kept to his purpose with a will.

The moment four o'clock released him from the

Docks, he sped in search of other employment, which in due course he found, I forget now what; but it held him on till late into the evening, and even then he was not above——. No, on second thoughts, why should I risk giving offence to some who—with less of my Philip's proud independence of men's opinion—yet bear his name and much of his nature, and who might rather his virtues and abilities were handed down in some other way than the recital of these passages.

It was a scorching summer-day. As you quitted the broiling pavements of city streets and squares, for the strangely smelling, damp, cool wharves and passages of the Docks, you mentally blessed your stars that had guided you, this day of all others, to a spot where you might actually enjoy the sensation of breathing freely. More than one stout individual, bent on exploration in that locality, actually refused to quit the shady precincts, so long as permitted by the rules to remain, and had very serious thoughts of secreting themselves behind some cask, barrel, or mighty package, to revel in a night of cool and calm repose.

"I positively quite envy—haw, the fellahs, here, haw—refweshing quite, positively," was the remark that fell from one of a large party who had that

afternoon visited the Docks.

"It is refreshing—quite a mercy—I thought I must have dropped," put in a lady of extraordinary dimensions, fanning herself rapidly as she spoke, and disposed herself comfortably to be seated upon a treacle tub, had not the timely intervention of another lady prevented it.

"Some champagne iced now—haw, if one could get such a thing—haw," continued the fop, applying his eye-glass, as he spoke, to observe some object on board a ship that lay just off where they

stood.

"I thought you envied the men here, Mr. Finch: they don't get champagne, I guess, poor fellows!" said the merry voice of a young girl of the party, as she danced in front, and looked laughingly up in his face.

"For shame, Kate," said a very stately lady, richly dressed, whose especial favourite Mr. Finch appeared to be. "Pray do not mind what she says, Albert; she is so wild—and when will you discontinue those outlandish expressions;—'I guess' indeed; you have had time enough to cure yourself of them.

"Aunty, dear, I beg your pardon if I vexed you," said the young girl, coming up to her aunt's side, and taking her hand caressingly, "I did'nt mean

to vex you.

The sly emphasis on the word was in itself an offence, but one the lady could hardly take cognizance of; so she merely added a general injunction to the young lady to "behave herself;" and the light-hearted girl was off again, seeing everything, questioning, and imparting all she knew; always in advance of the rest.

"You see this is, haw,—where, haw—"

"Mind, Mr. Finch! mind, the tub!" cried Kate;

and Mr. Finch, too much occupied with his own eloquence to heed the "By're leave, sir," only by a timely spring saved himself, or his exquisite attire, from utter annihilation.

"Poor fellows! I'm sure it's hard work," said Kate compassionately, as a young man toiled past, beneath a huge load; stripped to the shirt-sleeves, his bronzed face glowing with heat and exertion.

"Haw, bless you, they're used to it."

"Oh! my feather, my feather!" cried the young lady, as the long feather from her hat having become unfastened, was lifted by a sudden draught of air from a passage, and carried towards the river.

"Good God! the shaft!" cried the exquisite, with the scream of a woman; and with horror they beheld the girl, who had stopped at some little distance, to pick up her feather, exactly beneath the descending platform of the shaft heavily laden.

The women shrieked in chorus, and closed their eyes, horror-stricken. The next moment the girl was dashed aside, as a young man threw himself beneath, and, for a moment, literally intercepted the ponderous weight. But it descended, swayed, a huge package rolled off, and, as he stepped from under, struck him to the ground.

The young lady was saved from a horrible death;

the man lay crushed, bleeding, senseless.

With speed the burden was lifted off, and preparation made for carrying him to the hospital— "And we will send this evening to know how he is," said the lady who evidently headed the party; for, too much terrified to care for longer sight-seeing, they had followed the men to the entrance, and a cab having been called, in which the wounded man was laid; they gathered round the carriage which had awaited them.

The young girl, who had been crying bitterly ever since, now for the first time looked up.

"And where are they going to take the poor fel-

low, aunt?"
"To the hospital, where he will be taken care of."

"He shan't go to the hospital—he shan't! aunt, it was all for me, it was through me—how can you let him? they cut people's legs off there—he shall not—I won't get in! Do aunt, please, let him have our doctor; he is so good, he will cure him. Pray, aunt, bring him home, and let him have our doctor."

In vain her friends, and even the bystanders, assured her that he would have the best care at the hospital, that everything would be done for his comfort—she was obstinate.

"It's too cruel of you," she cried, sobbing; "it was all through me! He saved me, and now you let

him go to strangers."

It was in vain her aunt endeavoured to exert her authority. Kate seldom did rebel, but now her heart was in it. Meanwhile, all preparations had been made for placing the poor sufferer as easily as possible to take him to the hospital.

"Maybe," said one of the men, "if as the lady was to send some one to say as they took a interest in Steyne, it's likely they'd set more account by

him; and he must be seen to at once, miss, for it's a bad hurt."

"Oh! who will go, aunt?"

I cannot, child; I said I would send a servant."

Kate looked imploringly at Mr. Finch, the only male of the party. The elegant Albert had, doubtless, good reasons for wishing to stand well with the young lady; and he volunteered his services, not without considerable compunction.

"Oh, thank you, Albert—thank you," said the sobbing girl. "Don't let them cut his leg off; and tell them to give him everything, and make haste back and tell us how he is, please, Mr. Finch."

This arranged, the cab having started; Mr. Finch, much to his disgust, upon the box—for he could not think of going inside with a "fellah." Kate suffered herself to be seated in the carriage, and resigned herself to listen to her aunt's tirades, who, when somewhat recovered from her fright, spared her niece no particle of the bitter truth—that she had been the cause of all this suffering and trouble.

Eloquently as the good lady dilated upon the anguish that was doubtless being endured by the poor young man, I question whether she would have ever bestowed a second thought upon him, further than to send perhaps a few bottles of wine and

jellies to his bed-side.

Mr. Finch's report was gloomy enough. The leg was not broken, but so crushed that there was every probability it would be necessary to amputate it. But fever had set in so high that nothing could be done just yet, save allay it by every means.

Poor little Kate, when the rest had all sat down to whist and cribbage, stole up to the bed-room, where, watering the white quilt with her tears, she prayed she might be "let to feel some of the pain, instead of the poor man, and that it might please

"I don't know what I shall do with her," the good aunt would say in despair at what she considered the offences against bienséance and the proprieties, of which her niece was too often guilty. "My nephew has a great deal to answer for, carrying the child out among a parcel of savages. What could be expected? She will never, I fear, get rid of those peculiar notions, do what I will, though she is certainly improved since she came to me. Those horrid backwoods! Yes, my nephew has much to answer for."

CHAPTER XXIX.

KATE.

"Standing with uncertain feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!"
LONGFELI

That the leg was not cut off—that out of a very ugly job indeed, a skilful and successful cure had been effected—might have been evidenced to any one, cognizant of the accident, who had seen Steyne as, some nine weeks after the date of our last chapter, he walked down one of the handsome quiet squares, in a rather unfashionable quarter of the town—

going, as in duty bound, to return thanks to those to whom he was informed he owed the extra attention and care he had met with, and by whose agency his sufferings had received the ameliorations of many a luxury and comfort.

To Mrs. Caslin he was told the debt of gratitude was due, and right willingly Philip went to acquit himself of it; and also, by the lady's desire, to show

himself at the house, the cure complete.

He was shown into a vast dining-room. He sat down, for his walk had slightly wearied him; his eyes wandered over the huge pictures and extensive belongings of the solemn apartment; his thoughts occupied with his own uncertain fate—would he find a vacancy at the Docks, or should he once more try for other employment? Cary, too—he had fears for her—she had been to see him several times, and, to his sorrow, the traces of the old vice were even more and more visible.

"In the dining-room, James?" said a voice out-

side.

"Yes, Miss."

Philip rose to his feet as the door opened, and there entered the fair cause of his accident, who, running up to him, utterly ignoring the elaborate bow with which he had prepared to greet her, seized his hand in both of hers, and looking up in his face, exclaimed—

"Oh, I am so glad you are come! I have wanted to come and see you so; but they wouldn't let me. And are you well—quite? Is the poor leg quite well, and strong—quite?" rubbing her own member so indicated very vigorously at the same time.

Philip assured her of the fact.

"Let me see you walk, though. Yes—ah!—and can you run, and jump, and all—just as well as

ever, now?"

The young man reiterated the assurance, so urgently that indeed the only doubt seemed to be, whether the limb were not benefited by the accident.

"So glad—so very thankful, I am," said the singular child, clasping her little hands. "Oh, I was so afraid that you'd have had it cut off; and I don't know what I should have done then. It was all my fault; and I've thought so much about it.

Did it pain you very dreadfully?"

I can pardon Philip the little sacrifice of truth contained in his answer; for I have known Kate, and can imagine how those large loving eyes would be looking up, in all the earnestness of the child; stroking the big hard hand the while, in her little fingers; standing by his side. I think he might have risked a heavier sin, to spare those eyes a tear.

"I pray'd it mightn't," she said; then, in a lower tone—"I guess you saved my life;" and bending her head, she pressed her lips to the hard hand,

and a tear fell on it.

The long soft curls hid the little cheeks and brow, that blushed red a moment after; not for the act, but at what "aunt" would have said, whose footsteps just then sounded in the hall; and, ere Philip could have spoken, she entered.

"He's well, Aunty; quite well and strong!" said

the impetuous girl, running forward.

"Indeed, I am extremely glad to hear it," said the lady, with a slight bend and a motion of the hand that the young man should be seated. "I am truly rejoiced that you are perfectly restored to health; and I trust this will be a salutary lesson to my niece, and impress upon her the necessity of putting more restraint upon her actions, and behaving in a manner more befitting a lady. Indeed I shall scarcely regret the occurrence, if it prove the means of confirming those lessons I so constantly labour to instil into her mind."

The glow of childish enthusiasm had all vanished from the face of the young creature, in whose behalf the eloquent lady was so liberal with the sufferings of other people; but she seemed to listen rather with an air of long-suffering endurance than

with any very hopeful sign of contrition.

"Your hair is sadly disordered, and you look flushed," continued the aunt, who, despite her haughty bearing towards the dock labourer, had not disdained to bestow ten minutes on her mirror before giving audience.

"Go and let Helen dress you, while I speak to

the young man," she added, to her niece.

"His name is Steyne, aunt—Philip Steyne," said Kate, almost angrily, as she went out; for she dared not disobey, though her heart was very full as she went slowly up to the dressing-room.

"I desired you should wait on me as soon as you left the hospital, on the part of my niece and myself, to express our gratitude for the service you rendered her, and, in acknowledgment, to present you with these,"—laying on the table a couple of ten-pound notes; adding, as she rose, "I wish you every success in whatever you may undertake. You will, doubtless, like to rest awhile; I will order some refreshment to be brought."

She had her hand upon the bell, when Philip's words arrested her, as he stood up and took his hat

from the table.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; I did not come here for anything of the kind; I came to thank you and the young lady for your kindness in getting me so much better attended to than most of the poor fellows would be, in such a case. I know I should else most likely have lost a limb. As to the accident, ma'am, it might have happened just as well any other way; and I should do the same to-morrow if it was to be over again: I did not think about it when I did it; and I should no more think of taking money, for saving a human life, than I should of selling my flesh or my blood out at a price. I thank you, ma'am, just the same; but I shall not take it."

The lady, who had heard him out, simply from surprise hindering speech, had opened her lips to make some observation, when a bevy of visitors was announced, and with a brief injunction against "absurd pride," Mrs. Caslin swept away to her re-

ception-room.

I have nowhere painted my chief personage as a marvel of good sense; so you will not, perhaps, find it very inconsistent that he should so blindly quarrel with his good fortune as to deliberately turn his back upon those tempting crisp bits of paper, and quit the house of plenty—where he might fairly be supposed to have a claim—with a hungry appetite and empty pockets. But we all have our own and different estimates of the proportionate value of certain things: and young Steyne, it seems, prized the gratification of proving his pride and independence, before that haughty lady, at something over £20 of good hard cash.

De gustibus non est disputandum. There are so many shades, too, go to make up a man's mind. Largely as Phil could talk about saving a human life—if it had happened to be the old lady now that he had saved—well, the notion of the £20, you know, might not have seemed so incongruous—the touch of a warm pair of young lips, the drop of a grateful tear, have wonderful power, for such slight

things.

As he walked out into the hall another carriage drove up, he stepped into a side passage. At that moment Kate ran down the stairs and into the dining-room. It was empty—the notes upon the table told a tale to her quick perception. Darting into the hall, now empty, she caught sight of Steyne in the act of quitting the house; she ran to him, and putting her hand upon his arm,—"Are you going?" said she, her eyes filling with tears-"Oh, I know, I know,—my aunt has offered you money, and you wouldn't have it; I was sure of it—I knew it. Oh she might have done something else for you!—and you saved my life; and I've nothing-" quick as thought she unclasped from her neck a little coral chain she wore, "Please take this; do what you like with it, it is my own. Good-by, good-by, here comes my aunt—oh! do go that way, then she will not see you; for she will only vex you—go." She pointed to a back door which a servant had just opened. Philip caught at her hand, and bowing over it as it had been a queen's, just touched it with his lips. Then he quitted the house and walked slowly up the mews, one hand within his breast; as little Kate turned into the dining-room, and flinging her hat off upon a couch, she fell into what was a rare exhibition with her-quiet but bitter weeping.

As Philip walked up the quiet mews absorbed in his own thoughts, two men stood at the door of a stable which they had just quitted, talking. As young Steyne passed, one of the pair ceased talking—for a moment or two answered at random the remarks of the other—then hastily bade him goodby, and ran after Philip, as hard as his legs would

carry him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as Philip looked up; then added, "Blame me! but it is him! How are you, old fellow? Give us your fist; upon my soul, I'm glad to see you, that I am!"

Philip did not appear to reciprocate the other's cordiality, though he gave him his hand, which was

shaken with much apparent heartiness.

"And where have you been hiding yourself all this precious while?—How's the world been a-using day.

of you? not too well, by your looks. I thought to have seen you riding in your carriage by now; and many a time I've said to that sap Colly, 'I wonder what's become of that young chap; I'll be bound he's doing a good thing for himself.'"

"So well that I've just come out of the hospital, where I've been laid up for two months or more,

with a leg that I but just saved."

"Ah! kick—dangerous work I always said."
Philip gave a brief but sufficient explanation of where the accident happened.

"But I say, you don't mean to tell me you've never gone on with that horse-taming dodge?"

No. Philip, like many another with an available talent at his fingers' ends, had totally overlooked it, while applying himself to obtaining other employment: perhaps he scarcely had the faith in his own specific, necessary to proffer his services. Something of the kind he said to Skurrick.

"'Last'! but it did last, I can tell you. Egad! I never had such a docile creature in the place; it went to my heart to part with her to that drunken devil Busby. But I want to have a talk with you: suppose we go in. Oh! what, haven't you got over your old grudge against the publics? Well, I don't care; let's go into this coffee-shop and have some tea and stuff; I'll stand the damage. I want to

have a talk."

That Skurrick wanted something of his newlyrecognized acquaintance was certain, or he would not so freely have volunteered expense. That he had a motive, and a powerful one too, for deviating so far from his usual course as to state the truth about the mare, is also safe conjecture; and in the course of that meal, most welcome to one of the company, he enlightened Philip on the point. A trainer and breaker of horses with whom he had some connexions, had had confided to him the most beautiful animal, as Skurrick assured Philip, that was ever seen, but with a temper and spirit that had set at defiance all known methods of torture and discipline. Again and again in their consultations had Skurrick quoted the instance of his mare, and of the almost supernatural power exercised by the lad who so thoroughly subdued her; and as often his friend had sworn he was prepared to give a "hundred down," to any man who would break the brute, though he didn't believe the man lived who could do it.

Now he proposed to introduce Philip; of course under certain conditions, regarding the remuneration, for so profitable an introduction. He said nothing about the sum that his friend was willing to give, certain that Steyne would contemplate nothing nearly of the amount, and that he might benefit himself and serve his friend, by hinting as much, and so secure a larger douceur for himself.

So willingly did Philip give in to his proposals, that Skurrick cursed his own folly in not rating his services higher; and vowed he would lose no opportunity, by fair means or foul, to secure the secret.

They were to wait on the horsebreaker that very day.

"If it was midnight he'd be thankful to be called to see you," said Skurrick, "I've laid it on so about you, he's been crazy to get hold of you. What a blessed chance you come down that ere mews!"

Philip thought of who sent him that way.
"What has become of that beautiful girl, Skurrick,
that was with you?" he asked carelessly, as they

walked along.

"Oh the hussy! she took herself off with some dancing foreign fellow—left me in the lurch—ungrateful wench, after teaching her all I did. It was that first made me think of giving up; there was no one to take her place, so I made over the horses and the boys to Busby, and 'prenticed Letty to him. I'm keeping a public now, you know, down

Hoxton way."

The new patron, by a wonderful chance, was not every inch a rogue; he entertained such a respectful idea of the risks to be run, in the task Philip undertook, that he made a straightforward offer of the sum he had named, nor would he wink at any scheme of the less scrupulous Skurrick, for defrauding the young man of any fraction of a reward so justly earned, if earned at all—as he still doubtingly said.

The cool assurance, the simple preparations, the steady self-dependence of the young man, filled with amazement, amounting to horror, the bevy of

attendants and hangers on.

Philip had gained in strength, in experience, in his knowledge of the animal—and above all, in that of his fellow-men—since his last experiment. He knew that to secure their full faith, his task should seem not too easy. Against prying eyes, too, he took full precautions.

"Told you so!" cried Skurrick, as at the end of the second day, the task was accomplished to the conviction even of the most sceptical. "Was I right? Isn't he a trump?"

Speech was lost to the horsebreaker, in the depth of his amazement and awe—as he counted down

the guineas, to "Mr. Steyne, Sir."

Golden guineas! what a language you speak!—
is there anything in this world proof against it?

To him they brought mingled feelings. Poor Cary he would make her glad. Then he bent for a minute over the heap, and tossed them in his fingers, and pondered, till, as his lip curled, with a heavy sigh he said, "Ah! if—" and impatiently turned away, as from himself. Yes, I doubt he would have given them all, then; if—if, she had not been—herself!—if the dream of long ago could have been dreamed out.

Yet he kissed, ere he laid it aside, the gift of the grateful child. Then, I grieve to say, the thought

that came upon his riches was, revenge.

Revenge! O short-sighted and much-purposing man! You should plan, and lay snares, and meditate—you who see so far, and know so well the paths you are bound to tread.

Sweet Kate sent him luck, he thinks: he owes it to her that he fell in with him who puts him in

the way of fortune.

And he seeks revenge—on whom? if not on one who stole the sister from her broken home, who robbed her of her speech by cruel violence, who at this time he deems his benefactor, who keeps lavish house, and leads an idle life of gain upon the price of—the hackneyed phrase would be—her innocence—I cannot think but that is gone, when the soul has succumbed to the body's vanity, so far the woman makes it do the frail thing homage—surely the dissoluble earth should not raise the chief clamour on its departed virtue, when the immortal was betrayed before and suffered silently.

The weeping for the pilfered innocence is usually o'er late in the day. When the drawbridge was lowered, and the gates left unguarded, was the moment to cry treason—'tis late when the enemy's

standard floats from the turret.

END OF PART SECOND.

PART THIRD. FINDING. CHAPTER XXX.

HOME AGAIN-FAME.

"Home again! home again!
From a foreign shore;
And oh! it fills my heart with joy,
To seek my friends once more."
Sone

"Blow the trumpet, spread the wing, fling thy scroll upon the sky;
Rouse the slumbering world, O, Fame, and fill the sphere with echo!"

M. F. TUPPER.

YEARS had passed, fraught with more change than we have yet spoken of, to all the actors in this tale, when he, who had left his native village a dissatisfied and ill-used lad, stood once more upon his native land—a tall, sturdy, dark-bronzed man, to whom had fallen a share (though a small one), of the world's good fortune: enough to enable him without shame to seek old ties and faces once familiar; yet not sufficient to lift him in any sort above those memories of younger days.

No one certainly would have traced any resemblance between the Will Darby of the sunny nook at Piert's Rest, taking his farewell of the baby Rose,—and the hardy mate of the good ship *Grace* (lying in the Docks), from the deck of which he now sets foot for the first time since that runaway

scheme, these nineteen years or more.

With mixed feelings enough the man looks forward to revisiting the old scenes, scarcely knowing whether pain or joy predominates, anxious to learn what changes those years have wrought,—permitting now the thoughts free vent that he has so long stifled. Be certain, it is not inclination that holds Will Darby in town some days after his arrival, where to his knowledge he has no friend or kin. But there are duties to be fulfilled; and it was the great lesson he learnt in his career, that duty must be first with him who would not be last in the race. So Will stayed, and as the affairs of the ship were not dependent wholly upon him, and as other

people were in no particular hurry to leave London, day after day found him still there, with many hours of each unoccupied—yet the business unconcluded.

"Who and what is this great 'Horse-tamer' that I see in all the papers, and everywhere about?" Darby asked one morning of an acquaintance at the Docks. "Not a step can one stir, but on every wall and hoarding one meets those monster letters, six feet high, staring one in the face. In the paper, first thing when I take it up, there it is—two columns all about him this morning; and hang me! if there isn't a great picture of him in my berth yonder at the hotel."

"What! haven't you seen him yet?" was the reply. "Ah! you must go and see that. It is the most wonderful exhibition that ever was,—the most wonderful, without exception."

"What's it all about? What does he do?"

"The 'Whisperer,' they call him; it's said he does all by whispering into the animal's ear. He tames, breaks the wildest horses to be got, in a miraculous short time. No one knows, or even guesses, his secret, though he's been offered hundreds. Fool if he would, you see, when he makes his thousands by it! 'Rich?'—Ah! as rich as a Jew; he must be, for he gets what he asks, and he is just the rage now. Lords and dukes, and princes, and ladies too, are running after him like mad."

"What's his name, then?"

"Name? Here, it's in the paper—Steyne, 'Philip Steyne, Esq.' He doesn't like these names they give him,—'Whisperer,' and 'Tamer,' and the like, so I'm told."

"Steyne—" and Darby mused. "I knew that name a long time ago. What was he, I wonder?"

"Poor, quite; worked in these very Docks as a labourer. Hey! there's Jim McCarthy there, he knew him well, the fellow will run on by the hour; but for Heaven's sake don't start him now, he'll never stop. He did Mr. Steyne some good service when he met with an accident here, working when a lad; and it seems he did not forget it, and when the sun shone for him, he helped McCarthy into the place he's got there, and did the right thing by him. But we'll go and see the wonderful man. Where is he? Oh, ay, I see—long prices, nothing under two guineas; but it's worth seeing, so we'll go to-night, if you will."

Darby assented, wondering vaguely, and almost ridiculing his own imagination, that could connect the playmate-lad of the village with the world-renowned man, to whom all London was flocking—to admire and to marvel at! Yet, far from dispersing, the shadowy vision gained substance—haunted him even more; as that night, within the theatre of exhibition, dazzling with the beauty, splendour, and gaiety, that thronged it to the very doors, Darby at length beheld the object of all this curiosity. In the athletic and finely-developed figure, the dark, sad, yet striking face, the proudly careless air of the man, now bowing to the deafen-

ing thunders of applause which greeted him, the mate saw little to remind him of his early friend; yet his eyes strained more eagerly, and he listened intently for the voice which only awaited silence to make itself heard.

What could there be in common with the polished sentences, the well-toned utterance of the cultivated man, and those of the careless boy? No; Darby smiled at the absurdity of his fancy; yet as the exhibitor turned his face momently upwards, and passed his hand across his brow with a gesture that, thought slight, was habitual, the idea returned upon the sailor with full force, and never

again quitted him.

Through all the fearful interest of the evening's display—when the rampant animal, snorting and furious, led on by the united efforts of four experienced men, was resigned into the hands of the daring tamer, to be reproduced by him, in some brief twenty minutes or half hour, gentle, subdued, submissive to his touch—when in their very presence, a less dangerous animal-merely by apparently spoken words and caressing motions—was in like manner rendered docile; and when the gifted exhibitor, in a short address, urged upon them the inutility and folly of harsh measures, as totally opposed to such results, all failed to cure Darby of that anxious fever of suspense. He believed, hoped, feared, and doubted, all at once; but in vain he waited—to approach the favourite that night was impossible. He was surrounded, carried, spirited away, by a host of emulative admirers, to his earriage: and not till the next morning did Darby gain an audience of his younger playfellow, whom he had fought, and shaken hands with, twenty years ago.

A strange meeting-different, indeed, to any

Darby had once dreamed of.

That handsome, well-appointed house; that room, where the perfection of quiet taste is combined with comfort—the appliances of wealth and study around him—strike him at once with a sense of the difference in their position, so great, that though poor Darby knows now who is that grave, thoughtful, yet self-possessed man, now rising to meet him as a stranger—knows it is the little Philip of long ago, younger by some years than he—old as he looks now, and sad, and dignified—yet no wonder he hesitates, holds out his hand, then drops it, and returns Philip's kindly bow, yet does not take the chair he offers.

"You don't know me—it isn't likely—how should you?—perhaps I ought not to have come. We were only boys—it's years ago now—my

name's Darby-"

The half-raised hand was taken and held in a firm grasp for some minutes; neither spoke: a servant had entered, made some addition to the breakfast table, and left the room, before Steyne said, "Yes, it is indeed a long time. And why have you but just now come to see me, Darby, in all these years?"

He spoke so calmly that the honest sailor felt almost hurt; he had expected something more of old memories to stir him: but Philip had not only in half accepted the teaching of life.

Darby told him how he had but then revisited England for the first time.

Again there was silence, while the host did the

honours of his hospitable table.

How we sometimes misinterpret the silence, as well as the words, of our neighbour. At the very moment poor Will was inwardly cursing his own folly at having come to awaken in the mind of the rich man unpleasant reminiscences, and attributing to pride his silence on a topic which Darby knew must be present alike to the minds of both—Philip was seeking how to soften the painful details of his family history, and revolving how best he could requite the attachment, without hurting the feelings,

of his old companion and friend.

So they had sat for some minutes; when Steyne rose, and taking from a cabinet a small and beautifully executed painting, he put it before his visitor, saying, "You know it, Darby?" Yes, Darby knew it, his absorbed attention told he did. "They are all there, all at peace," Philip said in a low voice. The sailor looked up, with an exclamation. In a few words Steyne then told his father's and mother's fate, adding what he had learned from Hinton of his sister's death. He had, since, caused inquiry to be made; had extracted all the evidence forged by the lying prize-fighter, and failing to discover the place of her burial, yet crediting the story of her death, he had erected, near the graves of his parents, a small monument to her memory.

"They are cared for," he said, "I have seen to that, though I have never yet been there. I shall not till—till—" he laid his hand upon the other's shoulder; then added, "They will be avenged,

Darby."

But the rough sailor hardly listened: the tidings he had just heard were so terrible, so unlike any he had anticipated. The coldness or estrangement of his friend would have less shocked him. In his heart, so long closed during his solitary wanderings to all domestic affections, the image of the innocent child, as he had last seen her, had dwelt with a fidelity unknown even to himself. He remembered her, the light of her home, the idol of her brother; that brother—he looked up at Steyne, he clasped his hand. "God help you, Phil!" he said; "your grief has been great indeed—forgive me!" He forgot the other was unaware of his thoughts; but Steyne returned the pressure in silence—passing his hand across his brow. In ten minutes more the self-possessed and urbane man, playing the host with earnest cordiality, had locked away his grief, with the picture of the old church of Piert's Rest.

He was vexed that Darby would accept no service at his hands, not even the hospitality of his house. But the independent seaman needed nothing, save the assurance of his old friend's good-will, which was strengthened on both sides by the discovery of the tie which bound them in enmity against the vice which had cursed the lives of both; and Philip rejoiced to know in his newly-found

friend as zealous a decrier of every form of alcoholic sin as himself.

But Will Darby felt, despite himself, that between his path and that of his old companion there must lie henceforth a wide separation; and with a heavy heart, and but little repining at the fate which would send him again forth upon the ocean in a few short weeks, he quitted the house of his friend to start that evening for the visit home, which the last few hours had robbed of half its joy.

But capricious Fate had put her veto upon his intent, all-righteous as it was; she had other work

for him to do.

Arrived at his hotel, he found awaiting him one of the men from his ship, with a face full of anx-

ietv.

"It's Sam, sir, has got badly hurt, unlading; they've taken him to the hospital, and he'd give 'em no peace till he'd seen you. He's got a notion as he won't get over it, and it's like he'd something on his mind he wants to tell you, and nobody else. I believe he's not altogether right in his head, and I beg pardon for troubling you, but he takes on so."

Darby, who was to the full as much loved as obeyed among the men, gave the little required assurance of his sorrow, and willingness to comply with the wounded man's request, and in a very short time was on his way to the hospital, guided by the messenger.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A DEATH-BED.

"Hark!—that hollow knock—behold the warder openeth.
The gate is gaping, and for thee;—those are the jaws of
Death!"

M. F. TUPPER.

We weary of remarking on the inscrutability of Fate. It required such good-nature as that of Darby to accept unruffled the utterly needless and unjustifiable interruption of his journey, imposed by the groundless fears of a terror-stricken and half-witted man, who imagined he was going to die, and had summoned the kind-hearted mate, as the only friend he possessed in the world; but that good fellow was only too glad to soothe the fears of his protégé with the assurance of his most probable recovery, and that the projected confession might be safely delayed.

I say the summons to the hospital had been so far utterly needless; yet how singularly by it is this wanderer of years to be connected with matters more nearly concerning others, whom yet the wilful dame ignores in the casting of her many-hued

distaff.

He was quitting the building, when the staircase was suddenly blocked by an ascending crowd. Hustling upon one another came young men with faces full of professional eagerness and excitement; others below kept back the crowd, closing doors upon them; commands, entreaties, exclamations, mingled with oaths and abuse—while above all rose

the groans and blasphemies of a man borne in a hastily contrived litter, by six others.

Darby and his companions drew back as the crowd, now consisting only of the medical men and attendants, came rapidly on to the accident ward, and they beheld a sight not easy to forget.

A huge form lay strapped upon the litter, stripped to the shirt-sleeves, which were tucked up: blood was pouring from a ghastly gash upon his head, it rained down upon eyes and mouth, dripped from hair and ears, trickled upon his naked arms, tracked the white floor, had mocked at the cloth wrapped in the moment round the wound, crimsoned and soaked it. One eye was closed by a blow, the cheek below swollen to the nose, the lip was cut through to the teeth, with every word the blood gushed from it; yet it hindered not a moment the torrent of horrid blasphemy that the man poured unceasingly upon all around—upon his antagonist, his bearers, the doctors, himself.

It was necessary to loose him from the straps; but the instant he felt his hands free he half raised himself, struck madly at the surgeons, tore off the temporary bandage, and, but for instant restraint,

would have injured some one. "It's the Bulldog, the great prize-fighter," whispered one of the young men to Darby; "he's half killed the other down at Lang Natham's-but they got him away. Isn't it horrid to hear the fellow? By Jove, how he bleeds! He's been drunk these

ten days-makes it no better for him." The remedies applied had stayed the effusion of blood, but the fever of delirium was beyond the power of medicine. Gnashing his teeth, glaring with his one bloodshot eye upon them, the wounded boxer raved at one moment incoherently, the next with method and meaning that thrilled even those accustomed hearers with horror.

Suddenly a word that fell caused Darby to start.

"What's that he says?" he cried, and leaned forward to look closer than he had yet cared to do. "Hark! let me hear-let me see him! Gracious Heaven! why it is—yes, it's Tom Hinton!"
"Who wants me?—that's me! I say who wants

me?" cried the wounded man, making a desperate effort to burst the bands that held him.

"Speak to him, if you know him; do not excite him," said the surgeon, putting Will Darby for-

"Oh, it's you, is it? --- thee, thee's come at last," roared the disfigured bully, gnashing his teeth and spitting forth blood and foam. "Where's my wife, - thee! where is she? Thee want's thee's wench, tha'—ha! ha! I did it, I did so—I took her, I took her-ha! ha!-curse you all, give me the brandy! Hit him fair! I did hit fair!-I'll cut out his eyes! Ha, that's done it—he's down! —give me the brandy, I say!"

With a violent wrench he broke the bond, and would have sprung from the bed, but in an instant was forcibly restrained; the bandages were slipped, the blood gushed forth; with curses, oaths, and threats, the now dying man fought at those who

More than temporary would have assisted him.

relief was hopeless.

"Curse the wench! bring her here!—if I get at her, I'll wring her head off, as I did the bird! Ha! ha! the poor bird—the singing fool; the snivelling wench-gone with him! Eh, but we're evencome here!" (he evidently took Darby for Steyne) "come here—ha! ha! I said she was dead; dead, not she-a fine thing, my wench, a fine thing to sit in gold and jewels, silks and satins-oh! oh! my Lord Ducie, I frightened her, did I? Ha! ha! ha! 'she can see, if she can't hear'—dead, not she, my sweet Rose!—ha! ha! dead—dead—brandy curse you!—hit fair!—br-r-andy—d-ead!"

With the last word upon his blood-stained lips, he fell back, flung his clenched fist above his head,

and died.

The men looked at one another, in the pause that follows such a moment.

"Thereby hangs a tale," said one, as he turned from the bed.

"Dangerous fellow to keep a man's secrets, eh?" put in another.

"Lord Ducie, that was his patron," remarked a

"Yes, but he's just come into the earldom; going to marry, and be cleansed from all unrighteousness; cut one ring, take up another. I say, what a biceps!

"Ah!—but there was a girl in the case, and Bulldog had helped in it, I should say."

"Something of the kind, no doubt. Don't you remember, by-the-by, there was a talk of a beauty he took over to Paris a year or two back?"

"Yes," said another, as they left the room; "a dancer, I fancy. Ever seen his place at Paris? It is the thing, they say, and nothing else. He's taste, has Ducie."

"He's a born fool."

"That's not unlikely." Turning to Darby, the speaker asked—"Did you know the fellow? What was his name?"

"Hinton. I had not seen him for years; he was a mason when I knew him."

"Ah, he'd been everything in his time, where brute strength was valuable: fine fellow, he was, but the drink—the drink it was, sewed him up. Now, then, who's for the 'Two Tuns?' all of us? That's right. Good-night, sir."

And the moralist, with his companions, left Darby

to pursue his way.

Which was, at first, straightway to the house he had so lately quitted, to convey to Steyne the intelligence he had gathered from the ravings of the dying man-ravings which bore too much connection with the facts already known, to be unheeded by Darby. For it had more than crossed his mind to question the truth of Hinton's story, when Philip had related it; and he was prepared to credit far more the sad revelation he had just listened to.

But even as he came in sight of the dwelling of his friend, he asked himself, to what purpose should he distract his mind with a recital, which, even if proved fact, would result, but too probably, in the discovery of a sister's shame? "It will only unsettle him besides for business," mused the thoughtful fellow. "At any rate, I'll find out the rights of it myself, and I can but tell him then. A week or so will make but little difference in my going down home. God knows but I may be sent to save her; the poor thing may be sick of her life, and glad to see a face that cares for her. If I can serve her, ay, to the last drop of blood in my veins, how thankful I shall be!"

He turned back; and when morning broke, was

far upon his journey of discovery.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A CONFESSIONAL-WHERE FAME IS DISTANCED.

"For there are brighter dreams than those of fame, Which are the dreams of love! Out of the heart Rises the bright ideal of these dreams, And I, born under a propitious star, Have found the bright ideal."

"And when thou wast gone, I felt an aching here, I thought I ne'er should see thy face again, I loved thee even then, though I was silent."

"Yes, I do love thee, as the good love heaven; But that I am not worthy of that heaven, How shall I more deserve it?"

LONGFELLOW.

"AND you love me, Kate?"

He raised the blushing face that was bent down from him, and laid it on his shoulder. "The truth —I know my Kate will speak the truth, does she indeed love me?"

A little closer nestled the head, with its thick clustering ringlets, and the lips just whispered to

the ear they almost touched-

"Dearly, dearly."

He folded her nearer in his arms; his grave, sad face lighted up with gladness, as he bent his head to kiss hers, where it lay upon his breast, and for a few minutes there was the silence of perfect happiness.

"Let me see the dear face," he said, gently lifting it. The blushes had died away, and the honest eyes were raised to his, brimful of love and

joy, as he held her in his arms.

Looking down into their depths, reading the undying tale there written, did he think of others; dancing, bright, fickle, where long ago he had conned his first lesson? If he did, it was but to scorn the weakness and scant wisdom of that past; to draw a bitter comparison between the false and the true, to laugh—as all men have done, or will live to do—at the poor fleeting shadow, named "first love."

"Bless you, my beloved one," said Philip, seating her on the couch, still standing by her side, one hand resting on her head, the other clasped in hers. "You have made me happier than I thought I ever could be in this world again," he said. "I did imagine at times you cared for me, but then I could scarce believe it possible. How was it, dear love, you ever came to think anything of a sad, grave fellow, like myself? you with so many gay flutterers for ever about you."

"I think it was that very thing," she said, in a

low voice, but in her old frank manner: "you were so different to all those whom my aunt was always holding up to me for admiration and imitation. Oh, I wearied so of them; they were all the same; they seemed to set value only on what I cared nothing for-there was so little reality about them. My very heart ached, Philip; for truth, and earnestness and nature—that which I loved, they laughed atit was vulgar, or unfashionable, or improper: I could not be like those about me; often when I tried, my very soul seemed to reproach me with falseness and treachery to my better self. My aunt called me sullen and proud, when I sank back into myself, when I could not accept the empty, shallow attentions of those flatterers about me. Indeed you know I was not sullen, nor proud; I wanted to be happy and pleasant with them—but oh! I knew, I knew I was an heiress, Philip; I knew, but for that, how little worth would have been all the good qualities they pretended to find in me, and I once told my aunt so. Ah, you know it was no use, she always said the same thing—that the backwoods had spoiled She always called America the backwoods, though I was sent home when I was quite a child. I often wondered, if I had all at once become poor, how long Mr. Albert Finch would have continued to make verses to my beauty, as he was pleased to call it."

"I thought once my Kate was to have been the

Honourable Mrs. Finch."

She glanced archly up at him.

"You never did, indeed, Philip. Ah, my aunt was enraged when I refused him, for he was her favourite."

"How much more, if she had known it was to give the preference to the poor dock labourer. Kate, can you bear to think of that?"

"Think of it? Oh! Philip," and her eyes sparkled, "am I not proud of every thought of

you?"

"But Kate, I rose by no merit of my own. Honesty, and industry, and determination, had availed me nothing, till mere accident threw in my

way this secret unknown to others."

"Is it no merit of your own that not a poor man who knew you, when you were poor, but now blesses your name? Would you ever have succeeded, as you have done, without courage and bravery? What would the Honourable Albert Finch have done, even with your secret?"

"You are partial, my Kate. But tell me, did you really remember me for the same—the working

lad to whom you gave the necklace?"

"Who saved my life," she added hastily, with a

slight blush.

"Oh, yes, I knew you—I remembered the name first. I wondered could it be you, when they told me you were coming to dinner. My aunt had forgotten all about it, I daresay, for it was a long while you know; she was in such a flutter at receiving the famous and wealthy man. How she fêted and flattered you. I remembered you at once; and I know I felt sorry, for I thought you would be now like the rest of them. But, oh, Philip, how

soon I learned the difference. And when I heard you talk, all you said was so opposed to what I knew were their conventional notions; and often when you spoke, it seemed just echoing what was in my mind, only that I could not have formed my feelings into speech as you can. Then I was so glad you had come, so glad I remembered you, and that you had saved my life. And when I noticed the look upon your face, as if some great grief were down deep in your heart, I did so wish I could do something to make you happier, though I believed you had forgotten me."

She laid her cheek upon his arm, and he stood

looking down at her in silence.

"Forgotten you, my girl," he said, after a pause, and looking round the sombre old dining-room; "do you believe I have ever forgotten this room? this very couch, Kate, on which you sit." It was the same where, years ago, she had flung off her hat to weep petulant tears alone. "See;" and he took out a pocket-book, and drew from it the tiny coral chain. "It would not fit your neck now," he added, "so I may keep it. It does not look as though I had forgotten you: it would have been indeed a rare coincidence had my friend chanced to introduce me to yours, so early in my career, had I not sought the introduction. Forgotten you! I am not apt at protestations, Kate-we soon learn, in the world, how little they often mean-but it is long since I have found my only happiness near you -ay, dear one, before I dared hope you could love one so much older, so worn by trial and trouble. Will you believe me, little girl, if I say that many a night of agony and loneliness was soothed by the memory of that dear face, as it spoke those few words at the docks that hot summer afternoon? Sympathy was a novelty to your now proud lover, Kate. Yes, love, my life has indeed known a heavy grief-in its earliest hopes, in its best affections, hurt the most cruelly; past chance of cure, past possibility of forgetfulness. I have seen the best and highest purposes crushed pitilessly, while the vilest aims were let prosper-the gentleness and beauty of some natures turned to their very punishment, that the base and unprincipled might flourish and grow great upon their ruin. I have grown doubting, Kate-harsh, and hard of belief; yet, oh, from what greater depth of miserable despondency, of despair, of hatred of life; belief in your truth, your real nature, yourself, has saved me."

His eyes glowed, earnest love and warmth suffused

his handsome face.

She saw him now before her, as in her heart she always saw him, reading his nature by the light of

"Oh, if I may always hear you say so," said she; "if I may always be permitted to ease your griefs -to make your life more pleasant-how proud, how happy I shall be!"

"You the heiress? For, Kate, I must tell you I am not rich-a large part of my wealth has been spent in carrying out the purpose of my life. shall not be for years the man of fortune many take me for."

"I am glad of it. I think, Philip, you care as little for riches as I do, but I shall have plenty for us both; they tell me I am rich. My father is coming from America soon; he never refused me anything."

"So that he does not refuse you to me, dear one, we need no more. Never fear, Kate, though not the millionnaire your aunt I fear supposes me, I am

not quite a poor man."

"I could almost wish you were," she said quietly, "that I might be the one to help you-

"And the world name me fortune-hunter. I do love you, Kate, so well, I could even trust you in that to read me aright, were it so."

"I know you would, and prove your love by accepting it," she said. "Oh, I know so well

"I have wondered to myself at times what Mrs. Caslin would say, could she know me for the same she once received so differently in this room, Kate."

"You are so high in her esteem, it would per-

haps make little difference," said Kate.

"Yet she would scarce approve your dear loving confession, I suppose, my girl; 'twould savour of the backwoods, I imagine, in her eyes."

Kate shook her head.

"She has often told me, no woman who knows what is due to herself will ever let any man, even

her husband, think she loves him."

"Knowing how seldom they can do so with truth, perhaps," said Philip, with some bitterness. "But, Kate" (still holding her hand, he sat down beside her), "I will not have you self-deceived; you shall know me for what I am. Do you know that I have for years held in my heart a plan of vengeance against the man through whom came the ruin of my family? Do you know that from the hour I vowed myself to revenge them I have never said the prayer I learned at my mother's knee; for how could my lips belie my conscience before God?—and I have not forgiven his trespass. Do you know that in all my triumph of success—yes, even in my love for you-I have not lost sight of this? That I have learned how best to strike him -that I have gathered into my hands every link that connects him with prosperity, and that to-day he is at my mercy; one word from me can cast him into poverty and humiliation. Do you know all this? and knowing it, can you love me?

There were tears in her eyes, as she raised her

face to him.

"How much you must have suffered, Philip, to turn your kind heart to such bitterness. Oh, it was cruel! He must be a hard, bad man, to have made you feel so."

"And you cannot love me, knowing all this?" "Love you less, because you have suffered," she said, very quietly. "Oh, Philip, even if I might wish you could think differently-even if I might believe we should try to forgive-oh, what am I, that I should judge any one, and, least of all, one I love? I, that have had no chance or temptation even for a hard thought I judge you-I, that must look up to you for guidance and for truth. And,

dear, if my love can make you happier, and life pleasanter, so you may come to love all in it, and to think perhaps brighter things—and in my love I will so pray, dear—."

Her voice failed, she tried to go on, but she was weeping, out of the very fulness of her loving heart.

"My bonnie Kate—my own loved darling!" cried Philip, as he drew her to his breast. "If I were indeed but worthy of such love! My Kate, your life has been almost as lonely a one, in all its luxury, as mine in its hardships; but, the future shall be happy, if love can make it so; yes, my own true loving heart, destined indeed for each other, what shall ever part us!"

So do we all—we set finger-posts at cross-ways—blunder and faint on the benighted heath—pore on the compass in the desert; or gaze into the stars, seeking a track across the ocean—puzzling, bewildered, doubting in the finite—yet plan, set

forth, define, the infinite TO BE.

A few years back, and he, this same, half broke his heart upon the cruel fate for which he now blesses Heaven; that preserved him for such love as this. Has he forgotten—though 'tis not yet the span of a young life—when, upon a new-made grave, stood an orphan boy, who in the indignant passion of his heart defied the betrayer of his family, and spared not in his anathema the unconscious infant in its nurse's arms? The man, whose fate he now holds within his hands—the babe, a woman, he clasps to his heart as its destined and life-long companion, Kate Crichton.

[To be continued.]

GREECE.

'Mid shrined alcove and stately pedestal,
Tread softly, pilgrim, for their might is gone;
The evening bird upon the crumbling wall,
Chants its soft cadence to the night alone:
While low winds answer with a dirge-like moan,
As if they knew there lay a hero's grave;
Adders are hissing 'neath each sculptured stone;
Here sits decay, Time's grim and sullen slave,
Wrapping in death each lofty tower and architrave.

Ancient of earth, bright Greece, to thee we turn
For solace when the madd'ning tempests lour,
And though thy glory dwell within the urn,
Thy greatness be a dream, thy name and power
But as the phantoms of a fleeting hour;—
Thou hast a spell to wake each slumb'ring string
Within the heart to music, and a shower
Of beauty still comes like the tearful spring
From out thy grave, while to thy bosom oft we cling.

Drinking the nectar poured from out thy heart,
Feeling the magic of thy by-gone days,
When, girt with all the trophies of thine Art
Thou stood'st a conqueror, and every gaze
Was fixed on thee in pride, and all the lays
Of genius, sweeping o'er the world, came from thee;
When thou the morning sun, with golden rays,
Fashedst on earth's darkness, while o'er every sea
Were heard low murmurs of thy choral melody.

He stands within the vestibule of death,
Who looks upon thee of thy glory shorn;
He feels no more thy soft and balmy breath,
Playing around him like the breeze of morn;
All, all is sad and faded and forlorn.
Crowned with the tearful beauty of decay,
Thou wrapp'st the ivy mantle round thy worn
And wasted frame, and as dead Cæsar lay,
So liest thou, the bright, the beautiful, the gay.

Around thee stand the cringeing, slavish hordes Who would have bowed before thee to the earth When erst thou stood'st a million flashing swords Waving around thee, but who in their mirth Despoil the crypts and fanes where Art had birth, And cling like vipers round thy lonely wall; Oh! ere thou sink'st amid thy barren dearth, Is there no one 'mong those who crowd each hall, To raise thy name again, or e'en avenge thy fall?

Thy crimes have made thee such, yet fain would we Forget the past with all its sin and shame, And see thee now as thou wast wont to be, Swathed in the robes of victory, while fame On swift wings flew and heralded thy name; Deep hast thou suffered thro' the rolling years; Thy penance and thy sacrifice can claim From us a fervent offering of tears,—Would they were recompense for all thy griefs and fears.

A sacred halo rests upon thy brow,
A radiance dim as from the Autumn skies
Hangs round thy altars, where the maiden's vow
Mingled with white choirs pealing symphonies;
The spirits of the great, the good, the wise
Who dwelt with thee, are hovering round thee still;
Soft emanations from their tombs arise,
Keeping thy mem'ry green, as with a rill
Of beauty, where earth's sons may kneel and drink
their fill.

Dreams oft will crowd our bosoms, and we feel
The dayspring of thy glory draweth nigh,
Soft, fairy visions o'er our senses steal,
A light is breaking in the morning sky,
Forerunner of thy power and victory:
Once more from all thy struggles shalt thou rest,
And stand throughout all the dim futurity,
Like to some fairy island of the blest,
Heaved by the throbbing earthquake o'er the ocean's
breast.

Those dreams may be the mirage, which the soul When 'twixt the future and to-day it stands Or presses forward, sees around it roll; Yet as that phantom on the desert sands Is the bright reflex of some distant lands, So those fair visions which to hearts benumb With grief, appear like soft, seraphic bands, Are, though their voices should be still and dumb, The shadows of a glowing substance yet to come.

We leave thee thus, hope for thy future given
Unto the heart; thoughts of a blissful time
Fair as the dying martyr's dreams of heaven
Circling around us, beauteous and sublime,
Telling that when the strife is o'er, the mellow chime
Of peace will echo through each arching dome;
While wand'ring to their clear and cloudless clime,
Thy glad and happy sons shall clust'ring come
And reap the golden grain to cries of harvest home!

JOHN V. HOOD.

BED.

"Oh, bed! oh, bed! delicious bed!
That heaven upon earth to the weary head;
But a place that to name would be ill-bred,
To the head with a wakeful trouble—
"Tis held by such a different lease!
To one, a place of comfort and peace,
All stuff'd with the down of stubble geese,
To another, with only the stubble!"

MISS KILLMANSEGG.

So wrote Thomas Hood, in one of the cleverest, but, perhaps, one of the least known, and least appreciated poems, or pieces, in the English language;—so wrote Thomas Hood, the kind friend,—the good husband,—the affectionate father.

In the National Magazine for July, there appeared an excellent chapter, on the " Public Health of the Masses." After reading it, I said to myself, "What a pity it is that the author does not say anything about Beds!" As, however, the said author has not done so, the gentle reader will, perhaps, tolerate a few remarks from one who is not a "Doctor." In the first place, I would allude to the difference between our ideas of "Bed," in the present day, and our ideas of "Bed" forty years ago. Look back to the times of the glorious old fourpost bedstead, with its moreen "fixings," or fittings! moreen back, moreen head, moreen valance, moreen hangings, moreen curtains,—then came the paillasse, the flock bed, or the hair-mattress, the feather-bed, and possibly the eider-down, above all.

"And the bed, of the eider's softest down,
"Twas a place to revel, to smother, to drown,
In a bliss inferr'd by the poet,—
For if ignorance be indeed a bliss,
What blessed ignorance equals this,
To sleep,—and not to know it."

Before arriving at this blessed state, however, it was necessary to walk up three or four stairs, compassionately placed at the side of the bed, and commonly known by the name of bedsteps, without the assistance of which, it would have been almost impossible to get into bed; as the structure—with its superstructure, had attained the height of four or five feet, and it was the fashion, not to lie down, but to lie up!

And then, finally, came the drawing of the curtains, all round, entirely shutting out the blessed air, with its oxygenous support. It seems wonderful, now-a-days, that people in the good old times were not more frequently found dead in their beds. It would not have been difficult, I fancy, for a coroner's jury to arrive at such a verdict as, "Died in consequence of the curtains being drawn," or, "Died from the want of oxygen."

With some persons, indeed, the old ideas of a comfortable bed still remain,—almost entirely unchanged. In the year 1860, I visited some friends at Ashton-under-Lyne; I was shown into a very nice bed-room, replete with every convenience, as the auctioneers say:—but when I looked at the

bed, I felt an involuntary shudder come over me. True, the bedstead was well enough—a healthy-looking French one; but there was the dreadful feather-bed to be encountered! Well! never mind! said I, I have been dragged in a crazy omnibus from Peckham to London Bridge; in another ditto from London Bridge to Euston-square; in a slow train from Euston-square to Manchester; and in another from Manchester to Ashton: I am so tired, that I can sleep upon even a feather-bed, tonight. But I was mistaken. Next morning, my kind friends asked, of course, how I had slept?

"How have you passed the night, good sir?"
Exclaimed the worthy host:
"Night! such another night, for sure,
I would not, for the world, endure;
No wink of sleep could I procure,
For that tormenting ghost."

That is to say, the ghost which haunted the featherbed.

"And pray, my dear Mrs. H. ", said I, addressing the mistress of the house, "did you ever hear of a certain lady, named Margery Daw, who "sold her bed and lay on the straw?" Well, although, in former days, I was taught to look upon Mrs. Daw as a "silly slut," I now think the straw (paillasse) infinitely preferable to the bed of feathers; and, therefore, I ask you, as a favour, to remove the said bed of feathers, as well as the flock bed under it, and let me sleep on the straw!" My kind hostess, knowing me, better than I knew myself, (of course,) "contrived all sorts of contrivances," for my comfort, (?) putting the featherbed under the flock-bed, putting the flock-bed without the feather-bed, &c., &c., until, at length, at my urgent request, she allowed me to lie on the paillasse, which was as hard as a brick, but upon which I slept like a top, or like a child,—

> "A child that bids the world good-night In downright earnest, and cuts it quite, A Cherub no Art can copy."

[This line refers to the child, not to myself.]

"Tis a perfect picture, to see him lie,
As if he had supp'd upon Dormouse pie,
With Sauce of Syrup of Poppy."

I recommended my friend to try the experiment herself, but she shook her head, and talked about her "poor bones!" so I was compelled to give up the idea of converting her to the new system.

What I would advocate in beds, upon sanitary principles, is, extreme simplicity. The Pawnee Indian, says, (I think) the Hon. C. A. Murray, merely stretches himself on the floor of his tent, taking a saddle for his pillow. The ship-boy can sleep on "the high and giddy mast," without any "appliances and means to boot." Wilkie Collins slept comfortably in a sailor's hammock, when taking a cruise to the Scilly Islands, while his companions, the brothers Dobbs, merely cast themselves down upon benches, or lockers, or even upon the floor itself.

I would recommend, as a matter of course, the use of an iron bedstead, (although I am not in the trade,) a good paillasse or hair mattress, or both, (only let them be hard enough,) with the usual supply of sheets, and blankets, but no counterpane, unless it be of a very loose texture; otherwise, it tends to produce a "Mackintoshy" sensation, as if the body itself were prevented from breathing; "hangings" should be discarded entirely, except in special cases, as they only tend to harbour our natural enemies, the "Picts and Scots," or B. flats. "A rose by any other name, would smell as sweet," and the aforesaid enemies, by any other name, would be as disagreeable as ever.

Ventilation must be mentioned as a thing of course; the windows of the bed-room should be made to open at the top, and allowed to remain open, during the night, one, two, three inches, and so on, according to the state of the atmosphere. Miss Nightingale strongly advocates the system of sleeping with the windows open, and, although it is said, that she has thus been the means of causing many persons to take cold, and to fall into the doctor's hands, yet, I believe that many more fall into the said hands, by neglecting Miss N's. advice.

Certainly, it seems much more rational, to look for a good, sound, healthy sleep, on a hard bed, without "furniture," and in a well-ventilated room, than upon a soft, luxurious couch, hermetically sealed, as it were with curtains, and in a chamber from which the air is cautiously excluded. If we wish to preserve a "sound mind in a sound body," we must avoid enervating the body, remembering that the body and the mind act upon each other. We must also remember some of the good old proverbs, which we learned in our younger days.

"Early to bed, and early to rise, Makes a man* healthy, wealthy, and wise."

> "He that would thrive, Must rise at five, He that has thriven, May lie till seven."

As a preparation for bed, let us take a light supper, "Brevis cana juvat," is a good old saying, and "pleasant dreams and sweet repose" are much

more to be expected after a frugal meal.

And let us not forget how thankful we should be, that, when the labours of the day are over, we can seek that repose in sleep which will strengthen us for the toils of the morrow. How thankful we should be, when, tired and worn-out, we get the accustomed signal from the Master of the House, accompanied by the welcome words, "You can go to bed!"

A. L. C.

Or, "Is the way to be healthy," &c.

THE Church has been so fearful of amusements that the devil has had the care of them. The chaplet of flowers has been snatched from the brow of Christ, and given to Mammon.

THE SIEGE OF NEWARK, March, 1644.

OLD Newark's walls lay compassed by three armies in the field;

And Meldrum, Hubbard, Willoughby—vowed to God they'd make them yield.

But the loyal hearts within swore they never would give in—

For as long as they had life they would keep it for the King.

They were three to one against them—they surrounded all the town.

And the four old famous gates they yearned to break them down.

And Hubbard, Meldrum, Willoughby said,—"Ye'd better now give in.

And we'll grant you easy terms though you're fighting for the King."

And the one to three looked out from the grand old walls in scorn—

And they made a deep dead silence while the herald blew his horn.

For gallant Sir John Henderson was governor within—And he'd sworn upon the Cross he would keep it for the King.

So the herald answered proudly, in the name of all the rest,—

"We know what the mercies of the wicked are at best: If you storm the town—we'll blow it up—we never will give in—

And our gates will keep you long enough—false rebels to your King.

"We've guns enough—we've men enough—our hearts are strong and true.

We will burn the city down—but we'll never yield to

We can starve—and we can die—but we cannot live to fling

Our brave old gates wide open for you—traitors to the King.

"So tell your rebel leaders we are loyal to the last, And when our bread is eaten—we then must keep our

We can do—and we can dare—but old Newark's walls shall ring

With no battle cry but ours—for God and for the King!"

Oh the Roundheads snuffled psalms, and swore below their breath,

When the rebel leaders heard this challenge to the death;

And they vowed they'd sack the town—for it was a shameful thing

To make the godly wait so long by this fighting for the King.

For many weeks and many months they bravely held their own,

Till Famine with her hungry eyes went up and down the town—

And men then never left the walls—they could not face within

The faces of the children that were starving for the King.

And the women brought the food to the men who kept the wall—

And they tried to watch them smiling—as they ate it crumbs and all—

For they knew that but for them and the little ones within—

They would die in one brave sally-for God and for the King!

Then one gallant fellow said,—"We can do and we can dare

Aught but watching tender women, so patient take their share.

I will advertise Prince Rupert—and our homes once more shall ring—

With merry children shouting-for God and for the King!"

They dressed the brave young Cavalier-ready to do and dare-

They dressed him like a Roundhead, and cut close his waving hair—

Then the maiden he had wooed and won stept in amid the ring,

And before them all she blessed him for God and for the King!

He looked into her deep-set eyes—he gave her one long kiss.

Then he turned him to his comrades—"I pray you, grant me this—

If the foe—" he could not say it—but he touched his pistol rim—

And they swore to do his bidding, by God and by the King!

And the rebels knew the garrison and death were face to face.

And they hoped a few days more now would make them sue for grace;

They knew the Prince was on his way, their scouts did daily bring

Fresh tidings of his marching on for God and for the King!

The rebels knew how small his force—they deemed their scouts did lie,

When with terror in their faces they swore the Prince was nigh:

For they never dreamed that he dared the battle to begin— With a handful of wild troopers—for God and for the

King!

And Essex sent nine hundred horse to watch his little

band, And Ashburnham* had writ the Prince, "he hoped

they'd all be d—d!"

The Prince left them to watch his foot, and five hundred horse did bring

To charge three rebel armies—for God and for the King!

So cheerily at midnight blew Prince Rupert's bugle

And old Newark rose before them as rose the early morn:

"I find the force that followeth your highness is 900 horse and a regiment of Dragoons. May they all be d—d!
"Your Highness' faithful servant,"

"ASHBURNHAM."

Then he looked upon his troopers, and his troopers looked on him,

And he knew to death they'd follow—for God and for the King!

They gained the beacon-hill, and the town beneath them lay;

The rebel army round the walls gathered in dense array;—

The grand old castle still from her battlements did

The royal standard proudly—for God and for the King!

And the river by the castle still murmuring did run, For ever, ever murmuring—and glittering in the sun— Unheeding of the tumult—of the strife and tears within

Of those who still fought bravely, but were starving for the King!

All around, and on the foe, Rupert's eagle glance did fall;

Then he turn'd him to his troopers,—five hundred men in all;—

And then his voice rose loud and clear above the shouts and din,

Rose clear and high his battle cry —" For God and for the King!"

They are seen upon the hill-top, all dark against the sky,

They are sweeping down the hill-side, to death or victory!

They have burst upon the rebels, and Newark heard the hymn—

(None ever sounded sweeter)—for God and for the King!

They are round him—all those Roundheads—they surround his little band,

They are fighting against hundreds, they are fighting hand to hand;

And ever in the thickest fight, where shot like hail pour'd in,

Rose loud and high that dauntless cry—for God and for the King!

The garrison have sallied out, the foe fall back apace, For Rupert presses onward, neither gives nor asks for grace.

And ever in the hottest fight, above the battle din, His battle word is clearly heard—for God and for the King!

They have won the bridge—those troopers—they will keep it to the death,

And the foes are drinking hard in the bubbling stream beneath:

And down the grey hill-side Rupert's Foot is marching in—

And echo joins the battle-cry—for God and for the King!

They have sheathed their bloody blades at his word—those troopers wild—

For he swore he'd shoot the first that harm'd a woman or a child;—

And the foe have begged for quarter, they are ready to give in,

And leave Newark and her standard to God and to the King! M. E. G.

As he entered the old gates one cry of triumph rose, To bless and welcome him who had saved them from their foes.

The women kiss his charger, and the little children sing,—

"Prince Rupert's brought us bread to eat from God and from the King!"

And that brave young cavalier, ready to do and dare, She will find him near the bridge when she goes to seek him there,

Close beside old Newark's walls; but he never heard them ring

With merry children shouting—for God and for the King!

[From Warburton's "Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers." Vol. ii., p. 392.]

MELBOURNE.

MELBOURNE, for the period of it s existence, is, undoubtedly, the most wonderful city in the world. It is the growth of a single generation; indeed, mostly of the last ten or twelve years. Earlier, it was only a long straggling village, or embryo town, with stumps of felled forest trees in its streets. Now it is a large city, extending two and a half miles in length, and one and a half in breadth. On all the land sides—amidst park-like scenery it is surrounded with thickly-populated and richlyornamental suburbs. It has at present more than 100,000 inhabitants, and its numbers are constantly increasing. The streets are wide, well paved, and well laid out; and you see in them stores, shops, and houses of good architectural styles; some resemble what are seen in the west end of London; but for the most part they resemble those of a good second-class city, or enterprising English town. The city is already rich in public buildings, and these are continually on the increase. Some of them, for government and legislative uses, are even sumptuous in their character and decorations. A dark-grey granite is obtained from the hills on which the city is built; it would seem to be imperishable in its consolidated hardness, and this, with freestone dressings, supplies good materials for massive public works. Many of the shops and warehouses are of grey-white grit stone, clean and ornamental, as in the best streets of Manchester and Liverpool. The broad footways at the sides of the streets are thronged with busy, enterprising men of all nations, but chiefly of the Anglo-Saxon race, and from the old country; while the macadamized roads between are filled with waggons, carts, bullock-drays, and various vehicles of mer-Some of the drivers of these carriages, as well as other passengers on foot and horseback, show by their garb of high-leathern

boots and "cabbage-tree" hats, as also by their sun-burnt, unshaven faces, that they are from the interior of the colony, where men have to rough it. But, mingled with these, are gentlemanlylooking merchants and tradesmen, portly and flourishing as in Hull or Bristol; while ladies of gay dress and equipages move to and fro, at certain hours, for promenade and for purchases. Indeed, throughout the city there is a "well-to-do" air with the inhabitants. Rags and beggary are unknown. No tattered urchin tips his cap at the crossings, and, with besom in hand, besieges you for halfpence. All but rakes and profligates are well dressed; for all who will work may work, and that at wages which may feed and clothe them. The most helpless are, perhaps, "fast" young men who go there as clerks, accountants, and "editors," and not to do work out of doors. These, really, glut the market. But all who are willing to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow may do so in Melbourne. Money is not now so plentiful as it was; and wages are not so high; but a common labourer in the field, or breaking stones upon the road, has from seven shillings to ten shillings per day: while a mechanic or an artisan, will have from fifteen shillings to twenty shillings. Rents are not so costly as they were, having fallen, on the average one-half within the last six years. My host paid at one time so much as £4,000 a year rent for his house and store, and these were not at all of more than ordinary pretensions. Servants' wages are still high; a good female servant has from thirty to forty, and even to fifty pounds a year. These circumstances give the inhabitants a free, independent bearing; and it is impossible to go through the streets of Melbourne without perceiving that it is an energetic and flourishing city. It has lengthwise nine spacious thoroughfares, or principal streets, which are crossed by streets equally broad and imposing; and these are intersected at right angles by numerous narrower streets, and branching out into the outskirts of the city in all directions. The city is daily washed and kept clean by an abundant flow of water brought from a distance, and of such fall and force, that in case of fire, the part in danger may be immediately deluged. The public buildings are scattered about in various parts, but are chiefly on elevated sites; and to stand in the heart of this young metropolis, and reflect that on this spot, a few years ago, where now more than one hundred thousand persons have their peaceful homes, where merchants and tradesmen exchange millions sterling, where learning has its university and appended colleges, where the press issues its daily and weekly newspapers by thousands and tens of thousands; and where there are orphans' homes, hospitals for the sick, and asylums for the insane—to stand here and reflect, that but a few years ago all this was an uncultivated wild, where untutored savages and poisonous reptiles had their dwelling—is creative of no common emotion.

it

MUSIC.

"IF music be the food of love, play on!" so says the Duke, in that delightful comedy, "Twelfth Night."

"If music be the food of love, play on! Give me excess of it,-that, surfeiting, The appetite may sicken, and so, die That strain again ;—it had a dying fall; O! it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south, That breathes upon a bank of violets, Stealing, and giving, odour!"

So says the Duke, I repeat, in a description pronounced, by some critics, to be the most beautiful

in the English language.

The Duke, however, qualifies his doctrine with the word, "If." But that illustrious General, Bombastes Furioso, propounds the same doctrine, without the qualifying conjunction; thus,

"Gentle musician! let thy dulcet strain Proceed! play 'Michael Wiggins' o'er again! Music's the food of Love! give o'er! give o'er! For I must batten on that food no more."

Now, I wish, O! most gentle reader! to write a few lines about MUSIC,—not in the serious style of a professor, because I do not know enough of the subject—not in the comic vein, because I am not fond of the word "comic." But merely in a playful, good-humoured manner, in accordance with the spirit of the old question,

> - "Ridentem dicere verum Quid vetat?"

And pray, Mr. Writer! do you know anything about the subject you have chosen? Do you understand thorough bass? do you know what is meant by chromatic scales, dominants, &c.? Do you play? Do you sing? Do you compose?

Alas! I fear I must say No, to nearly all these questions; and humbly confess, that my only qualification is, that I LOVE music! I love, or like to hear it, I like to talk about it, I like to write

about it, and I hope you do the same.
"The human soul" (says the author or compiler of an old school book) "may be moved, in all its passions, by music. And, as a soother of the mind, and a source of exquisite pleasure, the practice of some instrument cannot be too strongly recommended, as a branch of liberal education, to children of both sexes."

The power of music "as a soother of the mind," is thus described in the book of Samuel:-

"The Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him.

"And Saul's servants said unto him, Behold now, an

evil spirit from God troubleth thee:

"Let our lord now command thy servants to seek out a man, who is a cunning player on an harp: and it shall come to pass, when the evil spirit from God is

upon thee, that he shall play with his hand, and thou shalt be well. .

"And David took an harp, and played: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."

To give a more modern description of the said power of music, I would offer the following quotation:-

"Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not, Her father watched,—she turned her eyes away, She recognized no being, and no spot,

However dear, or cherished, in their day. They changed from room to room, but all forgot, Gentle, but without memory, she lay;—

At length, those eyes, which they would fain be Back to old thoughts, wax'd full of fearful meaning

And then a slave bethought her of a harp; The harper came, and tuned his instrument, At the first notes, irregular and sharp, On him her flashing eyes a moment bent.

Then to the wall she turned, as if to warp Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart re-sent,-

And he began a long, low, Island-song, Of ancient days, 'ere Tyranny grew strong.

Anon her thin, wan fingers beat the wall In time to his old tune; he changed the theme, And sang of Love; the fierce name struck through all Her recollection; on her flashed the dream Of what she was, and is; if ye could call

To be so, being; in a gushing stream The tears rushed forth from her o'erclouded brain, Like mountain mists, at length dissolved in rain."

You remember, no doubt, the description of the effects produced by the well-known "Ranz des Vaches," "an air," says Rousseau, "so dear to the Swiss, that it was forbidden, on pain of death, to play it to the troops (during the war), as it immediately drew tears from them, and made those who heard it, desert or die of the 'maladie du pays,' so ardent a desire did it excite, to return to their country."

I think I have read a somewhat similar account of the Scotch and English airs, "Lochaber nae mair," and "Home, sweet Home," producing such an effect upon the respective regiments in India, that it was found necessary to discontinue these airs, as long as the regiments remained abroad.

And I doubt not, that there are many private families, in which, some particular tune, once a favourite, has been, for sufficient reasons, given up. In my own house, there was once a dear little baby, who was always hushed to sleep to the tune of "The Low-backed Car," but death came one night, and took away the little baby. And we could'nt sing the tune any longer! and when the organ-boys came to the door, and played it, we were obliged to send out and ask them to leave off. Those who have been similarly tried, will comprehend my meaning, when I make use of the plain English expression, "We couldn't stand it!"

If I may, again, give a Scriptural illustration, I would refer to the touching description of the

^{*} If we do not take care, (said one of our talented writers,) we shall some day have a comic "Sermon on the Mount!"

effect produced by the recollection of certain music, under peculiar circumstances, as given in Psalm 137:

"They that carried us away captive required of us a song:

"'Sing us one of the songs of Zion!'

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

But what, on the contrary, must be the effect of music, when its welcome sound is heard as a prelude to deliverance from famine and captivity, yea, even from death itself, in its most horrible forms? Remember "the beleaguered city!" Enter, if you can, into the feelings of our brave garrison when Jessie of Lucknow (apparently at the last extremity) cried out "Dinna ye hear it! we're saved! we're saved! we're saved! "The CAM'ELLS ARE COMING!" And, true to the music, the Campbells did come, and the brave garrison was rescued.

Many a school-boy has, no doubt, ridiculed the story of Orpheus, and the outrageous description of his playing the lyre, with such a masterly hand, that the rivers ceased to flow, the beasts of the forest forgot their wildness, the mountains listened to his song, &c. And yet this is merely a piece of poetical licence, such as that of Shakspere, in describing Bolingbroke's entry into London—

"You would have thought the very windows spoke!"

And such, indeed, as we find in the pages of Holy Writ "The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of

the field shall clap their hands!"

With regard to the antiquity of music, little need be said. As far back as the fourth chapter of the book of Genesis, we read of Tubal, who was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ. In later times we find an account of what would now be called the "splendid band" of King Nebuchadnezzar; — viz., "cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music." While King David, who evidently loved music, makes continual mention of the various musical instruments used in public worship;—thus, we find in Psalm—

33. The harp, lute, and an instrument of ten

47. The sound of a trumpet.

68. The singers go before, the minstrels follow after; in the midst are the damsels playing with the timbrels.

98. Harp, trumpets, shawms, &c., &c.

While, in the 150th, his intense love of music, and his earnest desire to praise God, heartily and thoroughly, appear to raise him up to a perfect ecstasy.

"Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet;
Praise Him upon the lute and harp;
Praise Him in the cymbals and dances;
Praise Him upon the strings and pipe;
Praise Him upon the well-tuned cymbals;
Praise Him upon the loud cymbals;

LET EVERY THING THAT HATH BREATH PRAISE THE LORD!"

And now, perhaps, I may be allowed to state, "by the way," that, in searching through the Book of Psalms, to find out the "instruments" mentioned therein, I came across certain words which puzzled me, (not being a Hebrew scholar,) but which, it struck me, had some reference to music. I therefore determined to consult the chief Rabbi upon the subject, although a friend of mine told me that it was "like my impudence," and I wrote to the chief Rabbi accordingly, humbly requesting him to explain the words which puzzled me; and the chief Rabbi, with great kindness and courtesy, replied, through his secretary, as follows:—

" Office of the Chief Rabbi, London, April 16th, 5620.

"Sir,—I am directed by the Rev. the chief Rabbi to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to state, in reply, that it is quite impossible, in a letter, to give an adequate explanation of the words desired, which are mentioned in the superscriptions of the Psalms, since they require a thorough grammatical and archæological study. He has, however, directed me to subjoin, in the briefest possible manner, the result of his investigations* regarding those terms:—

Neginoth.—A stringed instrument.

Nehiloth.—A musical wind instrument, probably

the flute, so called from the holes in it.

Shiggaion.—A song, accompanied by the instrument shiggaion, so called from the sweetness of its sound.

Gittith. — A musical instrument, probably so called on account of having been introduced by King David, from Gath.

Muthlaben.—A musical instrument, wholly unknown to us.

Michtam.—A gem, hence a precious poem.

Ayeleth Shehar.—The flute, so-called from its plaintive and melodious sound, generally played at the break of day.

Mashil .- A didactic poem.

Jeduthun.—In one passage of the Psalms this refers to Jeduthun as one of the eight composers of the Psalms: viz., David, Asaph, the sons of Korah, Heman, Ethan, Jeduthun, Moses, and Solomon.—In two other passages it means a musical instrument, probably invented by Jeduthun.

Sheminith. — An eight-stringed instrument,

generally a harp with eight strings.

Shoshemin, Shushan, Eduth.—Probably a musical instrument, so called from its being in the shape

instrument, so called from its being in the shape of a lily.

Alamoth.—A species of lyre.

Mahaloth.—Thought to be the same as mahol, a timbrel.

Jonath—Elem—Rehokim.—Probably an instrument which produced the tune of a melancholy sound, like that of a dove at a distance.

Higgaion Selah. — Most probably a musical

* Observe the kind feeling of the learned Hebrew:—The chief Rabbi investigating for the benefit of an ignorant Christian!

Mahalath Leanoth.—A song for the flute, to be sung in responses.

"I remain, Sir, yours obediently,
"The Secretary to the Chief Rabbi."

I just mention this subject for the benefit of those, who may agree with me, in thinking, that when we meet with words which have a meaning, it is just as well to *find out* what that meaning may be.

About sixty years since, my father was the minister of a "Congregational" Chapel in Cornwall. When he entered upon his charge, he found the musical part of the service at his Chapel, to be at a very low ebb, and not at all improved in fact, by the twang of the Cornish dialect. Having received a good education and being very fond of music, he was determined to effect an alteration for the better, of course, both in the music and in the language, or rather the pronunciation. He set to work therefore to construct what was called a "singing gallery," and to give lessons in music to divers and sundry young men and maidens. In those days there were no organs for the million, no six-guinea harmoniums, no seraphines. My father was therefore obliged to satisfy himself with a sort of orchestra, consisting of clarionets, flutes, violins, and violoncellos: some persons thought this was all vanity; but my father replying, not perhaps in the exact words, but, at all events, in the spirit of Jasper Duffle, exclaimed—"Don't tell me of the vanity of crotchets and the abomination of quavers! If a man was not meant to be musical, why had he drums in his ears and a pipe in his throat?" "Then again, there is the instrumental! If man was not meant to flute, and to harp, and to fiddle, why were strings made to twang, and metals to ring, and the wind to whistle through a hole? and why were earth, and air, and water, made conductors of sound?"

So he persevered, until, at last, I believe I may safely affirm, that there was no better specimen of sacred music in the whole county, than that which you could hear "up along to Castle-street."

Somehow, or other, I have drifted into the subject of sacred music, sooner than I intended. Perhaps it will be as well to continue my remarks, and say a word or two about the secular, hereafter.

I refer, particularly, to sacred music, as connected with public worship, in churches or chapels. In my opinion, the psalms and hymns should be good, as compositions, containing good rhyme, and good rhythm, and set to good music. There should never be anything ludicrous or extravagant, in the one or the other. Psalms and hymns are generally supposed to be direct ascriptions of praise; there are some, indeed, which might be styled musical prayers;—but, at all events, they should, in my humble opinion, be composed with care, and arranged with simplicity. There should never be anything to excite a smile. For instance, why sing "Glorious old Cranbrook," to indiscriminate words? Why allow a thousand people in a large

chapel to exhort each other "To catch the Flee-?" thus:-

Soprano.—To catch the flee—
Bass.—To catch the flee—
Soprano.—To catch the flee—
Tenor and Alto.—To catch the flee—
Chorus or Tutti.—To catch the fleeting hour!

And is this a caricature? Why; have not many of us heard similar specimens, if not actually this one? Have we not heard—

"O! for a man—"!

"And take thy pil—"

"Upon a poor poll—"

"Send down Sal—" &c., &c.

No! no! it is no caricature.

Take another specimen, with regard to good rhyme. Five-and-thirty years ago, there was a large chapel, at the West-end, wherein you might have heard the clerk "give out" the following verse:—

"Man hath a soul of vast desires, He burns within, with holy fires;— Toss'd to and fro, his passions fly, From Vani-TEE, to Vani-TY."

This generally excited a smile, or a giggle. "Fly" does not rhyme with "vanity," except to the eye, like "chivalry" and "rivalry," for which rhyme, in the Ingoldsby Legends, the author thinks it necessary to offer an apology.

Again, what can sound more odd and ludicrous, than to hear such an announcement as the following?—

"Let us sing to the praise," &c., &c.;

or,—as a different version,—
"Let us endeavour to praise, &c., by singing the three hundred and twenty-seventh hymn, in the appendix."

"Zacchæus climbed a tree!"

Then, look at the second verse!

"'Tis Curiosity (tee)
Oft brings us in the way,
Only the man to see,
Or hear what he can say."

Now, I ask, is it possible to call this a psalm, or a

With regard to "experimental" hymns, how difficult it is to have these sung by a mixed congregation! There are few persons who could object to join in the psalm—

"With one consent let all the earth, To God their cheerful voices raise," &c.;

or,

"Lord! thou, by strictest search, hast known My rising up, and lying down; Each secret thought is known to Thee, Known, long before conceived by me!" or.

"When our heads are bow'd with woe, When the bitter tears o'erflow, When we mourn the lost, the dear, Jesu! Son of David! hear!"

But what mixed assembly can be expected to sing?-

"The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I am the way!"

or.

"Yes! I to the end shall endure, As sure as the earnest is given, More happy, but not more secure, Are the glorified spirits in heaven."

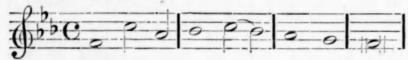
Gentle reader! I do not sit and write "ex cathedrâ," but I merely give it as my opinion, as humble an opinion as you please, that such a thing

is not to be expected.

The system of "giving out" the words of the psalm is, I am happy to say "going out," but I remember a rather droll case, as related by my father, who had been preaching at an old presbyterian chapel in the north of Ireland; where it was the custom to "give out" one line at a time, in a most lugubrious tone, and then sing it, to a most dismal minor! thus:—

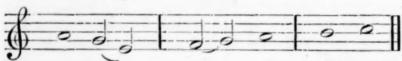
Clerk says, Why rage the heathen, and vain things?

Lento e dismalloso.



Sings, Why rage the heathen, and vain things, Says, Why do the people mind?

Piu Lento e piu dismalloso



Sings, Why do the people mind?

My father had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and he felt his nerves rather severely tried upon this occasion. The puzzle was to know, which was the saying, and which was the singing. another time he went to preach a "funeral sermon," at a village in Yorkshire. Now, it so happened, that, at that period it was the fashion among the Yorkshiremen, to sing at a funeral service, "Martin Luther's hymn," with the trumpet obligato; and, therefore, the said hymn was sung on the evening to which I refer, as a matter of course. The school, or "chapel room," was crowded to excess; the singers took up their position under one of the windows, and the trumpeter was perched up aloft, in the recess of the window. Well do I remember him! as Hood says,

> "He was a nice young man, A carpenter by trade;"

and when the singers had finished

"What do I see and hear!"

and when the carpenter had given the obligato,

Toot toot too, Toot toot too, Tootle too-too!

the ludicrous grandeur of the performance was of that nature which may be "more easily imagined

than described." In speaking of setting the Psalms and Hymns to "good music," I do not attempt to recommend one particular style, or another particular style. If I were to recommend the music of "St. Barnabas," or "St. Matthias," the reader might say, "Oh! you're a Puseyite, are you?" If I were to urge the adoption of the music, of "The Tabernacle," or "Eben-ezer," he might exclaim, "Pooh! you're a Smiter, I suppose!" Now, it appears to me, that "Puseyites," and "Smiters," (if people will give each other such nick-names,) might meet upon an undebate-able land of good, simple, sterling music, fit for any congregation, large or small. I look upon simplicity, as the very essence of sacred music, at least, as regards congregational singing. What can be the use of having grand, fuguey tunes introduced, which take three months to learn?—in which one set of people are hammering away at "the bow, the arrow, and the sword," while others are trying to "crush the Assyrian war!" Whereas they might, as, at some churches they do, adopt such plain, simple tunes, that the congregation are able to join the choir, even at the second verse, be the tune ever so new. And this appears to me "a consummation devoutly to be wished." Some time since, I invited a friend, a Dissenter, to accompany me to a High Church, where, on the 28th evening of the month he would hear Psalms 136 and 137 sung to some extremely simple chants.

In March last, I invited him to go again, viz., on Friday the 28th, pointing out to him, that there would not be another opportunity until Friday, 28th of November.

His reply was as follows :-

"I am very sorry that I cannot accompany you, on the 28th inst., to hear those beautiful *Psalms* sung to those beautiful *chants*;—but if I live till Friday, the 28th November, I will certainly make a point of doing so."

I trust it will be distinctly understood, that I am not entering into questions of High Church, Low Church, or Dissent, but merely into that of a sim-

ple style of music.

The disadvantage of these tunes is, that, now and then, some "leading member" of the congregation may be absent (a musical member, of course). Then comes an inevitable failure! "The bow, the arrow, and the sword" may be got over;—but I remember an instance, in which it was found impossible to "crush the Assyrian war," on account of the unavoidable absence of a Mr. Beaumont, without whose fine bass voice, the congregation had not sufficient nerve to attempt the task. There was, consequently, an absolute break-down.

e.g.

A { By the waters of Babylon, we sat down, and wept, when we re—

G —mem—

F —bered

G thee,

A 0!

G Zi-F —on.

" But all their joys are one,"

I have known the word "all" to occupy sixteen notes;—while the word "view," in

"Hides all my transgressions from view,"

has been lengthened out to four-and-twenty! Now, we can contrive to sing a "Grand Chant," in two notes, A and B; while five notes will comprise many a good tune, both of "Long" and "Common"

metre: so much for simplicity!

Persons who are blessed, or—as Dickens's Poor Joe says,—"t' othered," with a musical ear, are very often "much tried," by the bad taste, bad playing, or bad time, of the organist; though, to find fault with an organist is little short of high treason! I have known an organist play a flat for a natural, or a natural for a sharp, thus producing upon a man with a musical ear, a sensation which can only be compared to the filing of a saw; or the trickling of cold water down one's back. And when I have pointed out the error, the organist has positively stuck to it, and tried to convince me that black was white!

Again, I have also known an organist show such bad taste, as to choose a Long metre tune, to a Long metre hymn, without the slightest reference to its being appropriate. For instance, to such a jubilant and triumphant hymn, as

"O! Thou, who wast for sinners slain,

And, the third day, didst rise again,"

the grand, heavy, solemn tune, "WAREHAM," has been selected!

And as for the bad time, only hear some of our organists play, "And the glory of the Lord," or, "But as for his people," as a voluntary, at the end of the service! Oh! isn't it awful! Doesn't it make you long to march out of church, in double-

quick time?

Well! I believe I have said all I intend to say, about sacred music;—or nearly so, I merely wish, in addition, to enter my humble protest against the system of adapting song tunes to Sacred words. It is said, that Rowland Hill didn't see why the d—l should have all the best tunes. I say, let the d—l have his own tunes, and welcome, and let us have Sacred music to Sacred words. Some people may think, that it produces a "great sensation," to sing a psalm or a hymn, to the tune of "Life

let us cherish," or "Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins;" all I can say is, in the words of an old friend from the brown forests of the Mississippi,—"It may suit you Down-Easters, but it don't do for me, I tell you."

With regard to Secular Music, my first advice to a youngster would be, "Never sing a comic song!" In my younger days, I commenced operations, by singing two or three songs of this description, for the amusement of some children; but the worst of it was, that the children told their parents, and the parents invited me to their "little soirées," and begged me to sing, for their pleasure, what I had previously sung for their children's. And thus I began to be looked upon as a comic singer, able to produce something "funny," in the musical way, after supper. Now, it always appeared to me, and it appears so still, that the per centage of comic. or even humorous, songs, that are at all clever, or worth hearing, is most lamentably small; and the effect produced upon myself, when I listen to them, is, that, however hard I try, I can't laugh at them! I think I once read, in a number of "Temple Bar," that Mr. Yates went to some place of amusement, where he heard a very wonderful performer sing one of the popular comic songs of the day, and the feeling produced upon Mr. Yates was described (if I remember rightly) as " most depressing."

About eight years ago, when a certain comic song was all the rage, I ventured to tell a friend of mine, that I really could not see anything clever in it. He was quite taken aback, and exclaimed, "Ah, but you should hear Robson sing it!" Yes, but that is what we call "autre chose," altogether. I must plead guilty of not having heard or seen Mr. Robson, but I can easily imagine, that it might be said of him, "nihil tetigit quod non ornavit." And that is just the mistake. A clever performer gives éclat to an inferior production, and then, people think the production clever!

Songs of this description are, generally, very short-lived. A few months since, many persons in London were expressing such a strong desire to live with "Nancy," (the reigning belle of the day,) "in the Strand," that you might have found it impossible to get an apartment, in that neighbourhood, especially if you wished to take a " second floor." "The Brotherhood of the Rose," in "Westward-Ho!" was not to be compared with "The Brotherhood of Nancy;" for whereas there was merely a good dozen, or so, of young fellows, in love with "The Rose of Torridge, there were thousands and tens of thousands who were ready "to live and die with Nancy!" But where is Nancy now? Alas! forsaken and forgotten! except by a few enthusiastic Germans. who still celebrate her praise, with cornet, clarionet. and ophicleide! Sic transit gloria mundi!

And the day will come, when Nigger melodies will be among the things that were. There are many performers who have found that ordinary music is not sufficient for the taste—(may I say,

the depraved taste?)* of the day, and therefore, they have recourse to another kind. First of all, they look out for a good name, such as "The Chickahominy Serenaders." Then, they distigure their faces—wear comical wigs—immense shirt-collars—and coat-tails ad libitum. In the middle of a sentimental song, they exclaim, "Yahoo," or "Bo-o-o-o-h!" and, at the conclusion, go through a sort of war-dance, which excites great admiration.

To use a common phrase, it is really astonishing

that such stuff goes down!

Now, I do not blame the performers in this matter. They merely act upon the system of supply and demand. The public demand Nigger Melodies, or comic songs, as the case may be; and the performers supply them. But I should like to be behind the scenes, and to hear Mr. Mackney's opinion, or that of Mr. Sam Cowell, upon this subject. I do not hesitate to assert, that, if I could put on the "invisible coat" of my countryman, Jack the Giant-Killer, and go into the sanctum of either of these gentlemen, I should hear something like the following:—

"Oft, in the stilly night!"

"In happier hours,"

"Give that wreath to me,"
"They tell me thou'rt the favour'd guest;"

or similar songs, perhaps, of a more modern date; or else, I should find the one or the other, refreshing himself with a choice moreau from Mozart or Handel! I haven't the shadow of a doubt about it! But Mr. Cowell has to get his living, so has Mr. Mackney, and therefore in public each adopts a style which PAYS, and, for the same reason, when

a style which PAYS, and, for the same reason, when the serenaders wish to give a concert, in aid of the Band Fund of the Something Rifle Volunteers, they adopt the same style, viz., the style that pays.

Leaving this part of the question, however, let us now go on to the subject of pronunciation and enunciation; that is, not merely pronouncing words correctly, but sending them out of the mouth (according to the derivation of the word—è, out of). It is quite a common thing to hear, after a song has been sung, a remark of the following nature: "How very pretty! will you allow me to see the words?" that is, because the singer has not pronounced the words (and especially the consonants) distinctly, and has not sent the words out of the mouth, with the necessary force.

I annex a few specimens of words which I have

earu	l as I	onto	113:		
Fu	rious	sly		 	Fiaw-riously.
					Despisud.
	,,			 	Despisod.
	**			 	Despisawdt.

* If the taste of the day be not depraved, it can scarcely be called refined. I remember hearing on one occasion, a fast young man sing, in the presence of some ladies, a comic song "of the period," which song concluded as follows:—

"He cut his throat with a pane of glass, And stabb'd his donkey, arter, So, there was an end, of poor 'Lily-white sand,' The moke, and the Rat-Catcher's Darter!!!"

Rejected Rejectud, &c.
Acquainted Acquainatawdt.
Cattle Cah-tle.
Dollars Dawlars.
12th Mass { Mundi Moo-na-dee. Homo Ho ho ho mo ho ho
Homo Ho ho ho mo ho ho
Ere the roses die Di-ee.
" Dah-ee.
By Bah-ee.
Smiled Smi-yulled.
Desires Desahrs.
Behold Beeyold.

I have ventured to point out these errors (I think I may call them so) to a few of my friends, who were guilty of what I consider mispronunciation. Some of them have agreed with me, and "stood corrected;" others, like the organist aforesaid, have

argued that black was white.

But the most wretched thing of all, is to hear the peculiarly cockneyfied letter R introduced. It is bad enough to hear a person say, "I have no idear of it." It is bad enough to hear a lady say, "May I give yer a cup of tea?" It is bad enough to hear a clergyman say, "Great is Dianar of the Ephesians!" But if the letter "r" was never intended to be "said" in this way, it certainly was never meant to be sung out of its place; and if the "saying" be bad, the "singing" is still worse. I give specimens of what I have actually heard in this style:—

The sea! the sea!

Looking for you in the town.

I'll come again to-morrow.

The acacia tree.

PRONOUNCED.

Thur sea! thurra sea!

in thur-ra town.

come ah ragain.

The acabrashahra.
&c.

With regard to the want of a due E-nunciation of the words of a song, I can only say that the singing of many persons whom I have heard, was quite as unintelligible, quite as indistinct, as the celebrated speech of Mr. Verdant Green, when he alluded to his friend, "flowmcawmso," who was a

"jolgoolfler," "and we're all jolgoolflers." And now, what is to be the end of all this? What? why, the pursuit of excellence, to be sure! I scarcely ever heard a person play the pianoforte, without saying to myself, "If I could play as well as that, I would play better." I hardly ever heard a person sing, without thinking, "If I could sing as well as that, I would sing better!" We cannot all expect to equal Sims Reeves, or Arabella Goddard, but we can all strive to avoid palpable errors; -we can all desire to excel; -we can all seek after good music and leave the rubbish; -we can all, even in addition to "the last polka," study the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven, or those of the standard composers of the present day; -in short, we can all buckle on the armour of perseverance, and carry in our hand the "banner with the strange device "-EXCELSIOR.

A. L. C.

FAN FAN AND HER UNCLE.

[Continued from p. 154.]

That evening Mr. Moreton came in, he had often called, and her uncle said, "in a week, she would return." Fan Fan trembled as her old uncle left the room, and Mr. Moreton asked her "to be his wife;" she drooped her proud head, and assented. He was well pleased to secure this handsome young woman to sit at the head of his table, to receive company, to drive with him in the parks, to be an additional ornament to his magnificent residence; and his heart swelled with pride and triumph as he placed a ruby ring upon her finger, and ventured to kiss the cold pale cheek of his affianced bride. He was too anxious to arrange everything to linger long. She agreed to have the marriage day fixed by him, she assented to every arrangement he made as to a private wedding, a short tour through Ireland, and to return in time for a public assembly, as he wished to have his wife seen there for the first time. Fan Fan was passive, but could not look happy, she smiled and thanked him when he gave her some magnificent presents, but had far more delight in sending to Amarantha a large box of clothing for herself and little ones. Her trousseau was less handsome in consequence, but her pleasure was much enhanced. She had to endure the congratulation of her acquaintances, and most young ladies would have envied her lot. Moreton was good-looking, very tall, and fair, about forty-five years old, and much respected in the world. He had been so much courted by mammas, that he was somewhat self-sufficient and vain, and it was not surprising, that in a money-loving age his best quality was having a very full purse. His manners were very reserved, so it was a great compliment when he unbent, and this was gratifying to Fan Fan, and when in society she saw him stern, almost severe, except to herself, she felt somewhat gratified, as she had always been in an inferior position, working and thinking and striving for others. It was when alone with her future husband she felt each moment like an hour: no lovers' little happy nonsense, so inexplicable to any but themselves; no soft pressure of the hand, no fond embrace, or sweet kisses and badinage; all was arranged so methodically, so carefully, the future like a map before her, a gay winter in London, a drive in the park at a fixed hour, dinner parties, and so many assemblies, what persons it was important to visit, who to avoid. Then he spoke of his establishment, and said he would provide a fashionable, foreign maid, &c. Fan Fan was surprised at herself, was it a dream? She, who never had a silk dress in her life, to be covered with finery and yet not one happy thought connected with it. The high-born maiden, in her simple attire, her carefully-arranged hair, and so neat, so elegant in her person, had won the millionnaire; so little cared she for the ornaments which were to make the world of fashion approve his choice. Fan Fan, you have done wrong, and bitterly will you rue your romantic idea of duty. No woman should marry without sincere attachment, and then if trial and sorrow come, there is substance to fall back upon, but our heroine had her faults, and this was a great error. She had done her duty to her uncle and his family, and she had no right to sell herself; to deceive Mr. Moreton, and to involve herself in inextricable difficulties. However, gentle Reader, our duty is now to follow our heroine to the altar, and see how our "Child of Fire," our "Frascinella," will become the rich Mrs. Moreton, of Moreton Hall, in Wales.

CHAPTER VII.

This is the morning of our heroine's wedding. Mimmie is one of the bridesmaids, and some of Mr. Moreton's relations, also Clementina's eldest girl, a little beauty of six years old. Fan Fan was up all night writing to the dear General, weeping and praying. She rose at six, her large dark eyes heavy with sorrow; she had done all duties and had but to see "Dear Nunky," and dress little "Nan Bertram" in her white frock, ere the Bishop arrived. She kissed her uncle but could not speak,—not one word came.

"My child, my darling," said the old Laird, pressing her fondly to his breast; "a weeping bride, -this will never do! Mr. Moreton will be displeased. Come and sit on old Nunky's knee as you have done so often. And now Fan Fan, you must not give way to your fits of passion with Mr. Moreton, you must subdue your pride, and conceal your natural sensitiveness. He will not understand your sensibility. He will lose his respect for you, and you will be unhappy. To do you justice, for many years you have conquered yourself entirely, but sorrow has crushed your young heart. But when you have not old Nunky to forgive the bursts of pride and passion, to soothe you in his arms, to listen to the throbbing heart, and caress you into tranquillity, to gaze, as now, upon the upturned pleading lovely countenance, to hear the soft confession of the faults, and the sweet 'Forgive me, dear Nunky,' as the rosy mouth was pressed to my cheek, I tremble for you, and doubt your power of self-control. You must be a woman, Fan Fan, and not disgrace your uncle and our ancient family by being talked of. The world would rejoice to caluminate his high-born but penniless wife; as envy is so common a vice, and the generality of mankind dislike those who are wealthier and more prosperous than themselves. Do not, for his sake; Mr. Moreton is proud of you, my child; as is your old uncle. For your husband's sake, for your own dear sake, and for mine, act wisely and with prudence." So saying the old man wept.

Fan Fan rose from her childish happy place, her uncle's knee, and kneeling down, pressed his band to her throbbing heart, and said, "For your sake, dear uncle, I will strive to act aright. I will never grieve you, or bring disgrace upon; you shall never

blush for your adopted child, I promise."

The old man raised her in his arms, and her head rested on his shoulder, her dark locks mixed with his silvery hair; neither inclined to speak, till little Nan came hastily in, and said,

"Great many carriages at the door, and the

Bishop is asking for you, grandpapa."

One fond embrace, and Fan Fan ran up to bathe her face and smoothe her hair, and to bid farewell to her little Nan, and to charge her to be kind to grandpapa, be little "Fan Fan" to him."

The pretty child smiled, and thinking only of her

dress, said, "Oh, yes, lovely flower."

And now the moment has arrived, Mimmie calls, "Fan Fan, here is your uncle, all wait below for us." And silent, trembling, and pale as the lilies of the valley which encircle her brow, the maiden descends.

A suppressed murmur of approbation and admiration meets the old uncle's ears, but the maiden hears nothing. She is in a waking dream: cold as the marble pillar against which she leans, she utters the first falsehood that ever passed her lips. She might honour and obey, but to love Moreton, of Moreton Hall, is impossible for her. They are too dissimilar, and are only united by bonds of mutual interest. The words are spoken, the fatal promise given, the ring placed for life upon the finger. Fan Fan arises from her knees, a hectic spot turns upon her pallid cheek, the large dark eye droops with the weight of their long silken Mr. Malcolm Moreton, her brother-inlaw, embraces her kindly, and all press round her and wish her joy. Amarantha's child never leaves her side. Cake and wine follow, and the bride must retire to change her dress; little Nan follows her, and clings to her. Her handsome travelling dress is hurriedly put on: white bonnet and veil. She is led by Mr. Malcolm Moreton to the carriage. She sees her old uncle is too proud of her beauty to-day to grieve; surrounded by flatterers, this is his moment of triumph;" well pleased to see his bairn respected like the lave. Nan's wild cry of sorrow rings in the bride's ears as she has to assume a smile when Mr. Moreton apologizes for crushing her dress, as seated in their handsome travelling chariot, the four greys impatiently prance onwards, and Fan Fan leaves poverty, but not sorrow, behind. Fan Fan's promise to her uncle seemed to give her strength; she had prayed for assistance to do her duty, and resolved, for her dear uncle's sake, to act with dignity, consistency, and courage. She conversed on indifferent subjects, and never found it so difficult to keep up conversation. She wished the wedding jaunt was over, and these tiresome tête-àtêtes. The late dinner succeeded their long drive, and the greatest blessing for Fan Fan was, her maid being a stranger she could not sympathize with her lovely lady, as with a deep sigh she dressed for dinner, and as Elsbeth remarked "she was much fatigued," as her usual pallor had succeeded to the flush caused by the feverish excitement of the wedding. Alone, and unfelt for, our heroine was calm, and almost as cold in demeanour as her husband; voluntarily she had

sacrificed herself; and to redeem her uncle's estate, to pay his debts, and enable him to return to the dear old Castle, this was her romantic dream, and she never doubted its realization. We will leave them now for a few weeks and return to the dear old General, who when he received Fan Fan's letter was seated by the couch of his dying daughterin-law. He felt as grieved as a parent for the madness of the visionary girl, the insanity of the self-sacrifice; all he felt to end in her misery and disappointment; besides it is wrong, sinful, to deceive Mr. Moreton. "O Fan Fan," he said to himself, "you have acted from impulse, from some imaginary idea of duty. Alas! your happiness is shipwrecked." He shuddered as he thought of this child of fire enduring such an ordeal. Married to a cold, calculating man of the world, - he knew him by character well,—and, worse than all, a very peculiar tempered man; the old General gently stooped over the sofa where his daughterin-law lay, and saying, "if she would not miss him, he had some important business in London and would return soon." The invalid assented, and the old General was off in half-an-hour. He did not even tell Charles. Poor fellow, in his sick wife he had sorrow enough; she was an amiable, gentle, pious girl, without much sensibility, and was slowly dying of consumption. Her little girl had died, and she expected to be a mother ere long; so poor Charles devoted himself to her, and if in his inmost soul he cherished the image of the child of fire, he doubly devoted himself to the gentle girl whom he had promised to cherish and protect. So the General left "all well" with these suffering ones, and he travelled night and day till he reached London; and, from the urgency of the case, to prevent this miserable marriage he hardly broke bread, and pale and trembling reached the house of the good old Laird the day after Fan Fan's wedding.

"Is your master at home?" said the General, to the old grey-headed butler, who never dreamed of the possibility of leaving his place, and had his master said 'they must part,' would have replied,

"Whar is ye're honour ganging?"

"Yes, sir," said the old butler, looking very proud and pleased.

"And Miss Frascinella?" tremblingly said the

"Married yesterday to Mr. Moreton, of Moreton Hall, sir."

A deep groan escaped from the veteran's breast, and he would have fallen senseless on the stone lobby had not the old butler caught him and supported him till assistance came. The medical man who was summoned, pronounced it a fit caused by over fatigue, want of nourishment, and agitation of mind. He slowly recovered, and in ten days the Laird was allowed to tell him all about Fan Fan. He never revealed his own sentiments. Dear Nunky gave him a little parcel left for him by Fan Fan. It was his purse of gold untouched, but a few words of the fondest love and deepest

gratitude for his thoughtful kindness.

The old Laird told the General of the alteration in Fan Fan, that she never got impatient or angry, of how pale she always was, so gentle, so good.

The General, who was clear-headed, and more talented than the Laird, who had never understood his niece, saw the truth, and groaning, said, "Does

the child ever write?"

"Oh! yes," said the proud uncle, "however rich, Fan Fan never forgot her old uncle; here are her letters:" and the General's hand trembled as he received them. She never once spoke of herself, all was full of gushing love for home, himself, Amarantha, and her children. And at the end, "Mr. Moreton is out walking, or would unite in best wishes."

The General sickened as he read it, and handed it back. The postscript caught his eye, "Tell me of my dear General and his son, and how Charles's wife is. Write soon, dear, dear Nunky."

"She is true blue, is she not, General?" said the

proud old uncle.

The General again groaned—"I must set off to-morrow, my good sir, and I know not how to thank you for all your kind nursing and care; I am cured now, and my poor boy is in deep distress; I must return to comfort him." And the General got Amarantha's address, and early next morning he was with her, and gave her from "Fan Fan" the money that the poor, but high-born child had preserved, and he returned to Madeira a strickenheartened man. Charles saw his father was changed. He looked ten years older; but the invalid required all their mutual care, and for two years she lived cherished and loved by both, and died a sainted angel, leaving a boy of eighteen months. The old General called him "Charles," and watched and tended him himself; and his son went with his regiment to Canada and strove to forget all his disappointments in the fulfilment of his military duties.

The General, and infant and nurse, returned to Scotland, and after two years the General thought he would like to hear tidings of this child of fire—this Frascinella—whom he thought of continually. So he first wrote to the courteous old Laird, and

his answer was as follows:-

"Dear General,—How strange it was that I received your letter the very hour after Fan Fan's; if I write like a fool excuse me, my head is reeling, my heart beats most irregularly, my child's letter I enclose, it speaks volumes. What a happy marriage! what a noble man is Mr. Moreton! I can say no more. Where is your son? With his regiment, I suppose; and your baby boy will comfort you."

The General was paralysed. How seldom, indeed never, do two human beings feel and think alike; the General read all and wept aloud. He saw all. The sale! the sacrifice! the misery. The impulsive old uncle, the shallowness of his character, so amiable, so loveable, the depth of that of his niece. She overdid her duty as she fancied it. Her own uncle did not appreciate, and could not see the sacrifice. The General alone seemed to feel

every throb in Fan Fan's heart. He alone estimated the sufferings of that high-born girl, and it caused him intense agony. However he kept all to himself, and tried to forget the child who had so deeply interested him. His grandson was his little charge, and he strove to forget the only being to whom he would have wished to consign him. His own son continually disappointed him. He was too easily influenced. He was a rock himself, and never changed; but his son's only fault was the same as in Fan Fan's uncle, he could be influenced. Fan Fan and the General could not, even if wrong, they could not be convinced, unless satisfied with evidence. This made them understand each other, and the General felt, if united to a character such as Fan Fan's, his son was perfect, and she had loved Charles for his honourable, generous, affectionate nature, with good talents and a handsome figure. But ah! General, you are disappointed, and so is Fan Fan, and so is Charles, and so are half mankind. So we must submit.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHERE is our heroine? and how has she spent the last six months? In such a whirl of gaiety; our poor little "Fan Fan" is no more. None dare call her by that name, or the brow of Moreton lowers, and no second invitation would ever be sent to that audacious relative. Even old "Nunky" has to substitute the appellation of "My Niece" in the presence of the haughty husband, and Fan Fan is the belle of the season, leads the fashion, caps and manteaux à la Moreton, and it is quite a proverb "As beautiful as Mrs. Moreton." She is in the first society, and Mr. Moreton is more than gratified. Everything goes on well apparently, and in summer Moreton Hall is filled with distinguished visitors. Many of the nobility overlook the self-importance and purse-pride of the millionnaire, to enjoy the society of his high-born wife, and the aristocratic circle in which she moved. She makes no friend among them all, and she is thought somewhat proud; yet the fascination of self-oblivion wins all hearts. Is there a timid maiden, painfully blushing and trembling when addressed? Fan Fan distracts attention from her, and by herself frankly encouraging her, the young creature has time to regain her self-possession, and never forgets the friend in need. Many a laddie who knows not how to sit or where to stand, Fan Fan converses with him of his boyish sports, and college tricks, till the merry laugh succeeds the short nervous cough, and a bright smile lights up the young face, and if the ordeal of speaking to the beautiful Mrs. Moreton is over, whom need they fear? Thus Fan Fan is as beloved by the children of the aristocracy as she once was by the peasants on her uncle's estate; she had no jealousy, and was always the first to admire the beauty or talents of others. She paid much deference to the aged, out of love to her dear uncle, and many a disappointed candidate for her hand at a dance grumbled, as Mrs. Moreton preferred sitting beside

elderly people; and listening with interest to even the twice-told tale. "That tiresome old dowager, what can Mrs. Moreton see in her to sit still for an hour?" was often remarked, and Fan Fan seemed eccentric; but her thoughts were far away, and the ball had no charms for her. She had sometimes Mimmie with her, and she is pleased to see her enjoy herself; but when the pretty girl, with a beaming face, says, in walking round the ball-room, leaning on the arm of one of her many admirers, "Dear Mrs. Moreton, is not this a happy evening?" a smile and a gentle rebuke for over-fatiguing herself is the only reply. No echo to the word "happy" could find a place in Fan Fan's breast. She, wearied of it all, and felt, but for the hope of redeeming her uncle's estate, the emptiness, frivolity, and almost sinfulness, of such a life was becoming more and more hateful to her. But to please her husband, and get her petition granted, she would obey all his wishes. She received an intimation of Amarantha's death, and a letter written by her cousin shortly before, asking her "if ever it was in her power to befriend her children, thanking and blessing her for her noble and generous gift;" for Fan Fan had given all her pin-money to Amarantha. Eight hundred pounds; it was all she had, and Amarantha knew it. It had made her comfortable on her bed of sickness; she knew no want; and the kind letter that accompanied it cheered her cousin's heart. Poor Fan Fan! she handed the intimation to her husband, who said, peevishly, "What a pity, at this time; I wished to visit Sir Robert Harrow, and he has asked friends to meet us, and you cannot decline, for a person so obscure, so unknown."

A burning flush rose to Fan Fan's cheek; but she remembered her uncle, and said, so calmly, but determinately, "I can perfectly well appear in handsome mourning; you will be satisfied with my dress, and appearance, I am certain, but could

I not stay at home?"

"Certainly not," said the indignant husband; and, muttering something about "Beggarly Relations," the millionnaire rose and walked through the room. Our heroine felt a storm was brewing, and she firmly pressed her hands, and thought of her cherished scheme to redeem the family estate, so no angry word passed her lips; and just then her kind brother-in-law came in, Mr. Malcolm He was Fan Fan's comfort, but she could have endured better this humiliating suffering alone. She rose to welcome him, and as she tried to smile, the tears came into her eyes. Malcolm was not surprised, his only marvel was, how they had not separated long ago; he knew his brother's selfish temper; he saw that this lovely woman could only have married him for a settlement; and he, not knowing "her cherished dream," expected daily the storm to burst. He was a kind-hearted man. He had taken a liking to the old Laird's darling from the first moment he ever saw her, but dared not interfere, as his brother and he were all that was left of a large

and sickly family, and he felt a natural affection for Thomas; he dreaded his temper. He often wondered at Fan Fan's calm, dignified consistency. How sincerely he loved and admired this young creature. He often called for her uncle, and liked the society of the accomplished old gentleman; and being a quiet bachelor he rarely came in contact with his self-sufficient brother. Frequently on Sunday evenings he came to chat with his sister-in-law, and to give her tidings of her home; and as she drank in every word, and smiled so lovingly upon him for his kindness, he thought he never saw a countenance so lovely, so loving, so engaging. But when his brother addressed his wife, in his cold, commanding tone, her reply was cold, in like manner, and her face was as her marble bust, beautiful, but as unanimated, as if deprived of life. To-night he felt quite nervous, and after saying something of the news in town to his brother, he said, in a low voice, to Fan

"I saw your uncle two days ago. He sent you his love, and you are not to fret; your cousin's children are all with him, and little 'Nan' is next to you in her affectionate care of him."

Unfortunate kindness! The tears streamed from Fan Fan's eyes, and a low sob attracted her hus-

band's attention.

"Malcolm, my wife is not herself to-night. She forgets that such childish conduct is quite unbecoming in Mrs. Moreton; her poor relative is as well

dead as in beggary."

Fan Fan rose, and Malcolm saw the fire flash from her eyes, and the blood mount to her pale, noble brow, as one glance of withering scorn was cast upon the master of Moreton Hall. She left the room, her handkerchief fell, and, as her husband lifted it, it was wet with blood. Horrorstruck, he held it up to Malcolm, who exclaimed,

"She has burst a blood-vessel, send for a doctor! What shall I do?" The usually calm, cold man,

felt stupefied.

"Send for the doctor!" thundered the angry Malcolm, "and keep your cruel taunts to yourself. Had she cursed you as you deserve this would not

have happened."

So saying, uncle Malcolm went up-stairs, and in her private sitting-room, he saw Fan Fan lying insensible, bathed in blood! Her dress, her dark curls, her soft pale cheek, saturated, senseless. Meanwhile, she knew no sorrow. He rang for her maid. He swore at his brother. He kissed her hands. He gazed at her lovely form—so graceful, so elegant, even in death, as the poor fellow fancied. The doctor came, and said she had burst a blood-vessel, and the least agitation of mind would kill her, as she had lost much blood already; so she was gently put to bed, and no one but one sick nurse and her maid to be beside her. The doctor wished to send to London for another medical adviser, but as none knew her constitution, Malcolm proposed that her uncle's Scotch doctor should be summoned. The millionnaire, who felt bitter remorse, agreed to anything; money at this moment was no object. His wife's beauty and fascination had raised him to a position he could never have attained otherwise, and to save her life was a matter of no small importance to himself. So good Dr. Brooklime was telegraphed for, and as Malcolm whispered this to his sister-in-law, she smiled and pressed his hand. She could not speak, from weakness, for many days; and when Dr. Brooklime had seen her, and Mr. Moreton asked if there was danger, "Much," said the Doctor, "one moment's agitation might be fatal; the mind must be soothed, and every occasion of exciting the passions avoided." Mr. Moreton, in his proud, formal manner, thanked the doctor for coming, and asked him to remain for some days till all danger was over. Brooklime, who had known and loved little Fan Fan, agreed to do so, and as he knew much of her former history, he saw how matters stood ere long, without one word from his patient, who was not allowed to speak, but who seemed very glad to see her dear Doctor. When alone, the Lady of Moreton Hall put her arms round the Doctor's neck and kissed him, as her old way of returning thanks, when, as little Fan Fan, she had often nestled in his breast. The Doctor was repaid for coming, and never wearied sitting beside her and watching her, night and day, till he felt all danger was past.

Meanwhile Malcolm spoke to his brother; he had seen the old Laird, and he told him to conceal from his niece the distress he was in, as Fan Fan would grieve so much it might prevent her recovery. His estate must be sold; his debts amounted to £20,000, and, as he could not pay so

large a sum, he must sell it.

"But what have I to do with that?" said Thomas Moreton, angrily; "I married the girl, and have made a handsome settlement upon her; I am not going to be troubled with her poor relatives; what do you mean, Malcolm? you seem

wonderfully interested."

"I am," said Malcolm, "and for you and your happiness I would speak to you. I am aware of your anxiety for an heir to your estates and your enormous wealth; I never intend to marry, so if you have no child, where is our money to go? To distant relations we do not care to own, or to some charity; you know how disappointed we were in the boy you adopted. We were thankful to get rid of the young-rascal, and I ventured to ask Dr. Brooklime, if there was any hopes of your being a father?

"Well, what did he say?" eagerly asked the

proud man.

"Only one chance, if perfect peace of mind could be regained, and no agitation for the future; all depends on that."

"But, Malcolm, how is that to be attained?"

"Give your wife £20,000 to give to her old uncle, and, take my word for it, Tom, you are a proud and happy father ere long."

The millionnaire was very angry, and walked about muttering, "how unjust and absurd it was,

her idiotical fancies! to be the slave of one's wife forced to act like a fool."

Malcolm was very patient; he felt for his brother; and yet he saw that to make Fan Fan happy, was the only way to restore her health. He had long noticed that her eye was heavy and she seemed languid and unhappy, and he was sure she grieved about her uncle. He waited till Thomas's rage was exhausted, and then good-humouredly said—

"I would like to have some little ones round us to cheer me in my old age; and I am sure, had you searched the universe, a lovelier mother you could not have chosen; the Duke of B—the other day said, 'she was the Queen of

Beauty."

"And do you think," said the husband, rather less moodily, "getting her uncle out of difficulties will make her healthy and happy? If so, I think it confounded folly, but I will do it."

"Agreed," said the happy Malcolm, "but the announcement must be made by the doctor, as the

agitation of even pleasure is dangerous."

"Well, summon the doctor, and get the thing over," said Moreton, looking as cross as possible.

Dr. Brooklime, who was much attached to all Fan Fan's relatives, was overjoyed; his happy face and eager pleasure irritated the millionnaire. However, he could not now retract, the letter to his banker was written, and the doctor promised to tell Mrs. Moreton. How the kind man's heart throbbed, and, as he stooped over the languid girl, he said—

"When Fan Fan was a child, she was often naughty, proud, and passionate, but she was 'Truth' itself; she kept her word, and nothing could induce her to break it; is she as truthful now?"

"No," said the weak and languid lady: "she told once a falsehood, and you were present, on my

marriage-day."

"Oh!" said the Doctor, "is that all? Few of us keep that vow so strictly. Never mind that; but if you make me a promise, will you keep it? it is quite easy, but you must promise."

"Very well, I trust you. Doctor dear; I will

obey you for once."

"Well," said the Doctor, and the tears of joy would come, "Fan Fan must not be too happy."

"Little fear of that," and she smiled.

"Well, well, remember your promise. Your old uncle will be very happy to-morrow if I write him a letter from his grateful, his darling Fan Fan."

"Ah, no! he is too sad; Marie has, against his wish, married again, and she is in bad health; all

is wrong at home."

"No, no," said the Doctor, "all is right at home; you are going to write a letter through me, sending a present to the dear old Nunky. Now you are not to be happy, Fan Fan," said the Doctor, clearing his throat, and wiping his streaming eyes. "Remember your promise; and you are going to send dear Nunky £20,000 to redeem his

estate, and he is to return to the old Castle, and to take Amarantha's children, and old nurse; and all the old servants will be happy. But Fan Fan must not cry, or be happy; and drink this, my sweet patient, and rest your head on your Doctor's breast, and keep your promise bravely;" and the Doctor fleeched, and coaxed, and caressed her to be composed. He then wrote the letter that charmed the Laird. and grieved the very soul of the General. And Fan Fan fell into a long, sweet sleep. She felt her work was done, and she might rest. She dreamed of the dear old Castle, and of her happy uncle. She saw Amarantha's children playing under the elm tree and gathering the sweet violets from under the old hedge; and she slept so soundly and sweetly, even the Doctor feared she would never waken. Her husband gazed upon her placid face, and Malcolm whispered, "To see her smile thus in her sleep, is so beautiful; it is worth £20,000 itself; eh, Thomas?"

What Thomas thought, he did not express. The Doctor forbade any one to disturb her; and when she woke, he gave her nourishment, and forbade

her to speak.

"I am so happy, dear Doctor, but confused. Is

it true or a dream?"

"Quite true; and to-morrow we shall have a letter from dear Nunky."

Gradually Fan Fan gained strength; and her uncle's letter of love for her, and grateful thanks to Mr. Moreton, pleased even the millionnaire. So the good Doctor left, and he charged his patient to remember her promise not to be excited, but calm and still; and she smiled and thanked him. The good Doctor left her much better in every respect, and promised to go and see Nunky, and the motherless bairns, and to write to her soon. The soft tear of gratitude that he kissed off the cheek of Fan Fan rewarded him far more than the large sum of money handed to him by the master of Moreton Hall, as he pompously thanked him for his skilfulness and attention to his lady. Malcolm took now a brotherly care of Fan Fan, and she felt not so lonely or sad; and sometimes, when alone with this dear old man, she was herself so droll, so cantie, the old bachelor almost adored

To her husband she was submission itself;—obeyed him, strove to the utmost to please him;—but no look of love, no fond embrace, no interchange of sentiment. She was not like the same being. Malcolm took her out to drive—Malcolm made her retire to her own little sitting-room, and read beside her, as she reposed body and mind; and the sunny smile returned to her sweet face, and the dimples reappeared, as together, and alone, the kind old man and the sister in affection, as well as in law, spent many a happy hour.

CHAPTER IX.

THREE years have passed, and Fan Fan is languidly resting, after her drive in Belgrave-square, London, with dear Malcolm, when a letter is

handed on the silver waiter. It is a child's hand. Fan Fan reads it aloud.

" DEAR COUSIN,

"Grandpapa is well, and sends his love: he is so happy. We owe all to you, dearest and best. My little brothers and sisters grow wise and good; we have a kind governess, and they learn so quickly; thanks for the handsome present you sent for their education. Aunt Marie is very ill: she is in London, and would like to see you. I enclose her address. Grandpapa says, if it would offend kind Mr. Moreton, you should not mind; but Marie is much changed, and wishes your forgiveness. So it will not hurt you, but comfort your kind heart to pardon her. Your loving, grateful little

Malcolm said-

"If you promise to be composed, and not to grieve or take it ill, I will take you without Thomas ever knowing; but in your present situation, if anything occurred, he would never forgive me, and if anything happened to you, I should never forgive myself; so consider well, sister dear, what is best, and I will venture on anything but to injure you."

"Oh! no dear brother, I do not love Marie. I pity her, but I feel confident our visit will not injure me." So saying, they stole out, and he remained in the cab while Fan Fan visited Marie.

So faded, so changed, she knew she was dying, and asked Fan Fan to influence her father to forgive her second foolish marriage, and to receive her baby, now three months old. She kissed and thanked her cousin, and Fan Fan would not allow her to dwell upon the past.

"Never mind old stories, Marie. Can I do any

thing for you, now?"

"To forget the past, and befriend my baby girl."

"If ever it is in my power," said Fan Fan, "I will act as a mother to her," and Fan Fan kissed the pretty babe, and praised its beauty; then slipping a hundred pounds into the invalid's hand, said, "Baby's grandpapa sent you this. Farewell, dear Marie," and brushing away a tear, the cousins parted, to meet no more.

Malcolm and Fan Fan kept their own secret, but the excitement and fatigue were too much for Mrs. Moreton, and poor Malcolm heard with horror that his brother had a fine son, but his wife was in a dangerous and precarious state. She was surrounded by doctors, the first in London, her own Scotch doctor was telegraphed for, and after ten days of hovering on the brink of the grave, she was pronounced nearly out of danger. She asked first to see Malcolm, and inquired of him how Marie was? The answer was, "Gone to a happier world." "But here comes your husband."

The kind old uncle pressed Fan Fan's hand, and soon got the husband away to the nursery, where they admired the tiny little scion of the wealthy house of Moreton. The Welsh nurse was full of its praises, and wondered its mamma never asked to see it, at which Mr. Moreton's brow gathered into

a thunder-cloud, but uncle Malcolm, who was the blessed peace-maker, remarked,-

"Nurse is ignorant of the mother's weak state. Dr. Brooklime forbade the child to be near its mother, as the least noise might disturb her."

No more was said, but the remark rankled in Mr. Moreton's breast, and he resolved to secure his boy's happiness by adding a codicil to his will, that during his son's life, without his consent, his widow could not marry again. This relieved his mind, but Malcolm and he, in different ways, felt uneasy about the child. Malcolm feared this boy would widen the breach between the parents, and be a constant cause of dissension, for Fan Fan, from a sense of gratitude, bowed her proud spirit to her husband, but would not bend unreasonably to his child, and the fond father trembled lest his heir should die. He felt confidence in his wife's talent and judicious management of their child, but having once seen that proud woman's passionate temper, he dreaded for his idol the future recipient of his honours and of his wealth, either the coldness he experienced from her or her displeasure. If she loved the child, all was well. But "how could she love my child?" and conscience answered, "It was impossible." And now, from selfish motive, the cold egotistical man wished he had not said such bitter words to the mother of his babe. But he soon perceived that Fan Fan did her duty to the child, and the little Thomas throve, to his fond father's heart's desire, and when Mrs. Moreton got well, and was able to receive visitors, to her surprise her husband proposed to ask her uncle to the baptism. Fan Fan had difficulties in keeping her composure, but recollecting her husband despised emotion of any kind, she calmly answered, "It was very good of him to think of it, and she would write and invite him." But to uncle Malcolm she expressed her delight, and the kind-hearted man rejoiced to see her happy. "How, uncle Malcolm, can I ever repay your kindness to me, your dear sympathy, your goodness?"

"By being natural and happy."

"But am I not so?" said she, looking slily towards him, and throwing down her pen, coming caressingly beside him.

"Yes, just now you are, but generally you are

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"And you know I must," said Fan Fan: "He, your brother, would despise and detest my natural character, I must, to live in peace, suppress every emotion. But, dear kind uncle Malcolm, if you can suggest anything to make my conduct more agreeable to him; after what he did for my uncle, it is my duty to study his comfort, to obey him, and even in thought never to resist his authority. Can I do more?"

"I see," said Malcolm, almost groaning, "I see the error. But there is no remedy, you are not indebted to your husband, he ought to have had pleasure in making you happy, and you should love him, but that is impossible. Forgive me, sister, your plan is, after all, the best; I never

could manage Moreton but once."

"Fire and frigidity will never agree," said Fan Fan; "and here comes Baby, so he must smooth dear uncle's brow, and bring back his sunny smile."

The old man said sadly, "If Fan Fan cannot, a

Moreton need not try."

"Well, Nurse, you may go," said the lady, taking Master Tommy from his Welsh nurse; but he screamed so loud that his lovely mamma had to ring the bell, and give him back; and she sighed, as this was the only child that seemed indifferent

Poor Marie's babe, Amarantha's little ones, the peasant children, even those of their acquaintances among the nobility and gentry, all loved her, and clung to her, but there seemed to have fallen a curse on this unnatural marriage; this "sale," as the General in bitterness called it.

(To be continued.)

A SLAVE'S RELEASE.

" Pay down the gold!" the slaver cried, "I've other work to-day; So clench your chains, I cannot bide,— And take the girl away-

"Nay! speak not now of kith or kin, What matters that to me? The damsel hath a silken skin Her limbs are fair and free.

So pay thy price;"-with devilish leer, He eyed the pitying throng: When, as he raised the scourge, a tear Fell trembling on the thong.

"What's this ?—we have no weeping here, It is too late to moan, The prisoner's brand is on thy brow, Thy lot has long been thrown."

Yet as he turned, that mild, meek glance Smote on his iron heart; And with a gasp he cried, "Advance And tell us whence thou art—

"For thou'rt no mean-born wench I trow." (The maid waxed deadly pale.) "And though my soul ne'er stooped till now, I'll hearken to thy tale."

A light flushed on that cold sad cheek (She softly breathed a name) "Hadst thou a once-loved sister ?- speak! And I am yet the same."

The trader heard—one moment more, (Tongue cannot tell the rest)— A brother's tears unknown before Fell on a sister's breast.

ALSAGER HAY HILL.

THE more important an animal is to be, the lower is its start. Man, the noblest of all, is born lowest. The next thing below a babe is nothing, and the next thing above a man is an angel.

THE UNLOVED.

AN IDYLL.

ALONE, amid a path of fair flowers, That drank wild light from out the dying day, He walked. Earth and the happy skies seemed wed To such fair beauty, that the silent soul Ran o'er with worship, and became a part Of all that it beheld; and heard accords Arise from Nature's movements, sweet to those Whose ears by thoughtful discipline incline Unto her pure and spiritual song. Purple-headed roses bowed their queenly brows, To catch the notes that thro' the odorous air Mingled with each fair river's wordless song; Briarean blossoms from the brambles hung; While daisies, with the dew-drops in their folds, Seemed like Love sleeping in this world of tears. The palpitating ocean rolled and streamed In molten glory, and the sunset burned In flaming bars, like some ensanguined brand Waved lightly in a giant's ruddy arm. Fair floating shadows circled thro' the heavens; Bright Hesperus, the happy maiden star, The sweetest jewel in Eve's tangled hair, Rose lightly as the flashing sunbeams sunk; And, mirrored in the calm pellucid lake, Seemed like two perfect spheres of Peace and Joy.

Like a calm thought across those sumptuous hours, He saw a maiden move; the maid whose voice Had turned the sorrows of his lonely heart To golden clusters of Hesperian fruit; The gentle pressure of whose silken hand Fell on him with alchymic touch; whose eyes Had been to him new planetary lights, The pole stars of his soul.

His blood rushed up to meet her, as the flower That looks for being to the radiant beams Of noontide's king; or the soft exile palm, Turning for ever to its own loved East. He followed; saw her pass to a deep grove, Heard a low whisp'ring murmur 'mong the trees, Gazed thro' the leafy screen, and knew for him The world no more had beauty, and the sounds Of earth would only jar upon the soul.

On a low bank she sate,

And with her sate a youth; the youth for whom
Young Love went dancing in her lustrous eyes;
For whom she kept her heart a holy temple
Lighted from above, full but of quiet thoughts,
And maiden dreams, and fancies radiant
With the roseate hue, that plays around
The brows of innocence and truth.
The rich blood throbbed and mantled in her cheeks,
Like the deep crimson of the flaming wine,
Pent in the vintage of the sunny south:
Her voice came thrilling on his startled ear.
He knew the honey of his heart had fled,
That now 'twould bow beneath this gnawing pain,
As the pale flower bereft of all its sweets,
Bends 'neath the pressure of the laden bee.

Threading the tortuous maze, he homeward turned, With other thoughts and feelings than when late He roamed the path, Love blooming in his heart, The blossom of his inner being, And the flow'ret of his soul.

In strange communings with his spirit, passed The solemn night; the worm of memory Slept not; dark and heavy drooped the gloom That hung around him, like a thunder cloud, Shading the grandeur of his summer hours; Long the barbed wound rankled within his soul, Yet as the flowers feel the soft touch of Spring Creep imperceptibly within their cores, Until their vases run o'er rich with beauty, So felt he Nature's signs and symbols steal Into each pore, until the heart was chastened, And subdued to tears. There is no aching void in Nature's breast, No jarring in her chords of harmony, Though men would have it that her heart's grown That grey streaks mingle with her raven hair, And wrinkles mar the beauty of her brow; "Tis only in their souls the wrong is found; For, when the melody of hearts is broken, And spiritual eyes are glazed and dim, They look upon her ever-smiling face, And seeing lights and shadows mirrored there, Deem that they spring from her immortal soul. With her he communed in her changeful moods Of rest and unrest, joyousness and bliss; He met her in her dim and cool retreats, Within her secret nooks he found a fount Of beauty, loveliness, and rarest hope; O'er his lone heart she wove her fair delights, He became a world all thoughts containing: Stones with rich mosses stained, his oracles; Forests his temples; and the sun God's shadow. Divinest wisdom, fruit of sorrow, dwelt Within the breast once sad and weary worn; His heart bloomed ripe and sunny, like an orchard Opulent with orient thoughts and fancies; Light immaculate streamed from the heavens, His mind was led into its track, and saw The upwinding cycles never shake their walls, And no dark shadow of our sadness born, E'er dim the bright ethereal vault, Glowing as stainless as a summer star. And in the gloaming of his life, he saw The maid again, and all his love flamed forth In blossom, like the aloe in its age; He spake, and she whose young eyes only dazzled By the glow the enchanter threw around, Had ofttimes dreamed of this, listened in quiet, And stept joy-crowned to take the throne of peace. The happy tears stood in his smiling eyes, As bubbling waters rise from out the depths Of a pure spring, long hidden from the beam Of summer, when the sunlight on it glows. He found the strength of faith in resting lies, And felt the full fruition of his hopes Come like the mellowness of Autumn days, Ripening the Summer's young and normal fruits. The yielding marble of the heart was turned Into a statue, lithe and glorified In its immortal splendour. He had learned knowledge from his pain and grief, As trees imbibe their being from the rain; And so in calm and quiet moved their lives, Like two fair streams once heaved and tossed along, But gliding now in slumber to their rest. Peace to all those who suffer thus, and wait The time when love shall burst its cerements, And blush and blossom in the perfect flower.

JOHN V. HOOD,

WATCHING AND WAITING.

Hush'd are the city's voices loud,
Hush'd are its clamour and din,
And the shadows of midnight are hung like a shroud,
The shadows so welcome to sin!
Numberless eyelids are sealed in repose,
Eyes that shall wake to view sternness, and pity,
But ah! there are eyelids which sleep cannot close;

Wakeful with grief, 'mid a slumbering city.

Glimmering taper-lights, silently burning,
Point out the chambers of anguish and pain,
There, some fond child o'er its parent is yearning,
And tearfully longing, a blessing to gain!
There, mourns a brother, for one just departed,
There, weeps a sister, distracted and wild;
There, pleads a Rachel, well-nigh broken-hearted,
"O Father! but spare me my child!"

Be comforted, weary ones, tearful and sighing,
Your grief may be keen, and your sorrow be true,
Yet while your beloved are peacefully dying
An angel is watching and waiting with you;
Watching with you till the dawn of the morrow,
Waiting with you, till the message shall come,
Watching their flight from this region of sorrow,
Waiting, to welcome them Home!

T. C. TILDESLE.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR

OF FACT AND RUMOUR.

The season is over. Which is to say, that Parliament has ceased to hold its sittings, that London is rapidly emptying of its wealthy and fashionable inhabitants, mansions at the West-end assuming a deserted and funereal aspect, the alleys of Covent Garden Market no longer thronged, to the beatification of its shopkeepers, who, in common with their brethren of Regent Street and its vicinity, have now breathing time and space to stretch their arms and reckon up their mighty profits. A stranger would smile, while encountering the crowds which still throng our foot walks and stream along our roadways, to be told that "the Town is getting empty;" indeed, a native can never contemplate the same fact without an increased conviction of the stupendous vitality, and vast extent, of England's capital. Still, is the demand for cab and omnibus clamorous and unsatisfied, still are collisions, and stoppages, and blockages upon the highway constant, still an eager multitude daily lines the approaches to the Great International, still excursion trains disgorge their living freights, where expectant friends hourly impede ingress or egress at the various termini; and still, as we shall soon confidently assure each other, "there is Nobody in town."

Yet, as Nobody requires feeding, amusing, and general attention; as he must eat, drink, and be clothed, nay, as if you tickle him he will laugh, and if you prick him he will bleed; there is still plenty to do in the so-called wilderness, this "empty" metropolis. The sitting magistrates and their emissaries, the police, the gaolers, the hospital doctors and nurses, have no lack of employment, and are ready to take oath that Nobody can, on occasion, prove a pretty troublesome fellow. On the other hand, the caterers to his more lawful requirements are by no means idle.

That dainty bird of passage, Italian Song, has certainly taken wing upon the disappearance of its more

special patrons; but of English Opera we are to have no lack. At Covent Garden the well-known names of Pyne and Harrison, with Mdlles. Parepa, Thirlwall and Baxter, and Messrs. Weiss and Santley, are no bad earnest of the results to be anticipated; while that popular favourite Mr. Sims Reeves, with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, to boot, bids fair to make Old Drury no less a point of attraction than its aristocratic rival. The drama contributes its full share in the great work of entertainment. We have old favourites revived, new pieces brought out, with translations so much "adapted" as to deserve the title of new. Among the latter is Bristol Diamonds, by Mr. Oxenford, at the St. James's, of which we need only say that Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews appear in the best style, and in admirably suited characters. The Return Ticket, at the same house, is a laughtermoving little trifle. The Adelphi proffers a very attractive bill of fare, in which the elements of tragic and comic present themselves for the preference of tastes. At the Lyceum the Peep-O'-Day has attained something like its 240th night, being, we believe, the longest run ever maintained by any one piece in London. Lord Dundreary, or rather the very clever sustainer of that character, Mr. Sothern, shows no signs of giving in; despite the host of imitators this gentleman has called forth, we think his performance may be justly characterized in his own words, as "one of those things no 'fellah' can make out," with the exception, of course, of its originator. That ever-sparkling fount of fun the "Strand," runs free and fresh as ever. Messrs. Clarke and Rogers nightly making themselves well-nigh accessories of suicide, in the sidesplitting laughter they never fail to provoke.

Then the picture galleries, with but few exceptions, are open; the great artistes of entertainment, elegant and select, are in full play, while the attractions of Sydenham and South Kensington remain each in its way, unrivalled, uneclipsed.

Most assuredly, if there be nobody in town, never was anybody more amply and fully provided with the means of estimating the advantages of solitude and

isolation.

Nor are there wanting, to swell the list, certain gems of a serene ray, and, if less attractive to the average public, with at least claims to especial notice from appreciative eyes. Mr. Cruikshank's picture of the Worship of Bacchus, now exhibiting at the Gallery in Wellington Street, takes foremost rank, not only viewed as a work of art, but in the lofty aim of its teaching, the comprehensive nature of the conception, and the marvellous fidelity and skill with which the minutest detail is wrought out, and made to point its moral, in the great whole. This picture is a painted speech, more eloquent and comprehensive than any speech we ever heard; it addresses itself alike to the rich man and the poor; we would have it represented in every form which should give it a place, from the bouldoir of my lady, and the library of my lord, to the decoration of the cottage wall, and the heading of a halfpenny weekly.

Photography has assumed a conspicuous standing in the ranks of both the useful and the ornamental. Among the Exhibitions not to be missed by our visitors to Town, is that of the photographs taken by Mr. Bedford during the tour of the Prince of Wales. The views in Egypt, Syria, and the Holy Land, possess an interest in themselves which is enhanced by the exquisite de-

licacy and perfection of their reproduction.

Mr. Macphern's Views of Rome, and its vicinity, present another triumph of this wonderful art. The collection numbers 400; the scenes are taken from spots the most picturesque; faithful, of course, to

nature, we might almost suppose them to have stolen something from the life and sunshine of their great original, so exquisitely is rendered the effect of the clear atmosphere and translucent waters. Claiming so large an amount of interest as Italy now does, in the mind of every man, this exhibition cannot fail to be an

especial object of attraction.

Rumour is, as usual, busy with a variety of bubbles to which time alone can give consistency, or disperse with a puff into thin air. She tells us that Mr. Harris is about to confine himself to the stage management of the Italian Opera, at Covent Garden: that Mr. Webster will succeed the last-named gentleman at the Princess's: and that the Adelphi and Lyceum are to be assumed, respectively, by Mr. Falconer and Mr. Fechter. The same authority is also responsible for the tidings that the proposal has been renewed to Mr. Charles Dickens to take a trip to Australia, for the purpose of giving readings from his works; and that no definite refusal has so far been given. More nearly affecting us is the fact that we have as yet seen nothing of the work which was pronounced to be forthcoming by the great novelist, and whose monthly issue was anticipated with eagerness by all the reading public.

That deservedly favourite novel, East Lynne, has reached a fourth edition, and has been already translated into French, Danish, and German. Its highly-talented and marvellously prolific author, Mrs. Wood, is, we believe, occupied in the simultaneous production of three separate tales in various periodicals; all of which are in no way inferior to her previous works.

In the book-making world no great activity has been shown of late. Mr. Thackeray's Philip, in 3 vols., (Smith, Elder and Co.,) is among the latest novelties. It is essentially the very fortissimo of the author's peculiar style; which has the faculty of carrying the reader forward to the end, however much he may protest against the truth of this picture, or denounce the severity of that satire. Of course there is no plot, nor equally any striking incident, nor thrilling dénouement. More than ever, during the perusal of these volumes, is there borne in upon us the impression that we are listening to the viva voce recital of some easy-going raconteur, who lounges in his arm-chair, one leg supporting the slippered foot of the other; the nut-crackers balancing jauntily on the tip of the fore-finger, while the bright fire glows cheerily in the polished grate, or the evening sun blushes crimson upon the decanters and glasses, and the choice little dessert at his elbow. True to the life are most of the characters in this story, none more so than the hero: a thought less of the verjuice mingled with the honey,—while the author has deviated from his habitual course in making his virtuous women something more than a remove from absolute inanity. Curiously enough, the only part on which we would lay the finger of disapproval is that most foreign to the author's particular genre. The scene at the election reads less like Mr. Thackeray, than an interpolation from the wind-up of the "sensational" tale in a third-class weekly. As a whole, however, "Philip" is worthy of the master-hand which gave it life, and will form no unimportant addition to the numerous ranks of its predecessors.

True to the Last (Hurst & Blackett).—This tale so far deserves its title, that it certainly makes no attempt to deviate from the promise of its commencement. Imagining we could come to nothing of more intense silliness, we were induced to continue its perusal; and certainly we never found the degrees of comparison more thoroughly carried out to the conclusion, to which must be accorded an extra superlative of vapid sentimentality and nauseous affectation. Mr. Hood gives us a third

volume of the series of his father's work, which he is employed in editing. It contains, among other things, the greater part of the romance of "Tylney Hall."

A new Edition of Basil, by Mr. Wilkie Collins, has been issued in one volume (Sampson, Low, & Co.)—It has, we are told, received the benefit of the author's careful revision, and while the incidents of this ingenious and much canvassed tale of course remain unaltered, the language employed in their recital has undergone material alterations, and we are to conclude, improvement.

Essays by a Barrister. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) This is about as readable a book as we have met with for some time, a desirable possession in many ways. For one thing, it consists of one volume, always a desideratum, especially in the present season. Its contents are varied, and the reader may by the turning of a few pages adapt his reading to his mood—

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Also in length. While Angelina is putting on her bonnet, Edwin may beguile the time usefully as well as agreeably in turning to—well, we hope not the longest of the essays. Angelina will do well to add the volume to the contents of the already bulging portmanteau, or gaping carpet bag. Even though it necessitate the leaving out of that last "duck of a jacket" or that "pet of a crinoline," she will not repent it. When the "common objects" of the seashore have reaped the result of familiarity, or those "Brown's girls" shall have forestalled her in the only available bathing machine—then may she turn, with Edwin, to the contemplation of the forgotten Essays and bless the hour the "Barrister" made one of their party.

But we must not lay down our Mirror without one word to that which has for so long past formed the subject of fact and rumour, and in connection with which, these two have at times become so hopelessly entangled, so inextricably involved, as to almost defy distinction. The International has well held its own, despite the unprecedented gloominess of the season; despite weather, prejudice, provincial distress and difficulties of all sorts. The attendance has been steady and continuous; at times approaching very near to, but never quite equalling, that of 1851. There are

ample reasons for this.

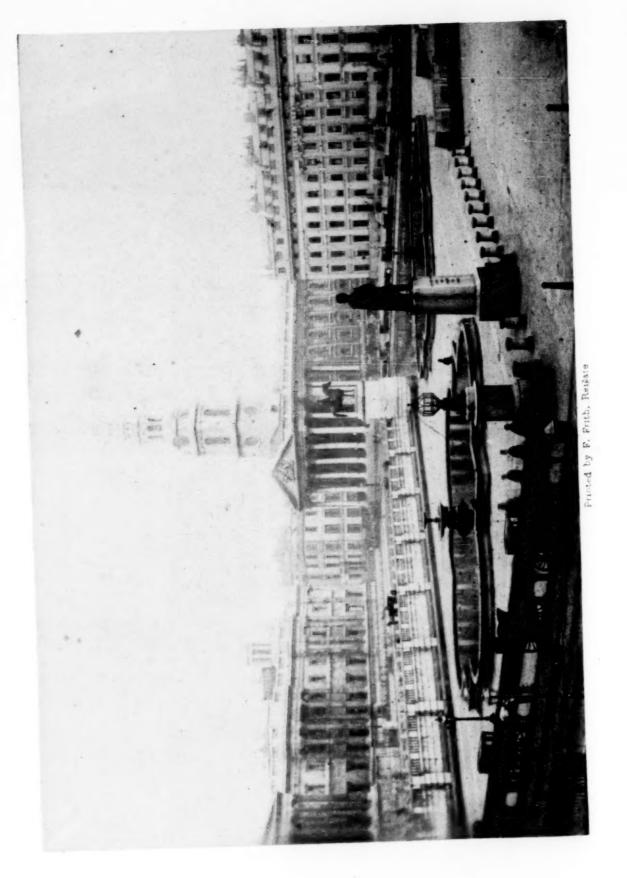
But its success has been proved; if not as splendid it has been sure and solid. There have been sad reasons why it should not be the former;—to the latter many croaked a prophetic denial;—the result is proved. It is to be hoped that the proposed plan of maintaining the unsightly shell of a stupendous and great undertaking, will not be carried out. By all means if an Industrial University be needed let there be one; but in the name of architecture, let it take some other shape than that which has been a perpetual eyesore and a cause of vexation to all concerned.

It is, we believe, decided that the testimonial in memory of the late Prince Consort is to be a vast hall, in some accessible spot of London, for the centralization of the societies of Art and Science meetings. At Hastings, the memorial is to be a clock tower, seventy feet high, of graceful proportions, conspicuous at a

considerable distance.

Rumour still speaks of the too probable absence from England of the Court on the Prince of Wales' attaining his majority. It is, however, to be hoped that other arrangements may yet be made; as the disappointment to the country will assuredly not be trifling, should England miss its future King from its midst upon an occasion so fraught with importance to us all.

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TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

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TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

The subject of our photograph for the present month, is Trafalgar Square. It is situated exactly at Charing Cross, on a spot pronounced by the late Sir Robert Peel to be the "finest site in Europe," and we certainly think that our readers, after inspecting the picture, will be of opinion that the Right Hon. Baronet had good grounds for this high eulogium.

The point of view from which the picture is taken is in a line with the exact diagonal of the square, a position which, from its division of the subject into equal parts on each side, gives a more effective representation than could have well been obtained from a one-sided spot. By the courtesy of Mr Dent, the celebrated watchmaker, of Cockspur Street, the view was taken from his window.

St. Martins-in-the-Fields Church, in the centre, is, unquestionably, the most commanding and beautiful object in the picture. It is one of the handsomest churches in London, and was built between the years 1721 and 1726, from designs by Mr. Gibbs, whose skill as an architect is thus eulogized by Savage, in his "Wanderer"—

"O Gibbs! whose art the solemn fane can raise, "Where God delights to dwell, and man to praise."

The foundation stone was laid by George I., and, by a singular coincidence, the equestrian statue immediately below the church is that of the last of the Georges (George IV.). At the ceremony of the foundation the King gave the workmen 100 guineas, and before the church was opened contributed a further sum of £1,500 for an organ. With the picture before them our readers will require no lengthened verbal description, but we may just direct their attention to the splendid spire; the portico with its eight beautiful Corinthian columns, (six in front and one on each return); and to the

pediment, in which, it will be observed, are the Royal Arms. These, it may be mentioned, are carved in stone of the same description as the rest

of the pediment.

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The building to the left of the picture is the National Gallery (or rather, so much of it as the exigencies of obtaining the most commanding view would enable us to show). The portion represented, is the wing occupied by the Royal Academy-the other being that appropriated to the National Gallery. This building, which is nearly 500 feet in length, extends along the entire of one side of the square, between which and itself is a handsome esplanade, with a very fine parapet of stone. The gallery was built at the national expense during the years 1832-36, from designs by Mr. W. Wilkins. It is open to the public free, on the Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday, in each week, with the exception of the entire month of October. On Thursdays and Fridays, the admissions are restricted to artists only. Numerous disputes, both in and out of Parliament, have taken place, with respect to the management both of the Gallery and Academy, and all sorts of suggestions have been made for the erection of a more suitable building on a more appropriate site. Into all this it is not our business to enter. Suffice it to say, that in consequence of the discussion, the pictures constituting the Vernon Gallery were removed some years ago to Marlborough House, Pall Mall. They have since been placed in the South Kensington Museum, where they may now be seen.

The two large fountains were, unfortunately, not at play when our sketch was taken, but photographers cannot command a suitable sky, and must be content to make an observation when they can get it. These unhappy fountains have been made the subject of ridicule during the whole of their existence, and an attempt was recently made to improve them, by introducing a number of smaller jets around the centre ones. It is, however, a disputed

point whether the alterations are really any improvement, and we prefer, therefore, to let each of

our readers decide for himself.

In the foreground of the picture, is a statue of the celebrated and justly respected General Sir Charles James Napier. It was erected by public subscription, the largest number of contributors, by far, being private soldiers. A few years ago, this spot was occupied by a statue of Dr. Jenner, which was removed to make way for that of the hero. At the opposite corner (diagonally) is, as we said before, an equestrian statue of George IV., the "first gentleman in Europe," attired,—" save the mark!"—in the costume of a Field Marshal! A subject of a more appropriate character is found for the other front corner; for, following the line of stone-posts past the base of the Nelson Column, (a portion of which is just shown in the picture,) till we reach the corner by Morley's Hotel, we arrive at a statue of the illustrious Havelock, similar to that of General Napier. We have thus two of our greatest Indian heroes appropriately occupying places side by side. They have well and nobly earned the honour of being placed in company with our greatest naval hero, (Nelson,) in such commanding positions on the "finest site in Europe."

The pedestal at the fourth corner of the square to the left, (not shown in the picture,) is, and always has been, a blank. Is this a silent protest against

the life and character of George IV.?

OUR DOMINIONS IN INDIA.

Few spectacles are more interesting than the ferment of a nation charged with a new idea. Few are the obstacles which the concentrated force of a nation cannot overcome when all its members are free to suggest and assist. Small numbers greatly energetic are the moving powers of society; such were the Dutch in the early years of the seventeenth century. In the East Indies, they disputed successfully with Spain the riches resulting from traffic; the prize of the galleons of the Portuguese formed part of the annual dividend of the Company, and the seizure of their ships returning from Macao gave constant alarm to the merchants of Lisbon. The government, under plea of protecting their coasts, fitted out twenty ships of war whose chief vocation was the plunder of such vessels, freighted from the East, as had escaped the vigilance of the Company's ships on the eastern waters. The wealth of the nation was not alone, however, dependent on plunder; they damaged the success of our voyages by the cheaper rate at which they sold the produce of the Spice Islands.

The finely-concaved bows of our clippers, which allow the wave of water displaced by the progressing keel most easily to escape, and secure a velocity of eighteen miles per hour, is the product of an age which recognizes time as a great element of

profit in commercial doings. But a parallelogram with its corners rounded, was the form of the vessels employed by the Dutch; little calculated for velocity of sailing, it was the most capacious for stowing freight; and by magnitude of proportions which they first introduced, they were enabled with a smaller number of mariners to carry Sir Walter Raleigh first pointed out to our merchants the advantage they were neglecting, of which the Great Eastern is the last retrieving effort. Such was the success of the Dutch, that though but lately suppliants for our assistance, and recipients of our hospitality, of which the Dutch Church in Austin Friars is a memorial, in a few years they became haughtily dictative, menaced, within the banks of our rivers, the safety of our lives, and sufficiently alarmed our senators that Lord Shaftesbury, the Chancellor, spoke of them in the Lords as claiming universal dominion, and pursuing the career of ancient Rome. The human mind has a Protean character, selfishness discloses itself as well under religious hatred as in commercial jealousy; though England and Holland had but lately joined in common resistance to the Roman authority, which claimed physical assistance for the maintenance of its limits, yet even the persuasive force of some of our Puritan divines who occupied pulpits in Holland, became the object of violence, even to the hazard of the lives of the preachers, among a people who preferred the more reasonable limits of their countryman Arminius before the painful doctrines of the severe Calvin. The defiance of Spain's prerogatives over the sea was supported by the learning of their countryman Grotius, in his publication Mare Liberum, but the excess of freedom it inculcated, gave offence to the fishermen on our own coasts, whose ground was invaded by the Dutch fishing-boats. In the subsequent reign of Charles, the learned Selden answered Grotius in his treatise Mare Clausum, a publication which was presented to the Judges with much public ceremony; and the disastrous shipmoney, which cost Charles so dearly, was raised for maintaining a fleet for the material guarantee of those coast rights, which the Dutch had despised and Selden maintained. But in the eastern seas, this spirit of selfishness was most manifest. Our naval success had broken the enemy, and we might have claimed a friendly support from a people to whom we had opened a mine of wealth, but this expected self-negation is the last of human attainments, and while the world needs the strong promptings of personal advancement to enable men to subdue its forces and materials, it is anachronous to look for those higher graces that belong to a less imperative condition. We have already read the letter of the King of Tydore, expressive of his obligation to the Dutch to forbid trade with us, and we have to record that the same principle pervaded every settlement they formed in the East. Resistance on our part led to a modified arrangement, by which we held forts in joint occupation with them, but jealousy of profits drove them to the excess of putting our factors to death at

Amboyna, on an alleged charge of conspiracy with the natives against them, and eventually they drove us out of all the Spice Islands. Our University of Oxford, in its answer to the millenary petition of the Puritans of that date, sets forth that there is a greater number of learned men in this land, in this one kingdom, than in France, Flanders, Italy, Hungary, Germany, and all Europe. Yet, certainly for a few years of the first half of the 17th century, the Dutch were the most influential and enterprising people in Europe. Their seamen discovered New Zealand and New Holland, as the words import, and other islands of the Southern Ocean, which Captain Cook visited a century later, though the discovery led to no immediate advantage. The governor of the Dutch East India Company, Van Diemen, especially dispatched Tasman to explore the Southern Seas, and their names remain on the soil to which England has succeeded. The islands of Java, Amboyna, Bunda, Ternate, Macassar, and settlements in Sumatra and Borneo, are the chief of the possessions which the Dutch hold in the East; but Batavia, the chief city of Java, is the entrepôt of all their Eastern commerce, both with the local and European ports. The splendour of their style of residence in Batavia contrasted greatly with their republican simplicity at home. The governorship of Java is even now said to be one of the most lucrative offices in the world. It must be owned that the means of securing their wealth jarred with the precedents of a people who had so warmly embarked in religious controversy. Their limitation of the growth of spice trees to such a number as would secure the highest price for the produce, has already been alluded to, and Adam Smith's commentary on their policy has reprobated even the commercial view of the question. The practice of breaking an engraved gem or steel-plate after taking so many impressions, in order to enhance the value of each, is still the policy in Italy and England, and both sides admit grave doubts. The turning-point in the market price between one too many and one too few, does not in articles of fashion and convention, follow the laws which obtain in those of common consumption; even in this latter class, except with the most perfect statistical knowledge, fears and conflicting prospects create large disturbances in the relation between goods and

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The late indigo disturbances in Bengal are but the parallel of such as the Dutch passed through constantly in the early days of their supremacy; much of their military expense was incurred in reducing to obedience the workers of the soil who refused to sell their produce at less than a reasonable cost, but who were harshly subjected to the necessity of taking such a price as their masters chose to fix. By such means it was not unusual for £300 per cent. per annum dividend to be divided on the capital stock in Holland. The Dutch, being incorporated with France, became inimical to England, during the revolutionary war, and as we were now supreme at sea, they lost all their colonies, but, at the peace of 1815, in the Treaty of

Vienna, Java, and other islands, were restored to them. The richness of the surrender often extorts an expression of regret, but England's part in that great war, and the strength whereby she won victory, was the conviction that her cause was right, not that her riches might be magnified.

GARIBALDI TO HIS ACCUSERS.

Made captive by the people I made free!
Cast into prison and by Italy!
My King my gaoler! and for me a frown
Upon the brows on which I placed a crown!

Yet rebel have I not been; 'gainst thy foes, Not thee, O Italy! not thee, I rose: Giuseppe Garibaldi loved too well His King and country ever to rebel.

Accepting no reward, save scanty thanks, I, a poor soldier risen from the ranks, Backed by my red shirts and a people's love, From the two Sicilies the Bourbon drove.

Was I a rebel, then, from pomp and power Retreating; or when I, in sadder hour, A road for freemen, through the Frankish host Carved from Imperial Rome so bravely lost?

And if my soul repined to see that Rome A stranger's appanage, a tyrant's home, With hordes of bandits issuing hourly thence In spreading desolating pestilence;

And longed to scourge the traitors from their den, And give to Italy her Rome again; And if I could not but with bated breath Keep muttering my resolve of "Rome or death;"

And if at length I shouted it, said, "Come, My countrymen, and let us march for Rome—" Was this rebellion? Did I so a thing Which would not have been honoured in myKing?

The Romans too I pitied.—Let that pass—Discretion and my self forgot. Alas, Would all had so forgot themselves as I, And marched on Rome to free it, or to die!

"Not yet," you say, "Giuseppe is not wise;" Wisdom is seldom seen in captive guise; To answer for my folly I am here. Condemn me, children, death I do not fear.

Napoleon's favour, too, my blood may gain, Since little love I bear him; and obtain For Italy, her Rome. Then pay the price, And immolate a willing sacrifice.

Giuseppe Garibaldi in the grave
Will still be honoured by the good and brave;
Strike, though the tears be raining from all eyes:
For Italy he lived, for Rome he dies.

HESPER WEST.

HUMAN MORTALITY.

No. III.

IT will, we trust, have become obvious, from our previous article on this subject, that we place very limited faith in medical examinations, where life assurance is concerned. A medical man is quite in his place, when he is called in to administer remedies in a case of disease, but to call him in to tell whether a certain candidate for assurance will live a certain number of years, or whether his life will be cut short some three, five, seven or more years is simple nonsense. Lord Dundreary puts the case thus absurdly when he reckons that as he is twenty-six, and "brother Sam" twenty-four, therefore, Sam has got just two more years to live. This, however, was, years ago, eclipsed by the doctor who recommended that the proposer's expectation should be reduced by 2.43 years, an accuracy of calculation which reminds one of the celebrated actuary who was right to the tenth place of decimals, but wrong in the pounds!

The simple truth is, that people do not voluntarily die because they have insured their lives. Nor, on the other hand, do they insure because they think they are going to die early. There is more straightforwardness and honesty in candidates for insurance than the offices are disposed to give them credit for, and it may fairly be alleged that more than half the impositions that have been practised upon insurance companies have been actually suggested by the long array of questions which the offices are in the habit of sending out. This idea of suggesting fraud is by no means a new one, and the insurance offices would do well to cut down their questions to at least one-third of their present dimensions. They gain nothing but loss by their often impertinent inquiries, and the sooner they put a stop to them the better for themselves and the public. Some of the questions asked in some forms we could name are positively so gross that a man sentenced to penal servitude might

fairly object to answer them.

There is nothing which shows the fallacy of a theory better than pushing it to its limit. Well, if we apply this to the case of selection of lives, we shall find that it amounts to an actual prediction of the duration of each individual life. This, as we showed, in our first article, would be an insufferable curse. Human nature revolts from the idea, and cannot recognise the ability of the doctor to measure life with such nice discrimination. The scales of life and death are in the hands of a higher power than those of the highest medical men, and it ought to excite no surprise, therefore, if "the God in whose hands our breath is," should so repeatedly come forward to "confound the wisdom of the wise, and make their knowledge foolishness," by taking away valuable lives, whose removal was altogether unexpected, and retaining other lives whose absence would have been neither regretted nor missed. The attempt to "pick out"

lives, and sort them into parcels of various degrees of value, must, in the very nature of things, end in

the long run in disaster to the office.

Another great fallacy is that of assuming that because A is in a bad state of health to-day, or has met with an accident, he must necessarily die sooner than his neighbours B, C, and D, who happen to be in good health. The sequel, perhaps, proves that A is the last to die out of the four. And that instances of this kind should be constantly occurring under our very eyes, is only another proof of the necessity of preserving intact the uncertainty of the duration of human life. The simple truth is, that everything in this world is from time to time undergoing a transition process. In human life we see, day by day, the strong becoming weak and the weak becoming strong. Nor can it be successfully denied, that an attack of disease, or a severe accident, may be actually the means of prolonging, instead of shortening a person's life. The whole future life of the sufferer is, in fact, modified, and its duration possibly extended by the calamity. Robust health is in many instances the direct cause of death. Thus, in the case of the burning of the Amazon in the Bay of Biscay, some years ago, the officer who ought to have gone out with the mails was too unwell to undertake the duty, and his place was supplied by another officer in good health. The latter perished by a horrible death, the formerthanks to his illness—is probably alive now, and in the enjoyment of a sound mind in a sound body. A case like this may be, by some, regarded as an extreme one, but it is, after all, only a type of a class of cases which are constantly occurring, and of which no particular notice is taken. Take, again a case of consumption Upon the first blush of the case it appears that the life has been cut short by the setting in of this disease. But, it may just turn out that this very disease may have actually lengthened the person's life by causing a change to some other occupation, a removal to some more genial climate, or a greater study of health and habits than had hitherto obtained. The man who, in a fool-hardy manner, trusting to his giant constitution, braves all weathers, rejoices in sitting in wet clothes, and such like, may be carried off in a day or two; whereas the delicate person acts upon a totally reverse principle, and lives all the longer in consequence. The strong man, too, is more liable to accidents, and not unfrequently "shuffles off this mortal coil" in a fit of apoplexy.

While on this part of the subject we may mention as an illustration, the case of blind people. The circumstance of blindness does not, of course, necessitate a shortening of the life of the person from natural causes; the main danger lies in the extra risk of accident. Yet how few are the accidents which happen to the blind! They are scarcely ever heard of. And why? Because by the friends, the passers by—everybody, they are tended and respected, and thus pass the trying ordeal of London streets, without a mishap of any kind. But still in the teeth of all this an insurance office would object to take a blind man at the ordinary rate. Upon the

"lucus à non lucendo" principle they assess the man who is sensible of his danger and guards against it, a higher rate than they charge the daring, reckless fellow who laughs at danger, but is at last struck down almost as suddenly as if he had received a bullet from an Enfield rifle, loaded on the instant by one of Capt. Hayes's "seamless skin" cartridges. Indeed, if the whole subject could be fairly analysed, we believe it would turn out to be that a "first-class" life is the life most likely to die first.

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The value of selection is considerably overrated. It is generally supposed by the offices that the run of selection is against them on the entry of insurers into the office, and in a similar manner is against them in the case of voluntary retirement of their members. But this, after all, is only a superficial view of the case. The selection on both sides is merely artificial, not real. Mr. Higham, of the Royal Exchange, wrote a paper some years ago on the value of selection, as exercised by the assured against the office, and in this paper it was endeavoured to prove that in every case the policyholder had, on both sides, the advantage. result of this paper was to show that selection wore itself out in the course of a few years, and that in process of time the selected lives became worse than those of the general community. Where, then, was the value of the selection? Persons aged fifty for example, at date of registry must have been thirty years of age twenty years previously. But why it should follow that the selected class of thirty, should in twenty years afterwards be worse at fifty than the remnant of the unselected class at thirty is, to return again to Lord Dundreary, a "thing that no fellah can find out." Selection, on the part of the office may tide off a few cases in which disease may be imminent, and selection on the part of the assured may cause the voluntary retirement of a few good lives. But the effect on the general result is scarcely appreciable, the balance being so equally adjusted on both sides.

In thus writing we have no wish to injure the medical profession. We only question, in this particular, the value of their services. In the private walks of life we know that they are invaluable, that they undergo numerous trials and hardships, which do not fall to the lot of others; and we cannot but admire the man who rises at any hour of the night to attend upon cases of emergency, however distant, and whatever may be the state of weather at the time. But it is not a little remarkable that those offices which depend most upon the medical profession are those which get the worst lives. Take a man as you find him, and you will get good lives. Try to select him from his fellows and you will get bad ones. The "selection," as we have already said, rests with a higher power than that of medical men, and though they may try their hardest, they can no more arrive at a solution of the "issues of life and death," than Glaisher and Coxwell could live at a distance exceeding six miles from the earth. There is a limit to human knowledge in this world. As St. Paul says:-"We know but in part, and we prophesy only in

part," but there is probably no subject upon which we are more in the dark—though we think it not—than that of affixing a specific duration to each individual life. We may draw our conclusion as to whether longevity is progressing or retrograding, but still it is a matter beyond our own control. We can neither prolong nor retard the life of any one by a single minute. There is an "allotted time to man upon earth," and this can neither be lengthened nor curtailed by any appliances of man.

A WHITE FUNERAL.

It is Sunday afternoon, and as we proceed down Ratcliff Highway, in the direction of Shadwell, we become conscious of the change which has taken place in the general aspect of the locality. True, the houses, shops, and stores are the same; the long and dreary expanse of brick wall which surrounds the dock-premises still retains its monotonous appearance; while the foot-pavements are thronged as usual with the motley groups which are to be found only in the vicinity of a seaport; but the busy hum of every-day traffic has ceased, and the fierce swelling tide of life and noise, which ceaselessly swept to and from the entrances to the various docks, has suddenly subsided, leaving scarcely any traces of its existence. The overworked waggon-horses are resignedly munching their scanty allowance of stale hay in the cobwebby solitude of their dingy and ill-ventilated stables; the pale-faced and hungry-looking dock-labourers are dozing away the Sabbath hours on the miserable straw-pallets which so frequently form almost the only furniture of the cheerless garrets in which they linger out their existence; while the little knots of street idlers, who lounged all day at the street-corners, or haunted the greasy benches of the beershops, are amusing themselves by playing at "pitch and toss" in the brickfields which surround the Victoria Park. Many of the shops are closed, but others, such as the confectioner's, the fruiterer's, and the jew clothier's, remain open; while the great massive doors of the flaunting ginpalaces are continually swinging to and fro as their customers pass in and out. Occasionally, an itinerant street preacher will take possession of the more respectable streets which diverge from the highway, and collecting around him a strange medley of decently-attired mechanics, German sugar-bakers, rough seafaring men, poorly-clad needlewomen, and other waifs and strays of society, will preach to them in rude, oft ungrammatical, but earnest tones, while they listen to him with a subdued and attentive demeanour which we cannot refrain from contrasting with the scenes of riotous dissipation and shameless licentiousness which form such a prominent feature of the district which we are night.

traversing, and which force themselves on our notice, as we leave the main thoroughfare, and, after a momentary hesitation, penetrate into the bewildering labyrinth of courts and lanes which encircles the immediate vicinity of the docks. This proceeding on our part is not one which we would recommend for emulation, for the inhabitants of the locality entertain extremely lax notions respecting the laws of meum and tuum; and are likewise addicted to the reprehensible practice of first drugging, and then robbing, the unfortunate sailors who have been foolishly entired hither by the seductive wiles of the painted and gaudily arrayed harpies that infest the thoroughfares from morning till

We are in a region where vice and sensuality appear in their grossest and most sickening guise; where drunkenness, robbery, and even murder are not uncommon; and where the poor little children are reared, even from their very cradles, to a life of infamy and crime, and learn to repeat in their infantine lispings, the fearful oaths, and brutal language, which are constantly being uttered in their presence. Tall, suspiciously clad men, with ungainly limbs, evil-looking features, and short pipes in their mouths, lazily stand in the cogenial gloom of the mouldering doorways, and gaze after us with a sly furtive glance, which is most uncomfortably suggestive of that unpleasant process known as "garroting;" while the not-over fascinating syrens of the place, afford unmistakable proofs of their inherent fondness for gin, and the language commonly designated as "Billingsgate," as, in all the vast amplitude of their exaggerated crinolines and audacious flounces, they sail up towards us, much in the same way that a smart rakish privateer would bear down on an innocent and defenceless merchantman. Sometimes the deep clanging notes of the Sabbath chimes, which peal forth from the belfry of the neighbouring parish church, will commingle with the noisy uproar that issues from a crowd which surrounds and encourages with laughter, taunts, and cheers, a couple of the degraded female habituées of the district, who are frantically attempting to perform with their finger-nails a species of tatooing on each other's cheeks; and, failing in this, strive to denude each other of Nature's head-dress. These scenes are generally terminated by the appearance of the police, who summarily part the incensed combatants, and consign them to "durance vile," in the shape of a police-station cell.

But, at the time of our visit, the place presented a more orderly appearance, and the few thin rays of sunshine which straggled over the housetops into the reeking lane, illumed the features of a quiet and anxious crowd, which, in low tones, was discussing the merits of the poor Magdalen whose remains were to be honoured with a "White Funeral." White funerals are common in China, we believe; and in many parts of England, it is customary for the coffin of unmarried maidens to be followed to the grave by females clad in white attire: but there is something partaking of shame

and disgust in the spectacle which Ratcliffe Highway revolts us with, in the shape of these sad, bitter mockeries of a ceremonial, in which the votaries of sin and unchastity receive the homage due only to the virtuous and the innocent.

Yet it is not uncommon in this neighbourhood, when one of the "unfortunate" class who has gained a certain reputation, meets with an untimely end, for her fallen companions to make a collection amongst themselves, and even to exhibit the dead body, for the purpose of forming a fund to enable them to procure white dresses in which to follow the corpse of their murdered associate; for these women, degraded as they are, hounded down by society, and jealous of each other, possess, as a class, certain customs and traditions from which they will never willingly depart, and of these, the custom of the "White Funeral" is one of the most remarkable. But while we have been thus digressing, the undertaker has issued from that miserable house just opposite us, and is now marshalling the procession. The coffin has been brought from a dark close room, reeking with the fumes of gin, beer, and tobacco; and is now being placed on the shoulders of four men, and covered with a large black velvet pall. Behind the coffin march the former associates of the deceased, clad in white attire, scarfs, gloves, &c., and carrying nosegays in their hands; after these follow the real mourners, clad in deep black the rear being composed of a dense crowd of Irish' labourers, dissipated youths, pale-featured daughters of shame, dusky sons of Africa, sentimental potboys, Shadwell gamins, and many of a more respectable class attracted hither by curiosity. Through the squalid lanes, up the broader streets, down the spacious Commercial Road, down the crowded Mile End Road, past the London Hospital, past church, past chapel, and past sabbath-school, proceeds the ghastly and sickening procession, in which our holiest feelings are outraged by the shameless parade of vice in the robes of virtue. But the closing scene is worst of all. Long ere the shades of evening have gathered over the murky recesses of Ratcliff, the sounds of drunken maudliness may be heard echoing through the chambers of the house in which the dead so lately reposed; and the females who so recently assumed the garb of purity and sinlessness, may be seen staggering homewards, with draggled attire, dishevelled tresses, and words of profanity on their lips; and perhaps casting intoxicated leers at their equally inebriated paramours, who close with sin and blasphemy a day which ought to have been devoted to nobler purposes. Such is civilization in Ratcliff Highway.

JOHN PLUMMER.

Let it be understood that the end of our existence here is that we may be more God-like; and may we know that we shall become so by being more manly in the world, and that we are placed here to grow strong and noble, and not merely to enjoy.

LEAVES FROM AN OXFORD PORTFOLIO.

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LEAF XII. THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

In my last "Leaf" but one, I lamented the spirit of some shallow-thinking and short-seeing folk, who little love, not to say, downright hate, the village pastor and his work. Let the man be one whose reverence is deep for holy things; who looks with jealous love on the precious inheritance of doctrine, as well as of observances, handed down from Apostolic days; who would not accept that which is new, but rather cling to that which has been believed and done in those old days when Clement and Polycarp listened, and St. Paul and St. John taught; when obedience was not the mark for scorn; nor order, the butt of ridicule:—let, I say, the man be such an one, walking reverently in the old paths, and shunning the new short cuts, and bylanes, and what name is too bad, with many, for such a man? He is a Puseyite, a Tractarian, an ally of Rome, a Jesuit in disguise. Let him disclaim Rome's soul-destroying falsehoods, as much as he please—let him distinctly declare his entire disagreement with those errors into which some of the writers in the famous "Tracts," slid by degrees, -all is of no use. Dogmas he never held, doctrines he never taught, errors he abhors, all are clapped down to his account. In vain he disclaims, in vain he explains; -heads are shaken, hints are dispersed; sometimes silence, oftener open virulence, are employed to oppose and bring to nothing all his earnest efforts for good. Often, no doubt, much of this unjust treatment is brought upon himself, by some act or acts of zeal without discretion. Some change, in itself desirable, is brought forward by him at the wrong time; some slovenly abuse to which the parishioners have long been accustomed, is removed abruptly, and before the pastor has obtained the confidence of his people. And herein he is to be blamed; yet, surely, not too harshly, for not of every one is tact the happy possession. And a mere slip in judgment will be heavily visited indeed, in these hard days, upon a really earnest man; and a life-time of gentle forbearing and patient work be needed, ere some single indiscreet outburst of zeal be forgiven or forgot. Nay, as I said, the battle may be over, and the battle-field left, and Christ's soldier asleep at last, and resting from the conflict which ceased not in his life; and the yearning heart, and the busy brain, and the ready feet, and the tender hand, have become still in death's deep quiet-ere those for whom he laboured and watched and fought, discover that it was against their Lord's champion that their weapons were turned, and their battle-cry raised. Then, perhaps, a too late remorse comes over the world's spirit, and he who had snatched up a stone to hurl, drops it to gather a scattering of flowers. And those at last cast a garland of bays on the quiet sod, who, while the hero was living, did their best to bind his brow with the thorns his Master wore. But he is gone where the idle blame, or the

vain praise, of man avails not to impede nor to quicken the pulse. All too late, the gratitude comes that would have refreshed a weary heart, or soothed a sad one. All too late, the cheery words are heard, that might have made many a watching hour less lonely, many a hard warring less bitter.

"Manibus date lilia plenis."

But, O! bring them for the living, not only for the dead! Bring them when they can be valued, not only then when they are valueless. Don't starve a man during his life, that you may spend the more at his funeral. Spare to make all the days that he is with you a long course of kicks, only that you may make a great big pile of halfpence over his

grave! I wonder if half the people who raise a cry of Puseyism, &c., really ever think to inquire what they are talking about. I wonder if they ever inquire whether some things which, a few years ago commonly, and now, sometimes, seemed to them "new-fangled," were not instead, very oldfangled indeed;—fangled (if I may be allowed the expression) by Apostles and Apostolic men. Romanism is new, and Dissent is new; but the doctrine of the Church is old. And when old things were revived, that had too long been forgotten, (I mean matters of vital importance, not the puerilities for which we have seen men divide their parish,)—what did men do? Did they inquire, whether or no, such and such doctrines and practices had been those of the Church Catholic always, and therefore retained carefully by our Reformers, and consequently wrongly and dangerously allowed to fall into disuse? Did they search and see whether these things were so? Too often, not so. A cry of "No Popery!" was raised against the very doctrines and practices restored in the teeth of Rome by our own reformers, men who laid down their lives for the Truth which they defended. The excitement settled down a little, and Time, that falls like dew, unperceived, laid the dust that was blinding men's eyes, and lo! we find Low Churchmen, and No Churchmen, clad in coats and waistcoats once deemed the mark of Rome; we find the Cross, the Christian's symbol, no longer more vilified and abhorred by Christians, than Pagans had ever thought of doing; we find churches ordinarily built and furnished with a decency that, twenty years ago, would have turned up hundreds of eyes in horror. Yea, we find those very men who-often with good motives, but with mistaken actionwere doing their best to betray their Church, now roused by a common danger to defend vigorously that Church, against those whom they wished to think of as friends, but have discovered to be enemies.

All this is tending towards the title of this "Leaf;" so, be patient, reader mine! The stalk comes first, and some leaves have longer stalks than other some. I am building my leaf by degrees. The network of fibre must gradually develop, and then the smooth polished pavement be laid upon it, whether hued with glad green, or thoughtful

purple, or gay gold: or, perchance, dull maroon. And I have now nearly finished the fibre and the stalk of this.

I spoke above of dress and ornaments, of late regarded with suspicion, but now common and usual. I do not mean that these are matters of vital importance, only that the uproar once raised against them, and their present general adoption, show how a blind prejudice, rather than a calm judgment, ruled men's minds at the time of the Tract movement, - against everything, right or wrong, old or new, without any examination;that the promoters introduced. Why, the very Dissenters are now doing things that, twenty years ago, would have branded them as Tractarians! And the deep and important truths of the Church have, doubtless, since that great convulsion, taken more hold on the minds, not of extreme, but of moderate men. That many important doctrines and practices were in danger of losing their due place in the scheme of Christianity, caused men, who deeply felt this, to bring them forward into what seemed an undue prominence. But things have settled down more now, and objects are gaining more their right proportion. I do not take the part, mind you, of those who actually slid into, and then taught, Rome's dangerous deceits; I merely contend that men did not inquire whether what they condemned in a heap, were really Rome's new inventions and perversions, or doctrines and practices handed down from the very Apostolic times. I say that it were well to sift truth from error,—as did our Reformers—and not to throw diamonds into the sea, because they are brought to you in a dust-bag.

Now for the subject of my Leaf. At the time of that great convulsion in the Church, all, as I said, who took part in it, were branded with the errors of some. Since that time, men may do and say things which then would have been decried, and give no offence. But those who once got the name, at that time, of "Tractarian," &c., in vain may endeavour to persuade men that the errors imputed to them, they do not hold. At first starting, inleed, they may have attached an exaggerated importance to things of minor moment, and which have since regained their proper level in their mind. When a thing, till then overlooked or forgotten, is brought on a sudden before your notice, you are apt to see its proportions in a distorted aspect; but when your eye is accustomed to it, it fits in with the rest of the complete scheme of which it is a part. So, doubtless, at the time of the Tract movement, some earnest men went further in it and with it than their after-judgment approved; and accordingly separated that which was unimportant and unadvisable, as well as what was dangerous and erroneous, from their after-practice and opinions. They had not, indeed, at all agreed with, or taken up, those dangerous errors into which some had slid, as, for instance, in Tract 90. But they may, I repeat, have attached undue importance to some things, and have unduly exaggerated the importance of some other. This, perhaps, some great and good men had done; and perceiving that they had done it, returned again to moderate views. Never were they more mistaken, however, than in the idea that they would be permitted to adjust the proportions that had been disturbed. All that they had held, as well as errors that they had never held, were cast in their teeth, were stuck to their name, were shouted against them with a noise that drowned their quiet disavowal. "You thought that once, and you shall think so always! We won't listen, we won't believe!" And they stop their ears, and go ya-ya-ya-ya, like little obstinate boys, who won't listen to their playmates' expostulations.

[To be continued.]

A VISIT TO THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

9th Sept., 1862.

MY DEAREST AUNT,—It was entirely a mistake from the very beginning, and all my fault, though I had no idea of it at the time. I am so very glad it is happily settled now, and Helen is engaged to General Clifford, and desires me to tell

you so, with her love!

It is a long history rather, but I know it will not tire you, and you ought to know everything about her, so I will begin from the very first, when we were staying with you, and saw a great deal of Colonel Clifford, you remember. That year there were a good many volunteer meetings and archery meetings, and balls, and we met him everywhere, and I used to tell Helen she danced with him oftener than with any one else, and she was never ready when it was her turn to shoot, always talking to him and forgetting, and then getting very red, and shooting very badly when she was called for. You know she admired anything brave so very much, that she positively venerated his one arm and the charge of the Light Brigade, and the little red rosette for the Legion of Honour! Besides, she remembered his stopping her pony years ago, when it was running away with her. Well, at that time I was engaged to George you know, and there was no hope of our marriage. How can a curate marry? So many of them get less than a butler or gardener, and taking pupils, and doing his duty by them and the parish too, is quite out of the question generally; besides, I hate boys of sixteen, they are very odious things, except I suppose to their mothers; and so George and I agreed to wait patiently, till he should get a living, and not a starving, which was all he had then. My dear mother only allowed us to write once a month, and I never liked to do more, when she was taken from us. You may think how I longed for the first of the month! I heard a girl say the other day she did,

for what do you think? For Fraser's Magazine, because it had "Barren Honour" in it! It reminded me of the time when I was longing for my one letter, only twelve in a year,—but, by the way, have you read Barren Honour? If not, my dear aunt, do it immediately, if not sooner, as the Irish-It is quite beautiful, and the hero, instead of being a horrid scoundrel that you would be afraid to meet in the dark, is a piece of perfection, though the author declares he is not a Christian, which is a very great mistake I think, for no one could have behaved as he did, if he had not been one, and a better one too than most people, which is very clear all through, but especially at the end. Certainly Mr. Lawrence must have some hatred to women, for he never makes them anything but very atrocious, and in Barren Honour they are worse than ever. Still Sir Alan (the hero) makes up for everything, and I quite agree with the old groom, who said, "he was worth following round the world for the mere pleasure of cleaning his boots!" I never cry over books, not since Hotspur's death in Shakspeare; and it was so unusual, I remember my dear mother insisting I must be sickening with the measles, and I was ashamed to confess what my eyes were red for; and our stupid maid said, "Did you let your handkerchief fall into the tub, Miss Dora, it's so wet?" However, after finishing the last chapter of Barren Honour, I had to rush to the garden, and rake away like mad for an hour, before I dared appear again in the drawing-room. Now do read it at once, and tell me what you think of it.

Well, do you remember it was just at the end of our visit to you that we heard Hawtrey was vacant, and that it was in Colonel Clifford's gift? All that day in the train I was thinking of nothing but how to get it, if it were possible, and a bright idea, as I thought, struck me, that I would make Helen write to Colonel Clifford and ask for it. It never occurred to me what he would think, though I see it plainly now; I cannot make out how I was so very stupid then. Poor dear Helen did not like doing it at all, but I persuaded her, telling her I could not do it myself, and that my happiness for life would be wrecked, and a great deal more, never thinking how I was wrecking hers by my selfishness, so at last she said, "Well, Dora, be it so; I promised dear mother to take care of you and I will do it." So she sat down to write, and all I let her say was, "Hawtrey Vicarage is in your gift, will you give it to the Rev. George Hargrave, now one of the curates at St. Paul's, Worcester?"

We waited so anxiously for the answer. It was a week before it came, and there were only a few

lines in the letter :-

"DEAR MISS MOREWOOD,—I have ascertained Hawtrey could not have a better clergyman than Mr. Hargrave, and I have offered it to him by today's post, according to your wish.

"Yours faithfully, "HUMPHREY CLIFFORD."

I was so delighted! We went to Hawtrey directly after we were married, and found Colonel

Clifford had done so much to the vicarage; such a pretty drawing-room he had made, by throwing out a bay-window, and the garden all in beautiful order and full of flowers; but the servants at the Hall said he had left home and gone abroad for some time. The Hall was shut up. Helen lived a good deal with us, and I often thought her looking pale and anxious, but she always said she was perfectly well, and you know she never liked talking of herself, or having any fuss made about her, and I was so happy

myself, I believed her.

I reproach myself now, and had I only used the common sense I thought I was so well supplied with, all would have been right long ago, and it is no thanks to me it is right now. However, I must tell you what you know already: we came up to London for a fortnight, to see the Exhibition, as all the world is doing, or has done, except you, my dear aunt. I do hope you will come next month, there is so very much to see. It is worth coming, if it were only for Gibson's "Venus." I never saw anything so lovely; my only distress is, her face is too beautiful by far for a Venus, too refined, too thoughtful, too everything! We were puzzled what to call her; it is not an Angel's face, and some one suggested, Eve. I liked the idea rather: she holds the apple in her hand, and Eve I suppose must have been the loveliest woman ever made. I liked the "Pandora," too. Then, the Russian things are grand. They look to come from a great empire. Very few, and such barbaric splendour in them. There are two lovely mosaics of angels, very large, in the Russian Court also. The jewels are splendid, chiefly English, and Dobson's new glasses for flowers,-I was obliged to get them, I could not have existed without, and it is a comfort to see something that one can buy. Well, on Saturday, being a half-crown day, we resolved to have a farewell look at our favourite picture. Helen stayed, looking at Delaroche's "Martyre Chrétienne," floating so peacefully down the Tiber, a lovely picture certainly, and it grows so upon you. I was standing by one of my favourites, "The last moments of Count Egmont," when a gentleman trod on my gown, and had the civility to apologise, which in general our countrymen leave to the French. It makes up for having your gown torn out of the gathers, or a flounce pulled half off, when the offender says, "Pardon, madame," with a low bow; but an Englishman does the same mischief, and then looks wrath at the length of the unfortunate dress! I turned round, and it was Colonel Clifford! I was quite glad to be able to thank him at last. "Oh, Colonel Clifford," I said, "Mr. Hargrave will be so glad to hear you are in England, and I hope you are coming to Hawtrey, we have so often wished you to see what a perfect vicarage you gave us." To my surprise, he said, coldly, " Are you living at Hawtrey?" I looked astonished ; "You gave Mr. Hargrave, Hawtrey," I said, "and we were married directly after." Upon which he seized my hand, " You married Mr. Hargrave, you; are you Mrs. Hargrave? I am so very glad to hear it, but it was your sister asked, and I thought—." purple, or gay gold: or, perchance, dull maroon. And I have now nearly finished the fibre and the

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for what do you think? For Fraser's Magazine, because it had "Barren Honour" in it! It reminded me of the time when I was longing for my one letter, only twelve in a year,—but, by the way, have you read Barren Honour? If not, my dear aunt, do it immediately, if not sooner, as the Irishman said. It is quite beautiful, and the hero, instead of being a horrid scoundrel that you would be afraid to meet in the dark, is a piece of perfection, though the author declares he is not a Christian, which is a very great mistake I think, for no one could have behaved as he did, if he had not been one, and a better one too than most people, which is very clear all through, but especially at the end. Certainly Mr. Lawrence must have some hatred to women, for he never makes them anything but very atrocious, and in Barren Honour they are worse than ever. Still Sir Alan (the hero) makes up for everything, and I quite agree with the old groom, who said, "he was worth following round the world for the mere pleasure of cleaning his boots!" I never cry over books, not since Hotspur's death in Shakspeare; and it was so unusual, I remember my dear mother insisting I must be sickening with the measles, and I was ashamed to confess what my eyes were red for; and our stupid maid said, "Did you let your handkerchief fall into the tub, Miss Dora, it's so wet?" However, after finishing the last chapter of Barren Honour, I had to rush to the garden, and rake away like mad for an hour, before I dared appear again in the drawing-room. Now do read it at once, and tell me what you think of it.

Well, do you remember it was just at the end of our visit to you that we heard Hawtrey was vacant, and that it was in Colonel Clifford's gift? All that day in the train I was thinking of nothing but how to get it, if it were possible, and a bright idea, as I thought, struck me, that I would make Helen write to Colonel Clifford and ask for it. It never occurred to me what he would think, though I see it plainly now; I cannot make out how I was so very stupid then. Poor dear Helen did not like doing it at all, but I persuaded her, telling her I could not do it myself, and that my happiness for life would be wrecked, and a great deal more, never thinking how I was wrecking hers by my selfishness, so at last she said, "Well, Dora, be it so; I promised dear mother to take care of you and I will do it." So she sat down to write, and all I let her say was, "Hawtrey Vicarage is in your gift, will you give it to the Rev. George Hargrave, now one of the curates at St. Paul's, Worcester?"

We waited so anxiously for the answer. It was a week before it came, and there were only a few lines in the letter:—

"DEAR MISS MOREWOOD,—I have ascertained Hawtrey could not have a better clergyman than Mr. Hargrave, and I have offered it to him by today's post, according to your wish.

"Yours faithfully, "KUMPHREY CLIFFORD."

I was so delighted! We went to Hawtrey directly after we were married, and found Colonel

Clifford had done so much to the vicarage; such a pretty drawing-room he had made, by throwing out a bay-window, and the garden all in beautiful order and full of flowers; but the servants at the Hall said he had left home and gone abroad for some time. The Hall was shut up. Helen lived a good deal with us, and I often thought her looking pale and anxious, but she always said she was perfectly well, and you know she never liked talking of herself, or having any fuss made about her, and I was so happy

myself, I believed her.

I reproach myself now, and had I only used the common sense I thought I was so well supplied with, all would have been right long ago, and it is no thanks to me it is right now. However, I must tell you what you know already: we came up to London for a fortnight, to see the Exhibition, as all the world is doing, or has done, except you, my dear aunt. I do hope you will come next month, there is so very much to see. It is worth coming, if it were only for Gibson's "Venus." I never saw anything so lovely; my only distress is, her face is too beautiful by far for a Venus, too refined, too thoughtful, too everything! We were puzzled what to call her; it is not an Angel's face, and some one suggested, Eve. I liked the idea rather: she holds the apple in her hand, and Eve I suppose must have been the loveliest woman ever made. I liked the "Pandora," too. Then, the Russian things are grand. They look to come from a great empire. few, and such barbaric splendour in them. There are two lovely mosaics of angels, very large, in the Russian Court also. The jewels are splendid, chiefly English, and Dobson's new glasses for flowers,-I was obliged to get them, I could not have existed without, and it is a comfort to see something that one can buy. Well, on Saturday, being a half-crown day, we resolved to have a farewell look at our favourite picture. Helen stayed, looking at Delaroche's "Martyre Chrétienne," floating so peacefully down the Tiber, a lovely picture certainly, and it grows so upon you. I was standing by one of my favourites, "The last moments of Count Egmont," when a gentleman trod on my gown, and had the civility to apologise, which in general our countrymen leave to the French. It makes up for having your gown torn out of the gathers, or a flounce pulled half off, when the offender says, "Pardon, madame," with a low bow; but an Englishman does the same mischief, and then looks wrath at the length of the unfortunate dress! I turned round, and it was Colonel Clifford! I was quite glad to be able to thank him at last. "Oh, Colonel Clifford," I said, "Mr. Hargrave will be so glad to hear you are in England, and I hope you are coming to Hawtrey, we have so often wished you to see what a perfect vicarage you gave us." To my surprise, he said, coldly, " Are you living at Hawtrey?" I looked astonished; "You gave Mr. Hargrave, Hawtrey," I said, "and we were married directly after." Upon which he seized my hand, " You married Mr. Hargrave, you; are you Mrs. Hargrave? I am so very glad to hear it, but it was your sister asked, and I thought-."

He did not say what he thought, but I saw it all, and took shame to myself for my selfishness and folly. "It was for me," I said; "I made poor Helen write, because I thought you more likely to give it to her than to me. It was such a bold step to take; I made her take it for me, much against her will." He thought for a moment, then he said, "Has she ever noticed my absence, or wondered at it?"

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THE BROTHERS.

A STORY IN VERSE.

Together by the bright fireside of home, Linked fast in love, my brother and myself Played happily; older was he than I, And childish reverence mingled with my love, That answered to protecting care, in his; Thus did our hearts each other seem to fit, And leave no chink. Time spared to sever us, And school and college days their pages lent To swell the volume of our love.

But ah!
What even time with pitying heart forbore,
My pride accomplished, and raised up the bar
That parted us.

O brother of my youth!

—Now, when I turn, and, looking back, behold
The pleasant landscape of our youthful life,
The tall trees wave and bend, and goldenly
Rests the warm sunshine on their leaves, and all
Perfectly fair appears; and then I muse
How one small rock could once have hid that view,
When 'neath its shade I stood, now that, from far,
I see how small its real proportion is
To that wide landscape fair!

O evil day In which I, nought foreboding, rose, nor knew That like a thief it came, to rob my heart Of all the hoardings of long years of love! Thereon, some trifle did my spirit stir Into a flame of pride, and angry words Insultingly I spake, with flushing brow, Unto mine elder brother: he arose,-"Younger are you than I," sternly he said; "With you it rests to speak your sorrow for These words to me,-till this is done, we part." He turned to go, with anger in his heart, But then the yearning of his love arose, And turning to me with mild look, he said, "Do you not sorrow for your words?" But rage Was in my heart, and to his very face, That grave grieved face, I laughed defiantly. Then did my elder brother turn away, A sad worn look clouding his sunny brow, And well I knew he would return no more Until I sought him with repentant heart, And a dull film clouded mine eyes, and fast Rose a thick choking in my throat. But still I nothing said. Slowly he turned to go, His deep love in his heart held down below The foot of anger. But he turned away, With one last wistful look, that seemed to say "Yet is there time!" This though I saw, alas! Coldly-

"And didst thou let him thus depart?'
Even so, my child; the tempest of my heart
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Upon my heart, as down the passage long
Fainter it sounded. Then an impulse strong
Urged me to follow, ere the final knell
Of the last footstep, fading, died, and cry
"My brother, I repent!"—That time passed by,
For pride arose to freeze my heart again.
And the dull clanging of the outer door
Smote on my heart; and looking down, I saw
Mine elder brother by the threshold stand,
Still with a lingering hope that I might yet
Perchance relent; a sad and weary look
Furrowed his brow. Just then he saw mine eyes
Fixed upon him, then changed his look; at once,
With quick strides growing gradually slow,
He left the house.

I stood in silence there, Watching the spot where last I saw his form; Long time I stood in silent reverie, Whilst old thoughts stirred my heart.

Evening drew near,
And with a listless interest I watched
Through the long street, the lamps lit, one by one,
And men returning home to fire-sides warm,
Not yet by discord chilled. But night came on;
And large drops here and there upon the stone,
Flattened like molten lead. Then, with a sigh,
I turned away from the changed street, and tried
To prop my spirit with the reed of Pride;
—In vain.

The years passed by, but never brought to me A love like that my brother's love again.

With silent wing had many years fled by, And still, at times, a lonely aching pained My heart, remembering days that brighter shone, Contrasted with life's since unsunny sky, For never came the old familiar clasp Of the loved hand in mine; the old bright smile Dawned not on me, but chiding memory Contrasted the last sorrow of his look, With its lost loving brightness.

Far away From mine own country had my lot been thrown, But few days after those sharp words had passed; And, on a day, afar from England's shores, I found me wandering, lonely and perplexed, Through the wide forests of her sister land, Columbia. My friends were distant far, In hunting I had left them, and had strayed And lost my way. I sought and called in vain; And night came on, and wearied I sank down, And deeply slept. Then Fancy summoned up My brother's form into my mind, and strange Wild scenes appeared to close us round, and bind Unreal dreams with past realities, In one still changing scene; but present still Through all the turmoil came his haunting face Bright as of old, and, Shadow-like, beside, The grieved grave look that I recalled so well.

Thus passed the night. But when the morning sun Tinged the still wood, his rays discovered me Bound to a pine tree, whilst around me stood Four Indians. The fire of savage hate Flashed in their eyes, whilst they debated how Most cruel and most slow might death be made. At last my fate was sealed; they all withdrew A little distance. Then one stepped in front,

And poised the tomahawk: with lightning gleam Flashed the fell weapon whirling through the air, And quivered in the pine tree by my side. The next,—but lo, ere it could leave his hand, The savage leaped into the air, and fell Moveless and dead, whilst, from the vast still wood, His rifle smoking in his hand, sprang forth Mine elder brother. In his look I saw That he had known me. But with maddened rage, The Indians sprang towards him, and the flash Of weapons glittered past mine eyes; I saw The calm strong resolution of his face Opposed to the wild fury of his foes: His like a warring angel's, theirs, scarce seen,
—Dark skinned and horrid with vermilion smears— To be of human mould. Soon all was done; Fierce was the conflict, furious, but short. The Indians, lifeless or disabled, lay Upon the ground, and near them, dying, smiled, My brother. O'er his face the old look came, That I had dreamed of in the night; too faint To speak, fondly he kissed his hand to me In farewell love, then sank into repose.

Thus, in the solitude of that still wood, Alone and bound I was. Beside me lay The dark forms of the savages, each face Ghastly with war-paint, and with demon rage; And in the midst of these, calm, as in sleep, I saw the pale face I had kissed so oft. In tranquil rest the dark eyes seemed to gaze After the spirit to the sky above, And motionless and lifeless was the hand That led me when a child. The sighing wind That rustled in the tall trees o'er me, spoke Of the far pine trees of our home; and Thought Carried me back beside the buried years, And raised them from their graves. Alas! How, even in school days had he shielded me From harm and from oppression, even as now! Ah, bitterly the memory of the change That severed us, came o'er my spirit then ;-I spoke to him—" Brother," I said, "forgive! Brother, I now am sorry. O, one word Of love and of forgiveness!" till almost I fancied that his tranquil smile of love Brightened on me. Alas, it was not so, Only a wandering sunbeam over passed Those pale still lips; and deepest silence reigned, The only answer to my earnest voice.

O children, who have listened by my side, Thus, thus your Father, and my Brother died! -Remember this my tale, and let the smile That dwells in love upon your features now, Ne'er darken to a frown, for years may pass, And you may long to see its light again, And think of its past beauty through your life, Sighing for it in vain. Dearer to me, -My Brother's children, than if mine you were -Still love me, for it is my happiness To toil for you, and in your faces young To see the old fond look my brother wore When yet a child, as you. Perchance he smiles Fondly upon me now, to see my care For you, his orphan children. Thus I place Your hands tight in each other's, clasp them firm, Nor let their pressure ever grow less fond ; So shall not the pale features of remorse Haunt you in silence through a saddened life.

LOSING, SEEKING, AND FINDING. By the Author of "Aden Power."

[Continued from p. 220.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PASSION'S HARVEST.

"Oh fatal beauty! Too much seeming heaven! Hath it wrought thee but this!—that men henceforth Shall name thee murd'ress!"

ANON.

"Better is death than life! Ah yes! to thousands
Death plays upon a dulcimer, and sings
That song of consolation, till the air
Rings with it, and they cannot choose but follow
Whither he leads. And not the old alone,
But the young also hear it, and are still."

GOLDEN LEGEND.

"Hey, Marquis! why you've more the air of a man going to be hanged than one just come from paying his devoirs at the shrine of a beauty."

"Beauty! say fiend!—'hanged!' I should have been hanged, or some one else for me, if I had not

beat a retreat."

"What! fairly run for it? Never let it be said that the gallant Dumesnil turned his back upon a fair daughter of Albion!—but in faith, you do look scared, upset—what you'd call abîmé, I suppose. What is it all about?"

"About! about that she-tiger you've only a quarter tamed. Tell me of her no more, I would not

approach her again for a kingdom!"

"Ha! ha!—and how did the belle so scare the invincible Alphonse? Tell me now, did she slap your face? pull those cherished favoris? or has she at last really discovered the gift of speech, and launched out in the choicest idiom of feminine English?"

"There is no joke at all, Ducie, I will assure you. If the girl had harmed me only, I should not have come to you: but it is worse—much worse!"

"Speak, then: has she smashed my Sèvres ware, demolished the hangings, let fly at the mirrors?"

"The breakfast was on the table when I entered the room; she was alone, of course, and she started up, thinking it was you, no doubt."

"Ma belle!—always was attached to me, poor little thing!" And the young noble surveyed him-

self with complacency in a mirror.

"Of course I acted on the hint you had given me. But she must have had a notion of something before: for I had hardly begun with my finger-talking, before she sat up, fixing on me those grand burning eyes of hers. She made no sign, but took all so quietly I thought the battle was won, and leaned over to take her hand—when—Mon Dieu! I tremble as I recall it!—she sprang from the couch, seized a small knife that lay near, and drew it across her arm."

"Good Heaven!"

"The blood gushed out from her fair flesh, and

there she stood; while it dropped down upon her white robe—glaring at me with a smile like a devil's."

"What did you do?"

"Do! roared like a thousand bulls, and your people came rushing in, thinking, I believe, that she'd murdered me; as I am certain she would, had I made one step towards her, for she kept the knife in her hand till her women got about her to bind it up."

"What an infernal spirit!"

"Spirit! I would not be in your place if she's to be at liberty; it will be a poor chance for your pale-faced countess that is so soon to be."

"Confound the girl! I'll go with you, Dumes-

nil; she will hear reason."

"Hear the prophets! I'll not go near her again; no, not if you would engage to pay all my debts, and give me absolution into the bargain, for a twelvementh to come, Ducie, not I!"

"But, Marquis, you promised, you wished-"

"Doucement, my friend, softly—I never bargained for the incarnation of a fiend in the form of an angel. Your sweet dame I knew not would turn out a veritable vampire. Ma foi!—I shudder when I think."

"Pshaw! the pet of a moment! She never made

such an exhibition before."

"Probably for the reason her angelic tendencies have not been provoked. I sympathize with you, my friend; but I can offer you no assistance which would peril my own bodily and everlasting welfare. Such maladies are contagious, and if that she-devil failed to assassinate me, I should certainly annihilate her some fine morning. No, my good lord, peace before all things; though in faith your dumb mistress is lovely enough to outweigh many considerations, could she be tamed."

"She was always gentle enough with me."

"By my faith, then, why cast her off? the world is wide enough for pale-faced countesses and mute belles."

"It cannot be," returned the other, impatiently;

"the family is proud, jealous-"

"Has influence, wealth—ma foi! which milord Ducie needs—eh bien!" The friend yawned and shrugged his shoulders.

The other walked to and fro, knitting his brows

angrily

"A cursed nuisance; when one wants to do the right thing, and to have done with all these follies, to be thwarted by the whims of a frivolous creature like that. Confound it!"

And he stooped, in his talk, to grind his heel upon a little trinket, which in his vexation he had jerked from his watch-chain. A frail nicknack which had been attached there, by that "frivolous creature," some time past: and that, with lover's kisses, he had vowed he should never part with.

You see it was enough to ruffle his lordship's illustrious sense of justice. For what reason was there that, because for a time it had been his supreme pleasure to feed the whims and pamper the caprice of this frivolous creature—what possible

reason was that for his not throwing her away, when he had resolved on taking another woman, whose wealth and connexions were so immensely convenient to him—whom he should also vow and swear to love, though in a different place of course—when he had resolved on giving grand entertainments, purchasing estates, building mansions, founding churches—on making laws, and instructing his poor "lower" fellow-men how to live virtuously—weeping over their want of natural affections, when they belaboured their wives and neglected their offspring—in a word, on "reforming?"—When my lord had all this in view, it was enough to vex him, to find that the gewgaw, the frail nick-nack he had attached, would'nt be shaken off, could'nt be ground under heel.

"I'll go and talk to her; try what reason will do, for once in a way; eh, marquis?"

Dumesnil shrugged his shoulders. "Diamonds generally go further than reason, with a woman—

"Diamonds! she's no lack of them. By Jove, what I have spent in that quarter would have kept two establishments; but, there, it is useless talking here, I'll go. No, I can't, though, to-day; I have to meet Lady Mary's brother-in-law, I promised to ride with him; mustn't disappoint him. And it won't do, either, to leave that fury to herself. By Jove, you know, now she's roused, she'd be capable of anything; and those lazy fools about her, she'd frighten them into anything! d—— the women—I say——"

"The Lady Countess included," laughed the Frenchman, who certainly did not sympathize the more deeply with his friend's dilemma that he had

so nearly been involved in it.

"I will send a message of pacification, and promise to go to her to-morrow. She must and shall hear reason."

So saying, he proceeded to dispatch a confidential servant to the hidden paradise of his discarded Peri.

"Au revoir," said his friend, with a shrug of his elegant shoulders, and a gleam of his white teeth. "I wish you well out of all your complications."

The young lord made him a friendly adieu; and as the door closed upon him, cursed him for "a selfish fool."

Again we are in the luxurious boudoir of the

isolated beauty.

Time has passed since last I showed her to you—the worshipped idol of her selfish and unreasoning possessor; and time has, it should seem, but added to her beauty; as with the opening rose, we watch so tenderly, we believe the present to be its acme of perfection, till to-morrow a new leaf unfolded, a spray of moss or tendril freshly bidden, thrills us with its claim, and makes the past seem poor.

So with the beautiful woman now reclining on the couch before us, in the fulness of full blossomed

beauty and luxurious grace.

She was dressed with careful splendour. Always tasteful, to-day time and unusal study had been bestowed in the selection of her attire. Silks, lace,

and jewels of the most costly kind, formed her attire; her magnificent hair dressed with natural flowers, in the mode, but without powder, shone like gold in the stray sunbeam that made way through the fragrant shrubs and muslin which curtained the windows.

One beautiful arm was bandaged, the ribbon half concealed by a heavy bracelet of gold and pearls. The other hung listlessly down, her hand almost touching the floor. As she had lain herself carelessly on the couch, part of her rich dress was crushed beneath her—she lay, her eyes closed, her lips parted, her cheeks now flushed, now pale—

waiting anxiously.

No longer a girl—no longer a novice in luxury and wealth—long ago accustomed to all that dress and homage, and the flattery of passion, can yield, what was left her? Vanity, the sustaining principle of her life, wounded—Pride crushed—alone, with the mighty sense of her inexplicable wrong—palpitating beneath the sense of injustice she could give no voice to—suffering how much more that no human ear could ever listen, no human voice give comfort, to her anguish.

She started up suddenly, as if some sound had reached her. By what sense unknown to others do those so bereft supply, to some extent, the place of more perfect organization? She hurriedly approached a small recess near the couch where she had been sitting, drew yet closer a heavy curtain which fell across it, instinctively looked into a mirror, and smiled as she adjusted the flowers twined

in her wealth of golden hair.

The smile was yet upon her lips, as she turned at the opening of the door. It is not in the nature of mortal man to resist the magic of such a vision of beauty as advanced to meet the new-comer; every word of impatience must have perished even in intent, as, admiration lighting up his features, he hurried to embrace her.

"Ma belle, you grow more lovely every day!—
you do, by Jove; I am glad I am come—glad that
ass Dumesnil didn't come. Eh, what have you been
doing to make yourself so surpassingly beautiful?
By Jove, there is nothing like you in all France—

no, nor England either.

He had seated himself; and she, close to him, with a studious *empressement* of attention, replied in her own mute language of signs and caresses.

"So fearfully hot it is, ma belle, a perfect sirocco; I've ridden like fury, too; and I am just done up

-I'll have some wine."

But she had anticipated him. Wine was at hand upon a side table, with fruit and numberless delicacies. She signed to him that she had eaten nothing that day, that she might eat with him—she poured out and handed him the wine, which he drank lavishly and with a sort of desperation, as though nerving himself to something he had resolved upon.

"Dear Beauty," he said to her, "you are a perfect queen to-night—I never saw you so lovely: but I say, why couldn't you be so with the Marquis? you know he is a good fellow, and he's fond of you." She started as she caught his meaning, and half drew her arm from about his shoulder.

"Hey! by Jove!—good Heaven! here!—why, it's blood!—oh from your arm—see, it's bleeding on to my vest too!"

Beauty, with a slight gesture of impatience, fixed

the bandage and stopped the bleeding.

"By Jove, it turned me sick! Some wine, ma belle. Ah that ride under the broiling sun did me no good:—I'll rest my head here, so—that's capital. Eh, I wish there were no countesses, nor money, nor sisters, nor interests—bother it all. Ma belle! you are worth 'em all. You shan't go; confound it all, you shall stay with me, queen; so you shall."

The woman smiled bitterly as he made her understand; she poured out the wine for which he asked, full and deep draughts; she only sipped.

The twilight came on, the air grew hushed and heavy with the perfume of night. An imprisoned insect droned in the network of the curtains. Overcome by wine and heat, the young nobleman dozed, one hand locked in that of the woman as she sat beside the couch, with drooping head and eyes half closed.

In a while she gently unclasped her hand, softly she rose, locked the door, drew over it the heavy velvet hangings, and across the closed windows. The grate was already covered by lace and silken drapery. Then from the recess she took a small brazier or chafing-dish filled with charcoal. Still moving like a shadow, or fairy presiding at a mortal's dreams, she set it on the floor close to the couch, cast into it one of the smouldering pastiles, watched for a moment the lurid glow spread and kindle slowly through the mass, then softly placed herself upon the couch, beside the sleeper, and laid his head upon her breast. He muttered "Ma belle"-"some wine;" but with a whisper she soothed him. Gently she drew around the couch the canopy which hung above it, thus closing in effectually the atmosphere of death.

As she laid her head back upon the cushion, with a sudden movement she pulled from her hair the flowers which had dressed it, and flung them down; they fell upon the burning charcoal and

were consumed.

The twilight deepened, the night-fly buzzed heavily. Suddenly there was a gasp—a sob; but the woman's arms drew closer, and a breath passed her cheek, as the head rested passively on her breast.

Now spur horse! draw not rein! and spare not promises, Will Darby!—while there is life there is hope, and she you seek yet lives. Yes, that is the goal of your journey, that is the prison paradise, and the Peri avenged is still of this world, that breath which stirs the dead man's hair.

Darkness falls, and the droning night-fly has it all to himself; the air is heavy with more than the perfume of night.

Stand we aside as the curtain is undrawn; for he remembers her when she was a little child—and sinless.

Poor, lovely clay! it looks full pure and stainless now; the deep eyes half unclosed, the lips apart, as though it lingered for a parting word. Passive, too, and calm—the turbulent fire gone out. Good Christians do not see it so, and righteously visit their indignation upon the senseless limbs and body that have suffered punishment—the real culprit having escaped their vengeance.

So, in a foreign land, Rose Steyne's grave was made, and Will Darby stood beside it. May tears of as true sorrow fall into yours and mine, and memories as sacred be ours, as bore his secret out into the waking world, to share the days and nights

of that man's life to come.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DEAD-SEA APPLES.

"Shake hands for ever—cancel all our vows;
And, when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen on either of our brows,
'That we one jot of former love retain.'

DRAYTON.

IF ever man had cause to congratulate himself upon the accomplishment of all his desires, and the fulfilment of more than his hopes, Philip Steyne, at this time, certainly was that man. Fame, wealth, distinction waited upon him. The love of a girl who seemed calculated to answer even the fastidious requirements which a man—jilted in his first attachment, a dweller in the world, and a keen observer of the feminine portion—invariably comes to entertain—without obstacle or hindrance, was to be his. Within his reach he held the coveted object of his life—the power of revenging himself upon the man he mortally hated—though attained, as Steyne told Kate, at the cost of a large portion of his newly-acquired fortune.

For Crichton, soon after the death of his wife, whom he lost while their child was yet an infant, disappointed in obtaining the handling of the property which his wife's mother bequeathed absolutely to her granddaughter, had entered somewhat rashly into speculations which failed in realising what his money-loving nature deemed a fair return. Hungering after that of which he had so long anticipated possession, as almost to consider its other disposal a wrong to himself, he ceased to regard his business as a sufficient means of compassing his

The gold mania was just then in its birth. From the sea-port towns around came wonderful tales of fortunes realised at one lucky stoop. Nuggets were the trophies preserved for exhibition. Bleached bones and broken hearts, other results of the enterprise, were taken less into account.

Crichton, restless and ill at ease, neglected the present gain in contemplation of the probable. The business began to decline in profit. Finally he came to a resolution, disposed of his business, let his houses, turned all his available property into cash, and departed with his little girl for the land of gold.

Here his shrewd and uncompromising business habits stood him in good stead. He traded with considerable success, and had cause to congratulate himself on his determination—the "Admirable" making light of such small matters as comfort, or his child's welfare, against the great aim of his existence.

Then came the reaction. The moment when it was discovered that all that had been won was not worth the cost of life and health, the mania set the other way. Money was no longer to be made wholesale. Crichton had formed an intimacy with some other trading adventurers, like himself, who, at this juncture, persuaded him something was to be done by a capitalist in America, in the buying, stocking, and transfer of farming lots.

Thither, then, still carrying with him his child, the money-lover sailed, and before long was engaged

in new speculations.

Meanwhile, the family of his deceased wife woke up to the conviction that a certain representative of it, a respected and wealthy member (a heiress, as she would one day be), was roaming the world under guardianship not the most desirable or suitable. The aunt of the once pretty silly gentle girl—too well born and too well intentioned to have shared the fortunes of such a man—wrote a letter full of condescension and haughtiness, which would have insulted any other man, but fell like primroses upon a rhinoceros's hide, against the "Admirable," requesting permission to take charge of her grandniece.

The father, whose paternal instincts were not inconveniently strong, and who would by no means stand in the way of interests so intimately allied with his own, readily conceded the request; and little Kate, at the age of five or six, returned to England, to the rigid guardianship of her stately aunt, the discipline of Russell-square, and the perpetually-recurring condemnation of any real or fancied acquisition of the "backwoods." Passing constantly by her aunt's name—who, as a matter of course, deprecated all allusion to a connexion she had never approved—it was not singular that Steyne should, even in the intimate relations he had assumed with the family, have remained in ignorance of the unfortunate dénouement which awaited the history alike of his love and revenge.

At first having sought the introduction, in the natural wish to renew an acquaintance so singularly commenced, to discover how far he should be remembered, and with certainly no unwillingness to present himself under a more favourable aspect to the young creature who had retained no small hold upon his memory, Philip had not been many times a visitor, when he found himself attracted by more than the mere pleasure of an agreeable friendship. In vain he represented to himself the difference of age, the circle by which she had been constantly surrounded, the few advantages which he could possess in comparison-As Kate had naively and unconsciously expressed it-there was the inexplicable attraction, the affinity of being, and comprehension at which we wonder, discuss, and are

profound when we behold them in the varied atoms, out of which Nature works harmony and completeness in the material world; yet of whose necessity we seem to make so little account in the immaterial—nor to their absence lay the fierce disruptions, the jarring discords, and the cruel wrecks that hearts and souls make, not unfrequently.

But these two love very dearly—a marriage is decided—subject always, of course, to the consent of the lady's father, who is expected home daily from America, where his affairs have not been flourishing of late; and he is understood not to be so rich as when he went out. But, as the elder lady says, that is nothing to her niece, who has a fortune of her own, about which, of course, the lover is indifferent; having sufficient, and knowing how very little a woman whose love he can have won will care about more than sufficient. The aunt is grandly busy about all the preparations so dear to the hearts of ladies, and in her glory, at being left to the sole management: Kate's only fear being that she will have all much too magnificent: Philip, in her eyes, so far transcending all possible glitter and parade of mortal show, that it is sheer mockery to attempt it.

Mrs. Caslin, in the pride of her heart would, I believe, gladly hasten on the arrangements, and complete the ceremony without waiting for the arrival of the père Crichton, for whom she entertains the smallest minimum of respect; but Kate will in no way hear of such a thing, albeit her father's conduct has not been such as to cultivate the highest sense

of affection or esteem.

Philip, too, is far from objecting to delay: he also awaits an arrival from abroad; and in his dreams of happiness there mingles a more than seemly exaltation of the desired goal just visibly within his

Dear Kate—the only one whose joy has no alloy of unworthy feeling, whose happiness is perfect, and who affects not to hide it—sheds such an atmosphere of sunshine around her, the old house in the Square is radiant, and not a creature but revels in the consciousness of some genial influence enriching

their existence. I am afraid it is not exactly what the ladies would have. I suppose when a girl is going to become the life-long companion and helpmate of the man she loves, she ought to be calling up regrets and memories, and ties she must "sever," forming wise resolutions, and laying up sage maxims, or looking as if she were disconsolate—and making the poor man fancy she has balf repented her bargain-only he knows better. This, no doubt, is the right and proper course, but my poor Kate never thought of more but that she was very happy. She loved Philip with all her heart and soul; and though when alone the sense of wrong and error would obtrude, to dim the full lustre of her prospect, it was quickly banished by the strength of her love, and the hope that by-and-by her influence with her husband might lead him to take what her true piety and her heart told her was the right view of his own history, pain-

"My nephew has arrived, Mr. Steyne, and I shall have the pleasure, I suppose I must say, of introducing you; though I need scarcely tell you how very far I am from approving of his conduct, or indeed how little to my satisfaction the connection ever was. However, I am happy to say our dear Kate has been reared under very different auspices to those which could have surrounded her, even had her poor mother lived. I hear he has indulged in most extravagant speculations, and has indeed entangled himself in serious difficulties: he has already run through more than one fortune, as he certainly would that of our dear girl, but for the precaution of my sister in securing it to her."

So spoke Mrs. C., to whom Philip was about to begin a reply in very different tone to this amiable speech, expressing the happiness he should derive from being allowed to be of service, &c., &c.; when the door opened, and entered—he needed not the introduction of the lady to inform him—Richard Crichton!

Years, we know, had passed; and anxious careful money-grubbing had left even deeper traces than they, on the face of the publican of "Piert's Rest;" but the injured man had dreamed of it, recalled it, sleeping and waking, too often to have forgotten the detested lineaments.

Not so the other. He would no more associate the world-famous man, the accepted suitor of his daughter, with the poor suicide mason of years ago; whose history had made a small item in the list familiar to him; than he would with the poor orphan whom he had last seen before justice, or of whom he had retained perhaps the strongest impression, standing on that fresh-made grave, while the bells rang at the christening of that daughter.

With a little flutter of ceremony, the stately lady had quitted the apartment, unheeding the sudden change which came over one of the two, thus left

Crichton had followed his first acknowledgment by extending his hand, which the other made no attempt to take, but stood for a minute looking at the marked and altered countenance, that so powerfully recalled all the sad history in which he had played a part.

"You!" exclaimed Philip, at length; "you, the father of Kate?—impossible!"

"Sir! I do not understand you," said the other, making a step forward: "Certainly, Kate Crichton is my daughter, my only child—I had understood—I was happy to..."

"My God! and is it possible?" cried the other, interrupting him, "that for years I should have pursued this idea, have realized it—to find!—the only creature in the world who loves me!"—He paused, with the old gesture of his hand to his brown.

The other stood gazing in amazement, totally at a loss to comprehend what it meant.

"You are Richard Crichton. I needed no introduction," continued Philip, increasing in bitterness

as he went on. "You do not know me, of course not. You will have forgotten long ago, the man whom for your gain you ruined; home, prospects, body and soul-who finished broken-hearted by destroying himself-whose household goods, even with his blood warm upon them, you stripped from the walls, for money you had lent him; for the need your own temptations caused !- I am that man's son!-I am Philip Steyne! I am the boy who told you once upon that father's grave that if I lived I would avenge him. You have forgotten! I never have! I have traced you, I have learned every turn your affairs have taken. I know how, grasping at higher and yet higher gains, you have become involved - have mortgaged, borrowed, snatched at every chance, however feeble, in vain, since the tide of fate has turned—and by your accursed greed in grasping at more, you have lost all. You owe much, do you know how much?—to many-do you know how many?-To one, to me! -I am your only creditor: I, Philip Steyne, the son of that woman you thrust from your door, the woman you helped to murder—the son of the man you ruined—the brother of the girl you sold—I whom you falsely accused, and shamefully branded with the name of a felon-I, sir, am your sole creditor! The idol of your existence is lost to you you are a ruined man, and at my mercy. See, there, if what I say be true!"

Hurriedly he took from his breast a pocket-book, and threw paper after paper before the abashed and fallen man, over whose countenance came an expression compounded of hatred, anguish, and dismay. It was indeed true. It needed but a glance at these documents to tell him how completely the determined spirit before him had carried out his measures, and, even at such a moment Crichton could not fail to mark, at what an enormous sacrifice of his own wealth. It boded ill for him. The hopelessness of his position struck him as a blow. He made a fruitless attempt to show some amount of carelessness or effrontery; but his head bowed to the table—he hid his face in his hands. Conscience spoke just then, more plainly than even the man, of his own injuries.

Philip stood contemplating him. This was the moment he had lived for—the grand accomplishment of all his wishes: his enemy humbled before him—full revenge as ever he had prayed for.

There was a quick tap at the door; it opened, and Philip's heart leaped with a sudden pang, as a pale face that he loved stood before him. The voices had been loud; the aunt, vaguely alarmed, had begged Kate to go down, she was sure her father had insulted Mr. Steyne.

He, as pale, scarce more firm, made no step to meet her, as she looked from one to the other, and faintly said, "Philip! is my father ill?" The man half rose from his chair, and made a sign as if he would have deprecated explanation.

"She must know," said Philip, in a voice now calm to despair; "God help us! she must know. Kate," he continued, with desperate firmness, leaning one hand upon the chair in which Crichton

had reseated himself, again shading his face with his hands, "I told you long ago of a man, my bitter enemy, to whom I owed the loss of my dearest friends, the ruin of my home—on whom I was bound to be revenged—."

He paused; and, almost breathless, she exclaimed

_" My father ?"-__

"Kate, his hand put my mother from his door, when from a sick bed she went seeking her little child—in a house where, for his gain, the girl was tempted—from where, stolen or strayed, I lost her, never to find her in this world again. I stood by the death-bed of my broken-hearted mother, I saw the body of my wretched self-murdered father—my home broken up, myself cast into prison: his hand is in it all!"

"Oh! Philip, Philip, father!"-

The poor girl's voice was choked with grief; what

could she say?

"I never dreamed it, Kate; how should I? Yet now it seems so strange I never learned it—and I was planning all the while revenge upon the father of the one I loved. I would have spared you this, Kate; I would have written to you, to tell you of this fearful ending to—."

She interrupted him with a cry, as she held out

her hands as if to stay his words-

"Oh, Philip!"

"Kate," he went on, more firmly, "we must part—we can never be one. A union so uncatural never could yield but misery. For your sake I give up, for your sake forego, that which has been the one great purpose of my life. He is your father—you who have loved me, whom I have loved so well; Kate, I could not hurt him. I have done: I'll strive no more against Fate; let the bad prosper or fail." He threw upon the table the papers he had before taken up. "Take them, sir, they are all I have against you; you will know how to value them, I make no doubt; but I trust and hope we shall meet no more. The sight of you is a curse my eyes can ill bear; God knows my life will have little to make it worth keeping now!"

He paused for a moment, his eyes still averted from the pale girl, who leaned, half fainting, against

the table.

"God bless you, Kate. Thank Heaven we were not married; our parting would have been harder."

"Philip," said Kate, in a voice so sunk and broken it sounded not like her own, "you will never leave me!—you will not go!—you cannot, surely. What have I done? Father, ask him; tell him, father!" she cried, looking tremblingly round; but the "Admirable," true to his instinct, had possessed himself of those precious papers, and made himself scarce. "Oh, Philip! will you leave me all alone?" said the poor girl, in tones of pitiful appeal that made the stern heart of the man tremble. He moved towards her, and she caught at his hand.

"You will not leave me, you surely cannot. You that I love so dearly—that I have learned to look up to, to trust—that are all the world to me, dear. Where will you go? What will you do? Philip,

dear, you have said that you could forgive me everything—that you could not choose but love me; and will you cast me off for that which happened before

I was born? Oh, Philip! dear love."

"Kate, spare me-spare yourself. My heart is torn, my very senses leaving me; yet, what I say must be. Do you think I do not suffer? God only knows how much. I have loved you as never, I believe, mortal loved—as never I believed I could love woman born. In you I have found the happiness I never thought to find in the world again: I had looked forward even to forgetting, with you, the grief that had rendered desolate my past life. Think, then, if I do not suffer! Think what the power of my love must be that has made me yield what no other consideration upon earth should have done—the right of punishing him. Kate, do you think, if I looked only to make my own happiness, that I should part from you? But think! think what a union would that be !- the blood of him who robbed me of my sister, who brought that dear mother to her death—that gentle, good, enduring, pious mother—one, hers and his; Nature would condemn it—she would rise from her grave to upbraid me. Never, Kate, never!"

"Yet, if you had not learned this cruel truth, dear Philip, you would not have been less happy."

"Kate, it can never be; much as I have loved

"You love me still; oh, Philip! you love me still; you cannot but love me, dear; while you live you will love me. What will you do? How will you forget me? How will you drive the thought of me from you?—the poor Kate who loves you,

whom you have loved so well."

He had turned from her, and leaned his face against the wall; she clinging to his hand, still spoke, weeping: "You cannot forget-oh, Philip! I know so well. Have I not read the dear good heart? I know it will pine, and grieve, and break, like my own. For you will not forget me. Our happy days; our long, long, quiet talks; our walks and peaceful evenings, and the hundred things—the books, the songs, the music-all will remind you. You cannot forget! Philip! oh, do not go-my love! my dear, for your own sake, I pray you! See, listen! oh, do but turn to me!--your poor Kate, that has never, never grieved you—that never will. Oh, Philip! think of the weary days to come and go, and never see me-never to hear me speak. You have said you loved my voice, and will you never want to hear it? and who will take my place, who will so dearly love you?-who'll be your own, your very own, your Kate? Ah, Philip! have you not told me that the world seemed new, and full of happiness, since you had loved me, that was so dark before; and what will it be now? Dear love, it is not I have done you wrong! Oh, hear me! I will go wherever you may wish-I'll leave them all-go to another country. And if at times sad recollections come, I'll strive to comfort you; or I'll wait with patience till the shadow's past. Dear one, let me atone for, with my care and love, a part at least of what others have made you suffer: you never shall regret that you forgave, in me, the faults that have indeed fallen heavily—Oh, do not take away your hand! Philip! my Philip! Is there none to

speak for me? Oh, Philip--!"

"She had sunk upon her knees, in the earnestness of her petition, still clinging to his hand; but he withdrew it; and as she, in the bewilderment of her agony, would have fallen on her face, he lifted her to the couch. Unable to speak, he pressed his lips to hers, in one long kiss; and with a silent adieu to the aunt who then entered the room, he quitted the house for ever.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE CONQUEROR.

"Moments there are in life—alas, how few!—
When casting cold prudential doubts aside,
We take a generous impulse for our guide,
And following promptly what the heart thinks best,
Commit to Providence the rest.
Sure that no after reckoning will arise,
Of shame or sorrow, for the heart is wise,
And happy they who thus in faith obey
Their better nature."

SOUTHEY.

"In life's delight, in death's dismay, In storm and sunshine, night and day, In health, in sickness, in decay, Here and hereafter—I am thine!"

GOLDEN LEGEND.

THERE is something amusing in the pertinacity with which the world divests every public character of all claims to the usual incidents and belongings of a domestic life. The most trivial arrangements or movements are always to be attributed to any but the ordinary motives which dictate those

of other people.

Thus when Phillip Steyne, the unrivalled horse-tamer, suddenly disappeared from the gaze of an admiring and enthusiastic public, and the absence, totally unaccounted for, was prolonged indefinitely; of the thousand-and-one singular and marvellous reports successively floated through the town, not one touched upon the possibility of domestic affliction, or the many disappointments and mischances that flesh is proverbially and practically heir to.

But, long before the twelvemonth was expired, indignation, annoyance, regret, and wonder, had been exhausted; and when eighteen months had passed away though the huge red posters displaying the name so well known, with the impracticable postures, wholly unknown, still held their ground, at least in part, or fluttered mournfully from lone by-wall or dreary hoarding—some new favourite held the place in the public mind which the subject of these flaming announcements so lately occupied.

And where was he the while?

I think I have let you sufficiently into the character of the principal of my story for you to be aware that he is not one to falter and hesitate in a resolution once formed. Little as you may be disposed to agree with his determination, you will be certain that it will not be suffered to fail, for want of stern will to bear it out.

One brief, unanswerable letter, Steyne wrote to the aunt of his betrothed, informing her of just so much, in just such terms, as he knew she would fully comprehend and enter into. That lady, in all the agitation and distress attendant upon the altered state of affairs, derived one amount of solid gratification from the fact that it was all attributable in some way to the unworthy nephew-in-law, whom she thereupon renounced with new fervour, and who very considerately lost no time in removing himself from the neighbourhood of her unlimited indignation.

In three days Philip had quitted London; in two more, England. And from that time, until we again meet with him, he had scarcely slept two nights in the same town or village. At such pace as was compatible with the reputation of sanity, he had traversed the southern countries of the Continent, retracing his steps here, continuing his journey there, suddenly quitting this spot, and as unreasonably halting at another, in a style that made it least a matter of congratulation (to be guilty of an Irishism) to the man who did not happen to be his companion. Philip was intent upon doing that of which every day, every hour indeed, seemed but to increase the difficulty; and finally Reason, as if disgusted at such total ignoring of her office, alienated herself from the offender, leaving him in an obscure Swiss village, at the mercy of harpy innkeepers, a raging fever, and the reputation of a rich Englishman.

Not far, perhaps you are thinking, from rightly served, and how much too kind Fate proves herself, when I relate how—the weary probation of that fever passed (you will thank me for sparing you that)—Philip awoke to a delicious sense of convalescent weakness, to find himself surrounded by English comforts, and to hear, in whispered tones, English tongues discoursing of his state hopefully—which speakers, at his stirring, showed themselves in the persons of a portly doctor and a sweet-faced softly-speaking nurse; an old friend, too—poor Cary Hinton, no other—now a middle-aged and staid-looking, though still pretty woman.

Now, you know, these surprises are not to my fancy, as being generally beyond reason; and, above all, apt to shake the nerves of fever patients -though I believe no convalescent ever was much the worse for a pleasant surprise; 'tis suspense does the mischief: and there never was a more blundering notion than, having put the curiosity of a poor irritable invalid on the rack, to attempt to soothe him with, "Now be still, pray; you must not excite yourself; by-and-by we'll tell you all about it, when you are stronger. Lie still now, compose yourself, there's a dear." Good Heavens, why you might tell a man of the biggest misfortune that ever befell his house, with less risk than leave him in such a feverish unsatisfied condition as these words will induce. But enough of that. Cary had more sense; the doctor was no sooner gone, than, adjusting the pillows, and administering some precious and delicious restorative or invigorative, especially contrived for the beatification of convalescents, the sick man's nurse began, in a tone more soothing than the completest silence, to satisfy the curiosity she knew must be consuming him.

"You were so surprised to see me here, I know."

A brief affirmative from Philip.

"Yes, yet it's very simple when you come to know. You were bad, indeed, Mr. Steyne, when I came. You will guess who sent me, not but I would have come if I had known, but I was sent by some one-you'll not be much surprised-you have not so many that love you-she sent me, sir, Miss Kate. She heard you were very bad in a strange country, and she said to me—I have lived with her, sir, since you went away—she could not bear to think of you being among strangers, and she knew of no one else. So I came: you were bad, indeed, Mr. Philip, and such a pigstye as they'd got you in. They said it was not safe to move you, but I was certain it was worse to let you be; so we-so I had you moved here, sir. It's the Protestant convent, at least the sick part belonging; and here you've been now two weeks. Ah, Mr. Philip, I never thought to have heard your voice again! You were bad!"

Curiosity so far satisfied, the judicious nurse left

her patient to quiet and repose.

Perhaps he dozed in that half-hour; if he did he had not forgotten what had been told him, for Cary heard her name feebly called.

"Tell me," he said, when she came, "how was

she when you left her?"

"But poorly, Mr. Philip—God bless her; she is not so strong as she is good, by a long way. And now, sir, you will please rest quiet, sleep will do you so much good."

A smile of singular meaning rested on the pale face of the nurse as she turned away from the snugly-curtained bcd, and busied herself with the

night lamp.

From the time that Philip, quitting town, had left Mrs. Hinton free of the responsibilities, though still enjoying the revenue attachable to her capacity of housekeeper in his establishment, Kate had sought her out, and retained her near herself in the capacity of companion. Kate had already learned some part of Cary's history from Philip: under the strictness of whose domestic regulations her unfortunate infirmity had received so severe a check as to render its total eradication matter for sanguine contemplation—and in the present state of affairs Mrs. Hinton had proved herself a valuable acquisition to the poor girl.

Though not directly made a confidente, Cary had guessed quite nearly enough at the real state of the case, and all the goodness and sympathy of her nature were fully enlisted in behalf of her favourite, in whose service she found herself so unexpectedly

engaged.

It is the fourth day from that of his first awakening to the welcome vision we have described, and Philip, an improving convalescent, is sitting in an easy chair, taking the air from the open window of his chamber, half-curtained by a thickly-clustering

vine. His careful nurse has just concluded some communication which has with some ingenuity been extorted from her, and, after again adjusting

his wrappings, has quitted the room.

The door upon which the eyes of the invalid are fixed is slowly opened, and there enters the dear face he has so vainly coursed over hill and dale, crossed torrents, and scaled mountains, to escape the memory of. Oh! but how pale, how wan, how marked with more than grief, since last he saw it! Tears come easily when we are weak, and it is no wonder his dimmed the eyes that met hers, that spoke even before the lips uttered—

"Oh Philip, are you better?"

He could not speak, he put his hand in hers, and

she knelt down beside him.

"Will you forgive me?" she said, gravely and tenderly. "I did not mean to have let you know I was here, I begged her not to tell you, for I feared to pain you by the sight of me. For, Philip, I shall never vex you. I did not come, you know understand me, please—to talk of that. But those who had met you here told us how ill you were seeming, and how recklessly you travelled. I felt sure some harm would happen to you. I could not rest—I should have gone mad. At least I thought, 'I will be near, he need never know it—to nurse him if he is ill, to be near him if he—if, if any harm should come; I cannot offend him then. Brimbouche, my old coachman, you know, and Nurse Hinton came with me-my aunt says 'No' to nothing now, for me—I came, and the first thing we heard was that the fever had you down there. Ah, when I saw you senseless, ill, with all strange faces round you, how thankful I was I had come! Oh! Philip, but they said you could not be moved, and for two days we watched you there-you got worse—then we believed it was the bad air. With great care they brought you here-you were so

"You have not been to see me, Kate?"

"Ah! I was in the room the day you first spoke; but I would not let you see me. It was so joyful to hear your voice again, but it banished me. I had done all I could for you, and I knew you did not want to see me."

He was holding her hands in both of his, looking down into her pale face, half shaded by the soft brown curls, but he did not speak, and she

went on:

"Nurse Hinton has told me about your dear good mother. I do not wonder that you hate even the very name I bear: it is very, very sad. But may I, Philip, please, say something? I have been very wrong in the past, in not speaking what was often at my heart; but my happiness in your love made me always put it from me. Since I have lost you, I have thought of it day and night, and my error has been shown me,—oh, so plainly! I have prayed for you, dear Philip, and for an opportunity, though so late, to speak to you earnestly, and to entreat you for your own sake."

Then, in her simple, touching way, full of trembling anxious desire for his peace; she spoke of the past, of his unrighteous longings for revenge, showed him each plan in its turn made futile, each project overthrown, nay, even turned in its bitterness upon himself. Made eloquent by the painful interest in his welfare, by the new light gained in meditation and earnest seeking of the right, Kate besought him no longer for herself, no longer for the fulfilling of their plighted engagement, but for the releasing of his own spirit from the iron captivity of doubts and bad resolves wherewith himself had so long

"Never," said she, "never shall I cease to reproach myself that I had not obeyed what my own conscience told me so plainly was my duty. When first you told me of the dreadful purpose you cherished, it shocked me.-I felt I shared the wrong in passing it by, not even pleading with you. Again and again the warning would come; but I loved you, and I was deaf to it. Oh, I have seen plainly since how that very love should have urged me to entreat you with all my power to turn from the darkness and vanity of plotted vengeance. How much perhaps might have so been spared us both; for I cannot think in vain I would have spoken and prayed with you, but that your purpose would have changed, your heart softened. But I little dreamed how near home the blow would fall; or that my punishment was at hand."

Then with the simple reverence of true piety, the girl spoke of the All-directing Power that so mercifully thwarts man's deepest-laid plans, and by the special intervention of His mercy most frequently blights the poisonous harvest sown in bitterness and revenge; and lovingly she urged the poorness of the sense that questions so impetuously of hidden decrees, as if it should find all too easy the fulfilling of its already allotted and evident duties; or that, because it sees not to the end, would replace faith with doubt. She talked too of the many mercies and success granted to him, mingling with her comforting words much of what she had learned from Cary of his mother's loving piety, and trusting, un-

doubting life and death.

Sweetly the soothing accents fell from her lips words of mercy and grace; less like quoted inspiration than as the healing counsel of a Heaven-sent messenger to the poor doubting, tossed, long-erring spirit.

How black now seemed the past darkness by the light so shed!—how wide the wandering, how abject, how futile, how presumptuous the doubt!

As the twilight deepened over that sweet pale face, as the gentle tones fell lower, and the earnest eyes were raised, appealing beseechingly, for himthe past, as a troubled mist, seemed melting away -new life, new hope, new vigour, took the place of its fevered visions.

There was silence, for a few minutes; as she ceased, Philip had covered his face with one hand; the other clasping hers. "You are not angry?" Kate said, in a low calm voice; "I could not but speak, Philip-you know not what I have suffered, seeing you lie so-thinking you might be taken away with those dark feelings at your heart.

Not for myself—not for any thought of the past dear, have I spoken—that is all over. But Philip, perhaps, by-and-by, we may meet to be friends when-"

"Never-my own Kate! never!" exclaimed Philip, as he clasped her to his breast. "Leave me no more, my own, my darling. Forgive me! pray with me! as you have prayed for me. Oh, Kate! my beloved! my own."

CHAPTER XXXVI., AND LAST.

FAREWELL.

"As one, who from a dream awaken'd, straight All he hath seen forgets, yet still retains Impression of the feeling in his dreams, E'en such am I."

But a few minutes, patient friend, and we shake hands, our journey ended.

In common courtesy, some few words are due to those who have figured in our company, and still

linger on the wayside.

Perhaps because Richard Crichton had learned prudence, perhaps to caary out to the end the mystery which had puzzled poor Philip's boyish brain, the "Admirable" flourished on the money so unexpectedly restored to him; and dying some years after, left the whole of his fortune to the exclusive purpose of the evangelization of the inhabitants of the Tin-chau and Calipee Islands, just then discovered in the remotest parts of the West Pacific. But the isles proving to be inhabited only by a new species of tailless ourang-outang, the result was the throwing of the whole into Chancery, whence it has not yet emerged; and where, in all human probability, it will yet for some time remain.

For a kind, indulgent, spoil-child of a nurse, commend me to Nurse Hinton, with whom Kate is often compelled to interpose her mild but firm authority to maintain due order and restraint.

The total expunging from the household dietary of the smallest atom in the shape of the thing she was wont to covet, has compelled abstinence in Cary; the period of caudle even affording no occasion of indulgence; for if there do exist a creature more absolute in such matters than Philip, it is his wife Kate, who in her blooming wifehood offers a spectacle for the commiseration of the strong-souled reformers of her sex; so abjectly does she resign herself to abide only beneath the shadow of his love, with such unbroken faith in his capabilities and wisdom—no born thrall ever dwelling in more firm conviction of submission and reliance. Vain I fear would be the effort to arouse her to a sense of the power which awoke to light, and faith, and the better life, that now proud, happy, and grateful man; or to prove how much he owes her. I suspect her case is hopeless, and the labour of any publicspirited female, who might attempt to convince her, would be thrown away.

The sunshiny little wife dwells in a perpetual delusion of this nature, in which Philip indulges her; and perhaps, for example sake, it is as well. Not all could be so safely trusted with a knowledge of their real power, as she who so totally ignores it. For few, like him so blindly seeking that forbidden, have been, in mercy, foiled, to find that which is, alas! too rare.*

FAREWELL.

THE END.

THE SACRIFICE; OR, MARY VAUGHAN.

THE wedding-bells rang merrily, and many a kind and many a curious glance followed the beautiful bride, as she smiled a joyous farewell to the village where a fortnight since she had been a governess; exposed to the fault-finding of the elder, and the envy of the younger, branches of the community; and which she was now leaving in her own equipage, the handsomest which had ever visited the abode. And for once the course of true love had run smooth; Mr. Vaughan had come to the neighbourhood for fishing, or sketching, or botanizing, or some of those pursuits which give a purpose and name to the unfettered enjoyment of nature. His attention was attracted by the beauty of Louisa Steele, and fixed by a conflict, in which he saw her overpowered by the rudeness of her pupils. At the earliest opportunity he made a few inquiries, not of a romantic character :- " Had Miss Steele any home?" "None." "Any fortune?" "None." "If she lost her present situation had she any prospect of a better?" "No; she was an orphan, educated to earn her bread as a governess, and had no friends; nothing but her own exertions to depend on." "What in case of illness, or incapacity for her present duties?" "Nothing but destitution; for her salary was too small to make any provision for such an emergency." Having received these satisfactory replies, the young man set himself to the easy task of winning a heart which had never before been asked or permitted to love; with grateful astonishment she accepted his offer of marriage; and with wonder, almost amounting to incredulity, observed the rapid result in every form by which the liberal kindness of a man could gratify the taste and fancy of a girl; and finally in the shape of a parchment, securing to her the continuance of the luxuries to which he was introducing her. It was the day before the marriage, and he said, "Louisa, I must ask you to read and sign this settlement; as neither of us have relations to act as trustees, it is simply conveying to you by will all that I may die possessed of; and I wish you to understand it." Her eye caught figures amounting to thousands, houses, lands, and it appeared more than ever like a fairy tale; he

watched her countenance, and when, with a heightened colour, and a bright smile she said, "How
good you are! do you really mean it?" there
shot from his dark eyes a glance that would have
withered a tenderer heart; a gleam so searching,
yet so sorrowful, so disappointed, so troubled; but
Louisa saw it not, for she was looking at a small
trinket-box not yet opened. After a pause, and a
deep sigh, and a compression of the lips as if to
shut in words that struggled for utterance, he displayed its contents; and taking from them a simple
brooch, containing an infant's ringlet, he asked her
to wear it on the morrow.

"It is not half so pretty as this," she said, kissing the pearls that encircled a plait of his hair.

"It was my mother's," he replied, "and that hair was mine; she always wore it," and the tone was so touching, so subdued, that even Louisa's glee was softened, and she placed it gently in her breast; but she never thought of intruding by a question on his past history, or his present connections, or contemplated the possibility that one so prosperous could know what suffering was. She thought he had, as she had read in stolen novels, fallen desperately in love at first sight, as she now supposed she had also done; and when they stood at the altar, and her heart, full as it was of wedding finery, yet beat with grateful affection for the kind and generous bridegroom, she was all unconscious of the profound melancholy with which his vows were plighted, and observed nothing remarkable in the sudden change which made him the gayest of the gay party; the mirth, amounting to levity, which seemed to say "I will forget; I will enjoy." But let it not be supposed that she regarded him only with interested motives; no, she loved him with all the capability of love that then existed in a very small and shallow heart; he was not to her merely the perennial spring of trinkets and ornaments, and kind words and flattering attentions; he was also her benefactor and her lover; and more than half her enjoyment of all the good things he lavished on her would have been spoiled if he himself had vanished; she was more proud of her handsome husband than even of her carriage and her table, and her garden; and his admiration was all the homage her vanity coveted for her beauty; and this she called love; yet her girlish pleasure in all that he did to gratify her, her innocent enjoyment of all her little possessions, and her overflowing gratitude, seemed to be all that he desired; he seemed to have fathomed her capabilities, and to feel no disappointment, he loved and cherished her, and she idolized him, and was not that enough? idolized; yes, for there may be the idolatry which sets up one human object as the source and object of all, while there is little of what deserves the name of love. But for the deeper union of hearts allied and spirits harmonized, that true ideal of marriage, Mr. Vaughan did not expect it, and Louisa never thought about it, and so they were very happy. If he had fancied that he was to cultivate her mind he would have been disappointed, for there was nothing to cultivate; all her acquire-

^{*} Our readers will be glad to learn that this tale is being reprinted, and may be had for 1s. 6d.

ments (and she was well informed, as well as highly accomplished) were like wax-flowers, always of proper proportions and fair to see, but without power of growth or development; this also he perceived, and he enjoyed her music and admired her painting, and sought companionship in books; and so they were very happy, though the tide of their felicity was of a very low level. But there came in time an awakening of his deeper feelings; there came a baby touch to unlock the depths of a heart in which love was buried, not annihilated; a baby glance to melt the strong man into the tenderness of boyhood; and after lavishing smiles and caresses on the pretty mamma he would carry away his little one, as if he would hide her in his bosom from every eye, lock his door, and bathe her in tears which had long been pent up in his burning heart; her unconsciousness gave him the freedom of solitude along with the sweetness of a beloved presence; and to this sleeping soul of his new-found existence, he would pour forth the passionate yearnings of a nature long withering in its loneliness; and it seemed as if this relief had softened his whole character; there was more gentleness mingled with his generosity, he was more cheerful, less excitable; the expression of his eyes, had there been any one to read it, would have told of a repose unknown before; and he sometimes looked in another face with the same trustful peace as on his child.

"What shall it be called?" asked Louisa, looking kindly at the bundle of cambric and lace that lay

on her lap.

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"Mary," replied the father, in a low voice, and

as if the word were spoken with an effort.

"Dear me! Mary is such a common name! I thought of Sophia or Camilla; such a name as Vaughan requires something to correspond with it; something grand! Mary Vaughan will sound so plain."

"It was the name of my sister."

"Your sister! oh! and is she living? Is she to

be baby's godmother?"

"My sister is dead," he replied, in a tone of intense emotion; and that dark glance again shot from his eyes; but he took the infant in his arms, and the burst of passion was subdued.

Louisa had been trained, as a rule of politeness, never to intrude on other people's affairs, never to ask questions, or seem to observe agitation or distress; and it did not occur to her that she might seek her husband's confidence, and offer him her sympathy; indeed she did not know what sympathy meant; so she retreated from what appeared a disagreeable subject, just as she would have done in the house where she was a hireling, only adding, "Of course, any name you please;" and then, "What a pity it is not a son and heir!"

"I would not have my child anything but what she is, sweet darling!" And again he folded it into his bosom, as if he would appropriate it, all and only his own. As consciousness began to develop he found his love returned; and who can tell the depth and purity of love that dwells in the heart, and speaks in the earnest eyes of a little child?

Her first smile was his; her first strength grasped his finger; her first steps tottered after his; her first articulate sound claimed him as papa.

It was then that after a few days of silence and depression, in which he had presented to his wife some gifts of unusual cost, he came to her and said, "I am going to ask a great favour of you, Louisa; will you trust the child alone with me for four days?"

"Of course, with nurse?"

"No; alone; I can take care of her; will you

let me have her? only four days?"

Mrs. Vaughan was vexed; she supposed he was going to some place that would not be pleasant to her; perhaps to some relation who disapproved his marriage with a governess, and this idea filled her small mind with an amount of petty annoyance that blinded it to any deeper inquiry. In four days he returned, looking sad and worn, yet satisfied, and thanked her affectionately for granting his request; the child had evidently been a long journey; but the only sign she gave of its events was that, attached to her dress there was a cross of gold, which her father desired she might always wear: "a gift from some fine relation, who will not acknowledge her poor mamma," thought Louisa; and she asked no questions.

Another winter and another summer passed away; the little group presenting to all who saw them a lovely picture of domestic happiness; the tall strong young man ever carrying the child, or stooping to share its sports; while the beautiful wife enjoyed without a cloud, her placid and luxurious existence. Another autumn had come; the child was in her fifth year, when he received a letter in a handwriting that was frequently addressed to him, at reading which he started and trembled, and the next day came another with mourning edges and seal. A tide of strong emotions swept across his face; it was not the look of one grief, one shock, but as though a whole train of bitter thoughts came

thronging together.

"Nothing disagreeable, I hope, dearest?" observed Louisa, while the child, arrested by his look, gazed into his face with quivering lip and brimming eyes.

"Nothing disagreeable," he echoed slowly yet almost fiercely; the child's tears overflowed. "Papa," she said, "my own papa;" he took her to his heart, left the room, and wept over her, in a silence unbroken except by the soft murmur, "My own, own papa."

When he rejoined his wife, it was with perfect calmness he announced, "My dear Louisa, I wish you and the child, and the household, to wear the

deepest mourning; my mother is dead."
"Dead!" she repeated; surprise conquering her
politeness. "I thought she had died in your early

"She then died to me," he replied; "I have not

"Oh! I beg your pardon," and a blush tinged her cheeks as she added timidly, "then perhaps it would be better not to put on mourning; it would excite curiosity, and perhaps unpleasant questions."

"Louisa," he exclaimed, "you distract me!" then

with a strong effort of self-control he added, "I have not seen her, but I have loved and honoured her aboveall earthly creatures; and now I would honour her memory by every token of a son's devotion; but if—if—"

"I only fear," said Louisa, "that our friends here would think it very odd that I had all this time supposed her dead; and perhaps it would be more prudent to let the sad event pass in silence."

He clenched his bands, while his features almost writhed in rage and indignation. "If I am to deny my mother to please your friends, you may leave them; I will not live under a system of espionage."

"Papa, darling papa," whispered little Mary, and as she stooped to kiss his hand, her golden cross touched it; he started, and tried to speak quietly, but it was in a voice trembling with passion he said, "This day I give up this house, and seek another residence; I will not be watched; I will not be the subject of vulgar curiosity and impertinent suspicions."

And it was done; a hasty departure was explained in the best way Louisa's tact could invent; the servants were dismissed, the house and grounds were given up, at considerable cost, to the landlord; and in a few weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan, with their little girl, all clad in the deepest mourning, took possession of a beautiful residence in a remote part of the country, which was to be let during the minority of the proprietor, then a boy at school. Servants who knew nothing of the family were hired, and there was added to the establishment one who held the position of a confidential attendant on Mary, and who was always treated by Mr. Vaughan as a friend, rather than a hireling; to Louisa he announced her as the faithful attendant of his mother, and his own best friend. With that tenacity of position which always troubles those who hold a place to which they were not born, Louisa jealously watched this person, fearing lest she should fail in the respect due to the mistress of the establishment; fearing even lest the affectionate kindness with which Mrs. Morris regarded her should be derogatory to her dignity; but Mrs. Morris had known too much of the sad realities of life to give heed to its fancied grievances, and was on this point as obtuse as Louisa was on some others; often looking at her young mistress with a sorrowful tenderness which was only deepened by the airs of pride and superiority intended to repel "Pretty dear! poor pretty dear!" she once heard Mrs. Morris murmur to herself when she had intended effectually to crush her maternal familiarity. It soon appeared, however, that she had in Mrs. Morris only a new adorer, to meet all her fancies and suggest to Mr. Vaughan gratifications and indulgences which he might not have thought of but rejoiced to supply; toward her the sole object of both seemed to be to gratify every wish; and having, during all her bard-worked youth regarded poverty as the one great evil, and a competence as the one great aim of life, money and money's worth were to her a satisfying end; she was content to possess the comforts and decorations of wealth, to be free from all struggle for

their attainment or preservation, without even caring that there was no one to admire her possessions; for Mr. Vaughan at once rejected all interchange of hospitality, and kept his family in severe seclusion. But her husband's admiration was all she desired, and in that she was fully gratified; her girlish beauty developed year by year into more refined loveliness of form and colour, her accomplishments, never allowed to fall into disuse, became more attractive to him as she began to communicate them to her daughter; her temper, naturally passive and cheerful, had no cause for irritation; and each day of her placid existence followed the same routine of small pursuits and small enjoyments. In one thing her character had deepened; her affection for her husband was now of a strength and depth which, had she ever looked within, would have surprised herself. It was not that she appreciated his higher qualities, or sympathized in his feelings, or in any way discerned his idiosyncracy; it was simply that with her whole heart she loved Mr. Vaughan, such as she saw him; insensible to his higher qualities, she was equally insensible to his faults, even when she was the object on which they were displayed. Mr. Vaughan was in her eyes the best and wisest and happiest of men, and she, as his wife, the happiest of women; but this love flowed not through her nature as a stream to be traced by the fertility of its banks; no, its solitary current was like a canal between its walls of stone, and the more she idolized her husband, the more indifferent she beame to every other claim on her affections. She had been trained (it was fifty years ago) to form the worst opinion of childhood; to take it for granted that every child required severe discipline; to suspect their motives, to doubt their truth, to repel their affection, to alienate their confidence, and to carry on a system of teaching which would produce a polished surface, without cultivating either intellect or heart; and towards her only child she never forgot the governess in the mother. A restless anxiety lest Mary should disappoint her father, a fear lest her daughter and pupil should not fill her place as Miss Vaughan, an excessive desire that she should be beautiful and accomplished and ladylike, absorbed every tenderer feeling. Often with a sigh, she contrasted the small pale face with its earnest eyes, and intense expressiveness, with the lovely image which her mirror presented; and often lamented the child's perverse desire to know the meaning of what she read and learned, as a hindrance to the rapidity of her acquirements. But the girl had found in her father an object for all the wealth and worth of a most loving nature, and her every thought and feeling grew and expanded in his bosom as its home; while her external life was directed by her mother, her inner life was moulded by him, not by his care and guidance only, but by his wants and his failures. Mary's sympathy flowed into the channel that was dry and dark, her tenderness went forth to soften every bitter feeling, her gentleness to smooth every rough temper, her calmness to tranquillize his irritability, the sweet sunshine of her innocent brightness to lighten every gloomy thought, and turn the frown to a smile: and thus her character was educated. From earliest childhood Mary understood her father by the intuition of love; she might not guess the cause, but she never mistook the nature of a troubled look; she knew when to speak and when to be silent, when to show sympathy in his depression, when to draw him from it by presenting some pleasant subject, when to let him rest in the shadow, when to draw him into sunlight. There was between the man and the infant a companionship perfect in kind, because the one never struck a jarring chord or threw a discordant colour on the heart of the other; and year by year this was growing into a more equal friendship, for on his side also there was the outgoing of a sympathy of which the child had need. Her heart yearning for such a love as it was capable of bestowing, her mind full of enthusiastic delight in the beautiful of nature or in art, ever revolving questions of duty; musing on the past and future of the existence in which she found herself, forming ideal standards of moral good, and wondering why they were not realised; ever searching into depths and heights beyond and above her, she would have been perplexed and entangled in her conflict with childish ignorance, had not her father bowed his intellect to hers; and by making himself the depository of all her happy imaginings, became the chosen confident of all her doubts and

Music was to Louisa an acquirement; formerly she said she "undertook it," and valued it at so much per annum; now she spoke of it as an accomplishment, necessary for a young lady. Mary it was the breathing of an inner life : verse, music, and painting, were to her three forms of utterance of the inner life of poetry; of that overwhelming sense of beauty and perfection of which an intelligent child is susceptible. Her father delighted to cultivate this intellect, and cherish this sensibility, and her spirit breathed into his freshness and repose; but meanwhile her cheek grew pale, while the natural mirth of infancy gave place to the intense perceptions and acute sensitiveness which belong to solitary childhood; her mother was gratified by her rapid progress in accomplishments; her father delighted in the intelligence that beamed in her eyes, and the sensibility that trembled on her lip, and watched with intense interest the quickened susceptibility, and the deeper feeling which each day developed; but Mrs. Morris, whose office in life seemed to be a quiet observance of the family, gently, yet very firmly, told her parents that her intellect was too much exercised, and her feelings too much excited, and that she required companions of her own age, and the natural plays of childhood. It struck Mrs. Vaughan as a strange liberty ont he part of a domestic; yet she answered, "Yes, Mrs. Morris, if we could find companions of suitable rank and manners. She does want some change, for, poor child, she certainly is miserably nervous, and different from other people."

Her husband looked at her, not with the anger

which sometimes kindled at her heedless words, but with an expression of anguish, profound and helpless, as if she had struck the centre of life.

"No, no sir; not at all nervous," interposed Mrs. Morris, answering to the look, "only I think

she wants more exercise and play."

"Follow me," was Mr. Vaughan's reply, and when he was out of his wife's hearing, he asked, while his strong frame shook with irrepressible anguish, "Is it so? Tell me the truth, Morris; is there anything peculiar? Is she miserably nervous? Oh, I have drawn her dear heart too near to my own! My child, my child!"

"Be calm, sir," said Morris, in a steady and measured tone, "your child is well; of a fine healthy mind; I only say, she wants less learning and more play."

"I know nobody, no children she could associate with. Yes, there is young Rockford; he is at the rectory for his vacation. I will invite him this day."

Charles Rockford was the proprietor of the residence which Mr. Vaughan occupied during his minority. In his vacations, spent at the Rectory, he had been excluded by the proud reserve of its inhabitants from his own demesne, where he was now solicited to become a constant guest; he also had the misfortune of being an only child, so that Mr. Vaughan's unexpected hospitality was doubly welcome; and thus it was that the boy and girl became as an only brother and sister to each other. Mr. Vaughan supplied them with every source of recreation, and while he promoted every childish sport, he tried to avoid the appearance of watching them.

"I have too long laid on her young spirit the burden of my existence. I must not crush her spring-time;" and he endeavoured to withdraw himself from the consolation of her sympathy, while with intense and absorbing anxiety, he observed every token of childish mirth or childish sport; but he could not thus separate himself from his little daughter, whose love was as watchful as his own, and whose chief enjoyment was found in sharing every pleasure with him; and soon Charlie's presence became a source of pleasure to all. The very roughness of a school-boy, the bold, firm footstep, the loud ringing laugh, the unwonted clapping of doors, the shouts of irrepressible mirth or eagerness acted like a strong sea breeze on the household; to little Mary it was the opening of a new and wonderful world, for not only did Charlie bring his own fresh life among them, but he told her of other lives, and his school with its rough disorderly inmates opened to her view a field for admiring wonder, a miniature world, in which her imagination wrought out and embodied all its visions of the generous and the brave, always giving to the unconscious Charlie the first place in her hero-worship, and endowing him with all the qualities she most highly prized. It was natural that the only young creature with whom she had ever associated should be an object of intense interest, and that her fancy should supply all the deficiencies of a character to which her cherished ideas of self-sacrifice and noble disinterestedness were simply incomprehensible. Adorned with the rich and bright hues of her own imagination, he became to her the living representative of all her dreams and musings; while his true self afforded her the delight of continually serving him, and sacrificing her own inclination, her own pleasure, to his; all that was peculiar and beautiful in Mary's mind he put aside as nonsense, while he availed himself to the utmost of her willing help in whatever tended to his own gratification; and in this capacity, of a sweet little girl who would do anything for him, she was truly dear to the affec-

tionate heart of the boy.

And as they passed out of childhood, and Charlie's returns were from his regiment instead of from school; and Mary's musings were of the camp and the battle-field, instead of the playground and the examination hall, neither of them could remember the day in which they began to speak of a mutual future; it had glided on so naturally from the love of childhood to the love of youth, that it seemed nothing new or strange when they found themselves standing as plighted lovers, looking forward to the time of Charlie's return from foreign service, as the time when they should be for ever united. Their attachment was tender and true, but it had changed the places which such an attachment ought to fill; for in everything Charles looked up to Mary, sought her help, depended on her strength of judgment or of will, and rested on her as the leading and ruling spirit; while Mary, all unconscious of her own intellectual superiority, yet felt her power and influence as a guardian elder sister; guided him through every difficulty, and shielded him from every pain. Every trifling vexation or perplexity was brought to her, to be comforted by her sympathy, or chased by her judgment, just as in early days his tangled fishing lines were thrown before her to be disentangled, regardless that the occupation deprived her of the pleasure in pursuit of which he left her and them; then and now he could say with truth, "her greatest pleasure is to help me;" while Mary, instead of relying on his support, wore a smile when her heart was sad, rather than for one moment throw a shadow over his joyous existence; while she worshipped the ideal of generosity and self-sacrifice, she built him up in selfishness, and cherished in the man she loved the faults which she most dreaded and abhorred in another. Mary had cause for sadness; yet, even had she wished to lighten her burden by sharing it with him, she would scarcely have known how to communicate its nature, or even to her own heart, to put it in words. Could she have told him, could she even acknowledge to herself, that her beloved father was becoming more and more capricious, that she sometimes trembled at the gloom of his aspect, sometimes shuddered at the dark fire that shot from his eyes? The bitterest pain her heart could know, was to blame one so beloved and honoured; this was impossible to her; yet, how account for each burst of sudden and unprovoked

anger? for such expressions of pride, and such looks of scorn and contempt? On her, these angry tempers never fell; to her he was uniformly tender and indulgent, and she sometimes felt she could more easily have endured the storm, had it burst on herself, rather than on her inoffensive mother; but Louisa, enveloped in a perfect satisfaction with herself, and her circumstances, seemed scarcely to perceive the change; and after a burst of mockery and scornful passion, at which her daughter trembled, she would pursue her embroidery, or arrange her flowers, with unruffled composure; it was Mr. Vaughan's way, she thought, and therefore quite right; only observing, that "some one had annoyed him; it was excessively wrong of any one to annoy him-one, two, three—I really have not the proper shade of wool for this leaf."

"Dear mamma, perhaps papa is not well; he

often looks as if his head ached."

"It does ache constantly, my love, so it is very wrong to disturb him—three, five, seven; yes, this shade will do—and you know he has no appetite; and so restless; he keeps me awake till morning, walking up and down his dressing-room—one, five,

"Would it not be well to have medical advice,

mamma?"

"Oh, pray do not mention it; that was what annoyed him yesterday—two green, one white—that silly Morris, in her dictatorial way, wanted him to see a physician, and, dear creature, he was furious—it will go off presently; these little excitements are to be expected; but I desire that you will not tease him about physicians; and pray do not talk now; it is really a complicated pattern."

Yes, his head did ache; his appetite was uncertain; his rest disturbed; he looked harassed and exhausted, yet seemed to find his only refreshment in exercise; the fear which had once entered his mind, that sympathy with him was injurious to his child, had taken such possession of him, that as far as was possible under one roof he lived apart from her; shunning and repelling all the tender care which might have restored him. Her heart was so full of anxiety, that she could scarely rejoice over the letter which that morning brought from Charles, announcing his approaching return; yet, she thought it would please her beloved father, and, gathering some of his favourite flowers, she was taking the letter and the bouquet to the room where he sat, when she heard a faint hysterical cry; and the words "Idiot, coward," chilled her heart. He stood poising in his hand a large marble weight, while Louisa, cowering behind her embroidery frame, tried to laugh, and to treat it as a jest; but there was no jest in that dark face; dark, deep, real antipathy spoke in every feature; and the hand aimed a deadly blow. Mary sprung forward, caught his arm, and the marble fell; Louisa glided out of the room, and Mary was alone with her father; he locked the door, and with the heavy key touched her forehead; again and again; with a look of fixed and rigid determination. "Are you afraid, Mary?" he asked in a hollow, unnatural tone.

"No, papa; I am your child; and God sees us both."

Again the heavy key touched her brow; she fixed her eyes instinctively on his, so as to rivet his gaze; again he muttered—"I could do it."

"You could, but you will not."

"Who shall hinder me? who dares to say I shall not? who dares to control me?" he fiercely demanded.

"I do," she replied, with unfaltering look and voice. Oh! the unspeakable anguish of the moment when we are compelled to assume authority over those whom we most honour! but she seemed to speak in a strength and power not her own. "I do; and you will yield to me; give me that key; come into the air; I require it." She had taken his hands in hers, while she gazed fixedly into his eyes; and now he knelt before her, with a convulsive shudder of the whole frame, while cold sweat burst from his brow as if in some fearful conflict; then crouched, terrified like an animal shrinking from the lash. Her courage did not fail. "Rise, papa," she said; "this is not as it ought to be; rise, and leave this room with me—instantly," she added, as he made some hesitation. He obeyed, and permitted her to lead him to a garden seat. He looked at her, with a strange and furtive glance, while his thoughts were evidently wandering far away; again she seemed instinctively to know what to do; crushing back into her heart its desperate anguish, she spoke in her natural tone, "Now, darling papa, let us have a nice long talk like old times; you know I am your friend; even when I was a little child you called me your friend; tell me something of your own early days." Big tears were rolling down his pallid cheek; she kissed them away with a natural tender playfulness. "Your heart is full, papa; open it to your own little Mary."

"Mary," he repeated, as in a dream, "I had once a sister, Mary; are you afraid of me, my child?"

"I have no cause to fear—tell me about your

sister Mary."

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He wept long and silently; the paroxysm was past; and again he spoke. "I was a boy, a light-hearted boy—I was sailing on a lake with my only sister; my mother was on the shore; I put up too much sail; I did it; the boat filled; I awoke to see my sister a corpse, and my mother a maniac. Are your frightened, now?" he asked, abruptly.

"Not frightened, but very sorry," she answered, again firmly clasping his hands and riveting her

eyes on his.

"My mother a maniac!—I heard her cries, but I never saw her again—you saw her; she saw you; Morris put you into her arms, she hung that cross round your neck."

"And why did you not see her then?"

"Because, because—are you frightened now, Mary?" and he burst into a long loud laugh; then looking startled and subdued, he added, "I was very ill; Morris can tell you—she knows all; for a long time I knew nothing; I don't know what they did with me; and when I recovered, then I married

your pretty mamma, and all my life rang merrily as a marriage bell—did it not?" and again burst forth that laugh which scathed her very soul. Her sorrowful eyes seemed to tranquillize him; again he wept, and laid his head gently on his daughter's shoulder; after a time she persuaded him to rest on a sofa, where he soon fell into a heavy sleep; and leaving Morris to watch beside him, she sought her mother, whom she found seated in a window overlooking the flower garden. Mary knelt beside her chair, and laying her weary head on her lap, murmured—

"My own mamma, my poor, pretty mamma."

"My dear Mary, your are so heated; you should not go out without your bonnet; what were you and papa laughing at in the garden?"

"Laughing? oh mamma it was a woful laugh-

a fearful laugh."

"Yes, dear; I think he is a little nervous and excitable at present; but you certainly make him worse by looking so anxious and miserable."

"Oh, mamma; for God's sake tell me what it

really was; tell me what it all means."

"Nothing; merely he was a little annoyed and perhaps irritable; but you can't suppose he would hurt me; his wife; his Nourmahal, as he used to call me when he said, 'He would not exchange the least ringlet that curled down this exquisite neck for the throne of the world?' No; he may be angry with others, but you need have no apprehensions for me;" and the poor woman gave way to a few hysterical sobs that contradicted her own words; "but really," she added, "people ought to be careful, and you ought not to irritate him so thoughtlessly when you know it is hereditary."

"What is hereditary, mamma?"

"That unfortunate temperament; my adored husband is not to blame, it is not his fault; his mother was a lunatic, and the disease is in her whole family; odd, every one of them; and hereditary madness is a misfortune, not a fault."

Louisa, intent only on justifying her idol, thought not of the fiery dart she cast into the wounded spirit of her child; and Mary had suffered so intensely that day, that she scarcely seemed to feel the iron that entered into her soul. At the first opportunity she told Morris what she had learned, and required from her the full truth about her family. The good woman was deeply affected; but looking at Mary with that peculiar clear and steady gaze, she said, "One comfort there is, my dear child, that no portion of the sad inheritance has come to you; in constitution, bodily and mental, you have been mercifully preserved from it."

The story was briefly this: his mother inherited, it was true, the fearful malady which had appeared in several members of her family; her husband died early, and in the first days of her widowhood, fears were entertained for her reason; but she recovered, and lived to be happy in her two children, to whose education she was devoted—the mother, son, and daughter formed a triple cord of tenderest love. They were on the Continent, partly for education, partly in search of a milder climate for Mary,

whose delicate health was the only care of mother and brother. They had spent a happy year beside one of the Swiss lakes. One summer's evening the brother and sister were in a pleasure boat, when a sudden gale caught the sails; perhaps he made a wrong movement; he thought he did; the boat was overturned; and when those who hastened to their rescue brought them to shore Mary was dead, and he opened his eyes to see his mother a frantic maniac, clasping her lifeless body. The poor youth suppressed his anguish while effort was necessary. He saw his sister laid in the grave, and then assisted Morris, her faithful attendant, to bring the poor maniac to England. The awful journey was safely accomplished, but never from the moment she was stricken did she show any return of reason. The loss of her daughter she forgot, but fancied her son guilty of some crime, which put his life in danger. The unhappy youth heard accusations, reproaches, and even imprecations from the lips that had blessed him and taught him to pray; life became a blank, a deep and sullen melancholy overwhelmed him; and for years he was unconscious of the passage of time, ever dwelling on the scene on the brink of the lake, and on the thought that he was under his mother's curse, for this world and the world to come.

Morris, under the best medical guidance, watched over them both. Her life was devoted to the family, into which she had been received as an orphan, and she acquired a power that enabled her to control the frantic ravings of the one, and the gloomy mutterings of the other. At length his health was restored; he was pronounced recovered and of sound mind; and at a distance from his afflicted mother, he began to live and move as an alien among his fellow creatures. He shunned all who had any knowledge of his past history, and among strangers lived under the apprehension that something in his mien or manner should betray it; we know what he sought and what he found in marriage, and what he found too in the infant spirit, which breathed on his weary soul like the breeze of spring on a fevered brow; and for many years his peculiarities were more the result of his habits of seclusion than of mental disease; but with some slight disorder of the bodily health, had come the alteration in his spirits and temper, of which Louisa cast the blame on every cause except any fault in himself, and which poor Mary had in

vain endeavoured not to see.

But now her eyes were opened; this life of discipline may glide on for years in one course of circumstance, but its great realities can generally be fixed to days and hours. Who is there that cannot look back on the spot, and the moment, when a word has been spoken or a glance exchanged which altered the whole outward world to him; or when he was startled from common-place existence to feel the awful consciousness of individuality; the weight of being? Such was that day to Mary; she had passed since morning from the light cares and pleasant dreams of girlhood into the sternest realities of life, from the sheltered existence of a

child to stand face to face with the most awful fact the human mind can contemplate; and here it was that she realised the presence of a personal God, because here it was for the first time she felt her need of a support and a guidance external to herself, and yet acting within her own spirit. She looked to Him for strength, as a reality, and none ever sought in vain. It is not for us to depict the awful communing of the soul with its God; it is not for us to intrude into that sacred mystery of prayer, in which it is as though there were but two Beings in existence, the Creator and the worshipper; but the results were visible. Mary was strengthened to endure and to obey, she was enabled to meet her beloved father with the gentle smile and musical voice which had over his troubled spirit the power that David's harp had over Saul, and to control as well as to soothe; but she carried about with her a living death, a death to all she had heretofore enjoyed, and yet not a dead past, but an anguish, present and future. The fearful power, involving the duty, of controlling her father, seemed to burn her very heart; to rule and direct him, whom it was her nature to obey! yet if it were for his preservation, she could thus crucify her very self; while his present state continued, she must be ready to assume an authority which alone could protect him from evil, and she did it with unwavering firmness; but his very weakness became sacred in her eyes, and when the fearful effort was not required, her poor heart sought compensation in a reverential tenderness, a dutiful veneration that found expression in every word and movement. And there were long intervals when no symptom appeared, when she questioned herself whether it had really happened, and might happen again. There was, however, one sad evidence to her heart, that it was no dark vision of the night; those words "hereditary derangement," burned into her soul by what she had witnessed, brought with them a duty and a sacrifice from which she never shrank; never would she link the fate of Charles Rochfort with her own; warm and tender as was his affection, it might now be severed from her without blighting his happiness, and never would she permit him to risk the possibility of suffering as she now suffered. He was far away at the time, and she wrote to him desiring that their engagement might be broken; she could not tell her motive, but there were circumstances which made it impossible she could ever be more to him than the friend and sister of his childhood; and then came the true abnegation of self: to acknowledge that she made the sacrifice for his sake would bind his honour; to betray what she suffered would draw his heart to her more tenderly, and her purpose was to set him free in reality, and not merely in name; but it was a sore trial when his answer came, reproaching her with fickleness, and with that pride of intellect which he said had always made her feel herself his superior, and now led her to reject an affection which was perhaps of as much value as the gifts of genius to which he could not aspire. Poor Mary! she bowed her meek head, and felt that her sacrifice was a true one, and thanked God that before this trial she had learned that we must through much tribulation enter the kingdom. It was the sacrifice not only of the visions and hopes of her life, but almost of her life itself; for shut up as she had been from all human sympathies, this one friend and companion had absorbed into himself all the kindly feelings which commonly circulate through family and neighbourhood; she knew nothing, except through him, of the joys or sorrows, or hopes or fears, of any human being beyond her own dwelling, and in separating from him she seemed to cut the cord which linked her to her race. We little estimate the blessed influence of sympathy, given and received in healing the wounded spirit, and forming links, to draw the feelings from the cavern where they wail a blighted hope. Mary knew what it was to be utterly alone, for with the sole exception of their faithful servant, no human being suspected that she had anything to suffer. Beyond her own home she was regarded as the haughty child of prosperity and luxury; indifferent to everything, because

enveloped in her own pride.

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Mr. Vaughan's repugnance to society, and his wife's acquiescence in it, had from the first been attributed to a proud and fastidious selfishness, which alienated from them all neighbourly kindness; as their daughter grew up, her shyness was attributed to the same cause, and often as the graceful and elegant trio passed under observation it was remarked that Miss Vaughan's pride exceeded that of her parents; and now, when a smile of kindness on any human face would have been a treasure to her lonely heart, it was generally remarked that she appeared prouder and more self-contained than ever. The clergyman of the parish had made sundry efforts to penetrate this haughty seclusion, but while ever ready to make him his almoner, Mr. Vaughan refused to admit him in any other capacity; Mrs. Vaughan received his visits with a superficial politeness which precluded all nearer approach, and Mary, who lived from week to week on his words from the pulpit had never seen him except in her mother's presence, and had never spoken to him except in answer to his questions previous to confirmation; what he had then seen of her, however, had excited an interest in her behalf which he communicated to the sister who shared his home, and in them there existed friends for Mary, though she knew it not. We know that there are thousands of sufferers hidden from our pity in cellars and garrets and prisons, by the very depth of their misery; but we must remember that there are also sufferers concealed from sympathy by the glitter of prosperity, or the veil of conventional and habitual reserve. No kindly word, no act or look of personal interest, ever accompanied the alms which Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan freely gave; and as the stately figure of their silent daughter passed by the object of their bounty, not one blessing ever followed her steps; none knew that it was her father's command that she should not exchange a word with any one, and that no sight or tale of

want or sorrow should ever offend her eyes or ears.

The propriety of obtaining medical advice was suggested by Mrs. Morris, and anxiously discussed between her and Mary. The physicians were dead who had attended him and his mother in former years; he despised those within his reach, and it was impossible to induce him to go to London, or to bring a physician from a distance, without producing an excitement most injurious; and supposing a physician there, what could she say? both her parents would have informed him there was nothing amiss, except a nervous apprehension on her own part; and to others Mr. Vaughan appeared in perfect health, fulfilling all his usual duties as a country gentleman, taking his place on local committees, where his opinion was always considered clear and well judged, and never exhibiting any eccentricity which a stranger could not account for, and attribute to the indulgence of excessive pride and fastidious refinement. At this time the only peculiarities visible even to her own eye, were abrupt transitions from gloom to mirth, capricious changes of opinion on matters both of principle and of taste; dislike to being observed, even by his own household; abrupt questions, to which he attached an undue importance; and occasional glances of contempt and irritation cast upon his wife of which she was happily unconscious. Louisa was profoundly engaged in a new pattern for a fire-screen; Mary was drawing; he had been sitting with his arms crossed on his breast, watching his wife with that peculiar curl of the lip, for several minutes, when he suddenly addressed his daughter-

"Are you fond of money?"

"Yes, papa," she answered with a smile; "I

value the power it gives in many ways."

"Then you love power, you value luxury, you prize wealth as the means of gaining them," he said sternly; "those passions have dwarfed many a noble mind;" then abruptly he asked, "Would you try to purchase affection with wealth? Would you buy a home? a heart? Yes, buy a heart, and find it dust and ashes—or would you sell yourself; and on the eve of your marriage, smile over your settlement, enjoy the inheritance your husband's death would give you?" and here he broke into that low, bitter, mocking laugh which jarred on her very soul.

"Dearest Mr. Vaughan, how can you imagine anything so dreadful?" interposed Louisa; "you cannot suppose that your child could be mer-

cenary?"

"Could yours?" was his bitter retort; then grasping his daughter's arm he exclaimed with an oath, "Never, never, better let her labour for her bread, or beg it." The tone and the expression of his eyes terrified her, but Louisa saw nothing in it; and the remainder of the day he occupied himself quietly in reading some pamphlets, and in writing, and the following morning they were agreeably surprised by his inviting the parish doctor and attorney to visit his greenhouses; after which he asked them to come into his study, where, of

course, his wife and daughter did not follow, but where it was evident he engaged with them in cheerful and interesting conversation. The excitement of this interview seemed to remove all the depression of the previous days; there was a glitter in his eyes, a triumphant air, mingled with an expression of satisfied tenderness towards his daughter as though he had attained some desired object on her behalf; almost she thought there had been some arrangement between him and Charlie, in which, alas! she dared not rejoice. This she soon found was not the case; he had acquiesced in her rejection with a mixture of wounded pride and wounded affection, and made no effort to alter her decision. And thus it appeared her life was to wear on; for true love's sake to be accounted officious and restless by her mother; to assume a stern command over the father, whose feet she would have bathed in tears, and to appear capricious and heartless to the man for whose happiness she renounced her own; but to be thus misunderstood was the cross given her to bear, and she bore it meekly though she bowed beneath its weight. A long life of this self-crucifixion seemed to lie before her; and oh, how long appears in anticipation the dreary level of such a life as she foresaw, a life of endurance, uncheered by sympathy, unenlivened by event; and how we learn to bewail the sinful impatience of such anticipation when events come which imagination dared not picture. The scene we have to tell of must not be described in detail, it was fully detailed to us by an eye-witness, and the fewer words we use, the less it is painted to the imagination, the better. The catastrophe was not preceded by any further warning; he had not appeared worse the previous evening, but he had a sleepless night. He often did not rise until late, and on that morning, his daughter found him still in bed, moody and silent. Observing that the veins of his temples were swollen, she laid her cool hands on his forehead, and spoke to him gentle and soothing words. Louisa was still in her dressinggown, brushing her beautiful hair, which, untouched by years, flowed over her shoulders, and in her fairest youth she had never looked more lovely than as she now stood between her husband and her daughter. He glanced with quick and restless eye from one to the other, the mother so fair, so bright, so calm; the daughter so care-worn, so earnest, so anxious. "Mary," he said, "we are destroying you, your pale life is sinking away, you must be free." These were the only words he spoke, but he signed to her to fetch some cooling lotion for his forehead; she unhappily obeyed, it was one of his peculiarities not to permit any bells in the house, so that she had to go for the bottle, which was in a room on another floor-down the stairs, quickly as she could move; a sound—a quick, sharp sound, and a heavy fall; no cry; in a moment she was there again, but too late; she raised her mother in her arms, but she was dead. "She is dead," he said quietly,-"right through the heart; see, not a drop of blood to soil her beauty, not one spot on her golden ringlets; dead - dead - and

happy to the last moment; that was well; she never felt pain, or want, or care; brighter and happier than I found her, Mary, baptized in blood." He went on thus muttering in a low voice, all to the same purpose, though she could not recollect the exact words; she was kneeling by her mother, trying to recall the life that was gone, and he was leaning over her, still speaking, till a hot stream poured across her neck and he was silent,—it was his own blood, a vein that could not be closed. He breathed a few minutes long enough to give her one look of unclouded tenderness, and to utter a few words of penitence and prayer, on which she lived afterwards; the last articulate sound was,

"God be merciful to me, the sinner."

Poor Mrs. Morris was the first to come, and to summon aid; but too late, too late. There was no temporary unconsciousness to shield the daughter's heart; she saw all; knew all; did all that mortal love could do, and did not sink. There was an inquest; the physician testified that within the last month he had witnessed a legal paper for the deceased, and enjoyed his conversation on the literature and politics of the day; other gentlemen proved that up to the last he had transacted business with his usual good sense; his gardener and groom had received directions from him the evening before; and, in short, it was decided, and all England informed through the newspapers, that the murder and suicide were the result of a sudden fit of insanity, of which there had been no previous symptoms. Mary saw her parents laid in the grave; heard the words of hope at which her poor heart grasped convulsively, and was then conveyed to the Rectory, where for a few days her mind found some rest in the utter exhaustion of the body. If the ministry of the Church had no higher function, it is a blessing to our land to have placed at regular intervals through the country, men whose office it is to be the friend in sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity; men who have access to every scene of human misery, and who may offer sympathy and help without intruding on the "awful modesties of sorrow;" men, of whom so large a proportion are able to comfort others with the comfort wherewith they themselves are comforted of God. Secluded as Mary had been, she would have found herself without a protector, had not Mr. Allen's position made him one; her father's eccentricity, and her mother's pride, had severed every tie of kindred, so that she knew not even the name of a relation; and though every one pitied her awful desolation, there was not one individual who felt it their place to offer help or consolation. She was paralysed; her mind still and lifeless as an icebound stream; every emotion seemed silenced by horror; she had no thought of past or future, it was all the dreadful present of that hour. After some days Mr. Allen perceived that some call to exertion had become necessary, even though it were to aggravate her anguish; and he reminded her that it was her duty to read her father's will; the witnesses of that document were requested to be present at its opening; as the paper was turned down, the words visible to

them were—"whatsoever of which I am possessed shall go to my daughter," but on unfolding it, the preceding words appeared, "no portion of land or money or any property whatsoever of which I am possessed shall go to my daughter." Mr. Allen hesitated, and proposed that it should not be read in Miss Vaughan's presence, but she simply said, "Read it all." It was the last will and testament of George Vaughan, drawn up with legal accuracy by his own hand, bequeathing his entire property to an Institution for the care of lunatics; an asylum for those unable to pay, and yet above the rank or habits of paupers; there was no mention of his wife, and the only allusion to his daughter was the concluding sentence, but a note addressed to her was enclosed. She took it and when she had read it, the look of dull apathy with which she had heard the will gave place to a smile almost of joy; and addressing those assembled with her own air of calm dignity, she said, "Gentlemen, it is due to you to inform you that in my father's arrangement of his property, there was no failure of love or care for his child; he believed that he was securing my best interests." The note, which, when the others, in amazed silence had withdrawn, she showed to Mr. Allen, containing these words:

"My child shall never be loved for what she can give; she shall be loved for herself alone; my child shall never be tempted to fancy that money can purchase happiness; my child shall never know the wretchedness of a life in which there is no necessity for labour, no room for self-denial. Dearest, best beloved—I rejoice that I have the power to shield

you from the evils of wealth."

Mary pondered each syllable with a look of intense tenderness and satisfaction, as if the voice so beloved were heard once more; she understood what was implied of the evils of wealth, but alas! that was not a new discovery to her; but at length starting, as from a dream of rest, she said, "Is there nothing for Morris?" Nothing; every particle of property was accurately specified and assigned to the one purpose; and as it was in trust to the trustees of a public object, no one had a right to refuse or restore any portion of it; the will must either stand as it was, or be set aside on the ground of lunacy; no previous settlement was to be found, and Mary remembered that one hot day that summer he had ordered a large fire in which she saw him consume papers or parchments with an expression of great satisfaction. And now the doubt arose, was she justified in depriving Morris of a maintenance and giving this fortune to an object that was perhaps visionary? The anguish of the question was unspeakable; it involved the exposure of that blighted life so sacred to her heart; the necessity, perhaps, that she should give evidence of his insanity, while to others there had been no appearance of a disordered mind. And it was not till she had brought herself to submit even to this extremity of anguish, had justice so required, that she ascertained, through Mr. Allen, that it was needless; the Institution, with which her father became acquainted through advertisements and reports,

was a good one, and a legal claim was secured to Morris, on the property, for the large amount of salary to which he considered her services entitled; not by will, but in the form of an acknowledged debt.

"Thanks be to God," said Mary, "then I may leave this will untouched."

"But my dear young lady, you are penniless,

literally so," said Mr. Allen.

"I am sorry," she replied; "it will be an effort—at first a painful one—but oh, Mr. Allen, you know not what I suffer if such a trifle seems even

an aggravation."

The decision was made; the will was to be carried out, and she was to live by her own exertions; to turn to her own maintenance the accomplishments which had been the pride of one parent, and the delight of the other. She refused to undertake the education of children; "No," she said, "let not a young spirit be crushed by me; let me not cast a cloud over any home." The profession she preferred and obtained was that of organist in a Cathedral; all her arrangements were made, and she was to leave the parsonage, and commence her duties, the following day. In the frozen blank of her spirit, Mary scarcely felt surprise or pain at the silence of her early friend; but on that day, as she sat in her isolation, looking into vacancy, a travelling carriage drove up; the well-known step, strong and hurried, was heard on the stairs. There was no time to think; the impulse was irresistible; in a moment she was in his arms, as in the days when she welcomed the schoolboy's return; the frozen heart burst forth in natural weeping, and for the first time she uttered the word "Papa,"—tender grief took the place of the dark horror in which she was spell-bound, as childhood and youth stood beside her in his form; and for some time the wail of the orphan was heard in the woful accents, "Papa and mamma; papa and mamma,"-then she said, "You know how he cherished her-you know, Charlie, he was guiltless; and, oh, you know what he was to me."

To look at the eyes that had looked so lovingly at her father; to touch the hand so often grasped in his; a warm current of life from the early springs of memory overflowed her heart. "God bless your kind heart for coming," she said fervently, "my brother; papa's dear Charlie;" and she wept long and softly. "And mamma loved you, too," she added. "Oh, Charlie,—perhaps I never loved mamma enough—perhaps I idolized him—you know every-

thing, my brother."

"Mary," he said at length, and there was a tremor in his voice, and a pale hue spread over his features, "I come to be more than a brother; I come to take you from this place as my wife."

"Oh, never; never," she murmured with inexpressible sadness; he started; he had come, actuated by early affection, and by a sense of honour to fulfil his early vows, and he felt that he was doing a noble and honourable action.

"You refuse me!" he said, in a tone of astonish-

ment.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "if it were only sorrow, you should shelter and comfort me; but this horror of great darkness would overspread you—you could never look at me without shuddering."

"Leave that to me, dear Mary; I have come to fulfil my promise, and to claim yours;" there was a tremor in his voice, and he did shudder even then.

"Never, never," she replied; "but, oh, your goodness and fidelity will be a life-long joy."

"You rejected me before this catastrophe," he said, with a mixture of wounded pride and wounded affection; "therefore it cannot be your only reason."

She was calm now, and looking into his face with her sad loving eyes, she said, "Yes, Charlie; when I knew his state, and learned that it was here-

ditary."

"Hereditary! good heavens," he exclaimed; then controlling the emotion which shook his whole frame, he added, "But, Mary, it was fully understood between us, that it was for better for worse; a great calamity has come upon us; but does that justify me in breaking my engagement?" he appealed to her as he used to do when her judgment

was his tribunal of right and wrong.

She laid her hand gently on his arm, and spoke calmly and distinctly. "I have broken the engagement; it is not a question of feeling, but of duty; I dare not bind another life to mine; it would be a sin; and my resolution must not be shaken; but, oh, Charlie, the only friend of my youth, let not your kind heart be wounded. Now that it can never be, no maiden shame need check my words; I have loved you, as none else can love; for you are my earthly all; my all of the past; my all of the future; I resign you, because it would be a sin to join your life to mine; I endure the sacrifice cheerfully, because it is for your sake."

He looked at her as he used to do when, as the schoolboy expressed it, "she got into flights above him," and then answered impetuously, "If you

had ever loved me, you could not do it."

"Dear Charles," she said, "your heart has not been disciplined by suffering, or you would have learned that there is only one thing to be considered—the true and the right; let happiness follow or not, as God may direct."

"I knew you never loved me," he replied, " and

you prefer desolation to me."

"You will think differently after a few months, dear Charles; you will be thankful that you have not a blood-stained bride;" (he shuddered;) "that you have not to watch her every word and look with fear of what might be."

"Don't let an idea so horrible enter your mind,"

he exclaimed.

"It does not rest there," she calmly replied, "I speak of it as a possibility only; but my existence is scathed and blighted; youth and gladness cannot dwell with such a memory; a branch stricken by lightning can never blossom again; sorrow you would console. This horror no human sympathy can approach. I have a sufficient consolation above and beyond this life, but I carry with me

what brands and darkens the for-ever of this present world."

And thus they parted; he left her a happy conviction of his generous fidelity, yet an undoubting certainty that she would have been a cloud on his She knew that in addition to the existence. misery of a companion so blighted, his pride and vanity (she did not call them so in communing with her own mind) would have suffered continual pain and mortification from the fact that his wife had such a blight upon her memory, such a history attached to her name. His visit, however, raised her from listless despondency; the very effort of making the sacrifice showed her that she was not a blank in God's creation; her earthly life was as a garment folded up and laid aside, but while she remained in this world she might serve others. She became, as we have mentioned, organist of a Cathedral. Music had always been to her a part of life, an expression of the soul within, not an external acquirement; she found in it now a true companionship; and as she led the sacred services day by day, dwelling in the sanctuary, and continually engaged in offering up prayer and praise in harmonious utterance, she was not alone; it was to her a high and holy office thus to minister and "make a sound with musical instruments of God,"* and when she came down among her fellowworshippers, she bore with her the rich fragrance of peace; peace always, and in time of holy joy; the fragrance of the bruised leaf, the balm that distils from the wounded tree. "When the ear heard her, then it blessed her; when the eye saw her, it gave witness to her; the blessing of Him that was ready to perish came upon her;" and soon she began to fill the noblest place of woman, and "to sit as one that comforteth the mourners."+ Suffering of every form had for her heart a sacred attraction, though in an especial degree she sought out those whose sorrows bore any resemblance to her own; forgetful of self, ever pouring forth sympathy and consolation, she found the happiness she never sought; her life was like a pure crystal, receiving light from above and diffusing it around; retaining nothing as her own, yet sparkling in the radiance of which it was the transparent medium. She fulfilled that picture of a suffering and comforted woman, which the hand of a gifted woman has painted:

"Thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes,
After its own life working: a child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad:
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich,
'An old man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served by every sense
Of service which thou renderest; such a crown
Be set upon thy head."

Many years had elapsed when Colonel and Mrs. Rochfort passing through the town of —, went in to visit the fine old Cathedral, and hear its celebrated organ during afternoon daily service. Some

[·] Job xxix.

alterations had lately been made in the instrument, respecting which they made some inquiries of the verger, who, unable to give the information, offered to ask the lady with whose musical powers they had been so touched and delighted.

"She is coming up the aisle," he observed; "I see she is going to speak to some of the alms-

women."

A line of parish school children were passing down in the opposite direction, and as the lady met them and passed along, it was as if a sunbeam lighted each young face; and as she approached the aged figures, the strangers saw one and another rise as if to greet a friend. Her own face they had not yet seen, and there was nothing very striking in the tall slight bending figure; but Colonel Rochfort's heart beat quicker the moment he beheld it; there is something in the general air, the pose of the head, the fall of the drapery, which can never be mistaken by an eye once familiar with it. As she turned, his wife whispered, "Look Charles, what a sweet face!" Sweet it was, and pure in its transparent paleness, and peaceful in its woe-worn calm; aged, very aged for its years, for such a grief leaves indelible marks; fair and spiritual, with little trace of its early beauty, yet an expression peculiarly its own, which he remembered well. Perhaps the first and predominant feeling in his mind was awkwardness, and uncertainty how he ought to address her; to hers, the moment her eye fell on him, came a vision of youth; a vivid flash, lighting up the long dead past; and a thrill of joy, as if she beheld a picture of her yet unclouded home, filled her heart, and flushed that gentle face from brow to chin. As she held out her hand, he named his wife; she welcomed her with a sweet smile and said, "The wife of my earliest friend, my adopted brother." And then, as the visions of childhood pressed on her with the blessed sight of a face of former days, the first words she spoke were, "Poor Morris lived with me till last month; she would have been glad to see you-you remember Morris?" Yes, he did remember Morris, but it was plain that he lived and was perfectly happy in a new world, to which the past, so dear to her, formed but a dim and shadowy background; and in that brief interview the ideal hues with which her young imagination had clothed him, and in which memory had always seen him adorned, were dissipated, and that dream of early love seemed to pass into the region of common-place existence. That evening, as Mary sat beside her solitary hearth, she felt, for the first time, that her spirit was less lonely, that her life was more true and more harmonious, than it would have been had she grasped at what appeared, when she relinquished it, to be her only hope of earthly happiness.

She was surprised the following morning by an early visit from the happy and cherished wife.

"I have come," she said, "while my husband was occupied, to unburden my heart of a debt of gratitude—forgive me, if I intrude—but oh! I do long to know if you are happy? if you have recovered the effect of early sorrow?"

"Yes," Mary replied, "I am happy, the swallow

hath found her a nest, even Thine altars, O Lord of hosts;' that is my earthly home, and I rejoice in a hope that maketh not ashamed."

"But now," continued Mrs. Rochfort, emotion struggling with embarrassment, "but now, dear Mary, he has told me all; I know that to you I owe all my happiness; even then, when you made that noble sacrifice, we had met—and oh! we bless you for it—yet, had you loved him even as I loved

him then, you could not have done it."

Mary was silent, but she looked up; for a moment their eyes met; truth, full truth was there; the two women folded each other in a long embrace; and Mary felt that for the first time her sacrifice was appreciated, and she knew that she had gained a friend; that friend has been to her as a sister in all the years since, and whenever sorrow or care touch that prosperous and happy family, Mary is the comforter and counsellor. And thus her life wears on, blessed and blessing.

BETTER.

"BETTER: but weak and feverish still:"
Can I have been so very ill?
Was it really the doctor who spoke so low,
Or was I a-dreaming and fancied so?
Ah, Annie, my darling! it must be true,
For I'd almost forgotten even you.

Will you draw up the blind, love, a little way? I think I can bear the sun to-day:
And open the window that I may hear,
The dear little children playing here,
And catch the hum of the busy day,
And scent the breath of the new-mown hay.

My head, I know, has been hot and wild, And I feel as weak as a little child; How I long to see the gardens glow: Will you try and lift me a little?—so; Now bring me the vase of wild-flowers here, And come and sit beside me, dear.

Lean your head against me—there;
Let me lay my hand on your golden hair;
So you thought in the fever's rage and heat,
You should really lose me, did you, sweet?
What, weeping again at my smile and kiss—
What a foolish little wife it is!

Ah, Annie mine! when I woke i' the dead Of the night, you were watching beside my bed; And yet you were out at break o' day, Out i' the meadows far away, Peering by river-side, bank, and tree, To gather these sweet wild-flowers for me.

Sweet flowers! they almost bring to my view, The beautiful spots where once they grew; See here are some violets! you gathered them Near the dewy dark of an old oak's stem; Bonnie and sweet from their fragrant lairs, Whose eyes are the bluest, yours or theirs? I can almost see the gleam and the gloom
Of the stream where you gather'd this lily-bloom;
And look at this beautiful cowslip here—
What are you laughing at, now, my dear?
A buttercup, is it, my dainty dame?—
Why, I'd almost forgotten the very name!

Beautiful flowers, ye seem to bring
To my sad sick-room, the beauty o' Spring:
I can close my eyes and almost think
I am stretch'd by a flower-fringed streamlet's brink;
Or couch'd supine on a violet-bed,
With the lark a-warbling over-head.

O dim old woodlands! O purple wold!
O sunny walks that I lov'd of old:
Dear walks that in by-gone days so true,
Were hallow'd, my darling, by love and you:
How I yearn, how I yearn, with a passionate pain,
To see the dear old spots again.

Beautiful flowers, so pure and gay, Ye are very dear to my heart to-day, For ye bring back now to my tearful view, The happiest hour I ever knew; And I think with a tender, tremulous glow, Of a summer's eve, a year ago.

As bright as noon, as clear as life,
I see the picture now, dear wife:
Two lovers hid in a twilight lane,
O tremulous question, a low refrain;
Then two hands lovingly interlac'd,
And a strong arm round a dainty waist.

Do you ever think of the tender talk, The pathos sweet, of that twilight walk, When your ripe red lips had murmur'd o'er The tale that your cheek had told before, When your timid arm my neck caress'd, And your head was nestled unto my breast?

O wifie! the words so precious and dear, You blushingly whisper'd in my ear, On that eve when we plighted vow for vow, Are treasured up in my memory now; And I brood sometimes o'er those words of old, As a miser broodeth over his gold.

I was fierce; and you came like a soothing dove; I was poor; and you brought me the wealth o' your love:

I was lonely; you clung to me, smiling and sweet:
I was spurned and upbraided; you knelt at my feet:
I was sad; and the rain o' your tears, with sweet start,
Called up flower-thoughts of joy, in my weed-poisoned heart.

I am faint and weak now; but I must not repine: God has been very good to us, wifie mine: We have been very happy, my dear, side by side, Since you came to my bosom, a bonnie girl-bride, And He in his mercy, so blessed and true, Has spared me, dear Annie, to life and you.

Ah, well! I am getting weary pet,
And I hardly can bear the sunlight yet:
You must draw the blind down again, I fear,
And close the casement. Thank you, dear.
Now sit beside me, wife, and keep
Your hand in mine while I try to sleep.
Chelmsford.

E. C.

FAN FAN AND HER UNCLE.

[Continued from p. 237.]

CHAPTER X.

THE old Laird accepted his niece's invitation. It was a grand affair this christening, the godfathers, uncle Malcolm and Sir Robert Harrow, and godmamma, the Lady Mortyne, of London. Fan Fan looked magnificently beautiful, she paid great attention to all her guests, and her husband was ostentationally polite to her old uncle; so Fan Fan was full of gratitude, and as her old uncle praised the baby, because Fan Fan was its mamma, Mr. Moreton told Malcolm, "they had had a charming day; the happiest of my life; Malcolm, I am glad I took your advice. The boy is growing daily, and looks strong and healthy."

"Yes, indeed, he will be a fine fellow, and reared by such a clever mother, he will be a distinguished man. Good-night, Thomas, and pleasant dreams."

Fan Fan had stolen a few minutes to spend with her uncle, but told him nothing of her trials as a wife, or a mother. She asked about the dear General, and baby Charles, also, where its father was; and then he kissed her, and praised Mr. Moreton, and her child. Fan Fan sighed, and said to herself, "Never understood, no matter, better not," and she retired to rest unloved; to weep silently for hours. When two years old the boy caught small-pox from his Welsh nurse, who had never been vaccinated, and all fled from him; even his father gazed at him through the window."

" Elsbeth, the German maid, screamed with terror; every servant fled, his father was in agony, but one never shrank from her duty for a moment; his lovely mother watched by him night and day. She knew not even if she had been vaccinated, she felt a great horror at the idea of being marked for life, but a much greater fear of being ungrateful. She had received from her husband the means of redeeming her uncle's old family estate, "How should she hesitate to risk her own life for that of his child?—Ah no! her duty was plain, and she followed it. She saw no one but the London medical men: three or four daily called by her husband's desire. In her arms Tommy lay during the convulsions. She bathed his feet in warm water. She carried him when restless, she gave him light nourishing diet, and kept him cool and comfortable; sweet fresh air she admitted into his room, and raised him constantly, lest the restlessness should pain him. She gave him every luxury that the medical men allowed, and slept little or none till all danger was over, and even then, till the infection was gone, she lay in a little bed in his room, and if he called "Mamma," Fan Fan's sweet voice answered at any hour in the night. Truly she repaid her husband, and in three months, when at Moreton Hall, for change of air, she presented to her husband his son and heir, without one mark or scar on his white skin, his blue eyes as clear

as azure, his cheek rosy, and his step firm, Mr. Moreton could only clasp him to his heart, and holding out his hand to his wife said, "You are an angel. How can I thank you? is there anything on earth you wish? To the half of my fortune I offer you."

Fan Fan curled her lip, and said proudly, "I wish nothing on earth from you; I have done my duty, and if you are satisfied, I am re-

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His cold reply prevented any further attempt at kindness, so the parents were even more reserved, and the child clung to his father and remembered not his angel mother who had saved his life, his health, and good looks. Uncle Malcolm almost worshipped Fan Fan, and always reminded his brother that the medical men said it was entirely owing to his mother's care his son's complete recovery. Next winter they returned to London, and General Stuart read in the Morning Post, that Mr. and Mrs. Moreton of Moreton Hall, with their son and heir, were expected at their residence in Belgrave Square in a few days from Scotland, for the season. He sighed, and felt half angry at this child; he clasped his motherless Charlie in his arms and said, "Fan Fan should have been your mother."

"But who is Fan Fan?" said the child, and the General blushed at thinking aloud, and attracted

the boy's attention to something else.

In a few days he saw again in the paper, "Last evening the Lady Mayoress gave a splendid evening ball and entertainment at the Mansion House, there were nearly a thousand present, young and old: the beautiful Mrs. Moreton was there, with her son, the master of Moreton Hall; his dress and equipage were magnificent." Again the General groaned; the truth was, he was jealous of the boy, and never doubted that its young mother would lavish upon him all her young heart's affections. Uncle Malcolm could have told a different tale. He was horrified to see the pampered boy kick his mother, and lift his hand to strike her if his will was opposed. It was the fault of the servants; spoilt, over-fed, and over-indulged, they flattered alike the master and child, and seeing that the lady had no authority, they prejudiced their master against her, and made the child hate his mother. Fan Fan had put her watch (the General's gift) on the table, to arrange her belt; Tommy lifted it, she said, "Don't touch that, Tommy," but he paid no attention, and threw it on the ground; his mother gave him a slap! he screamed with rage and ran to his papa, who, without thinking, struck Fan Fan!! She left the room, and locked herself into an empty bed-room; she shed no tear, she seated herself on the bed, and in the dark and alone reasoned with herself: she now saw how very wrong she had been in this self-sacrifice, that she had deceived Mr. Moreton, she could neither like him nor his child, she could only do a duty; she did not remember, or soothe herself by saying, how nobly she had done this duty, she blamed herself, and sought for no excuse. She humbled herself to

her God, asked forgiveness for all her sins, and for guidance to act aright for the future. She rang for her maid Elsbeth and told her to get candles, and that she should sleep where she was; to bring her dressing-case, and her writing-book and inkstand; that she was tired and going to bed. She kissed the General's gift, her dear little watch. She wrote to the General, and said nothing of herself, her husband, or their child, but asked him to write of himself and all dear to him. She went to sleep, feeling the shame of the blow more than the pain. She half expected a knock at the door, and that her husband would apologize, but she was thankful he did not, and she slept soundly. Next morning she appeared at breakfast a shade prouder, but spoke to Tommy and prepared his egg and bread as kindly as ever. Her husband read the papers and did not venture to look up. He was ashamed, and afraid she would tell Malcolm, but Fan Fan had as a child suffered so much, and so alone she needed no confidant; she did every duty, took her son out to drive in the park and as Malcolm did not come for some days she called for him, put a blister on his throat, as she found he was ill, sat with him and read to him till it was time to remove it; dressed it, made his tea, and only left him five minutes before dinner, when, being too late, her husband said something more sarcastic than polite. She again did wrong and curled her lip, but answered not; and he never knew his brother was ill till the Marquis of S --- asked Tommy "where kind uncle Malcolm was." And Tommy said "Mamma was with him till dinner; he has a blister on his throat—mamma made him better. He said his angel sister cured him." Thus prattled the child, and both parents seemed uncomfortable; but the Marquis laughed, and said, "Ah, Master Tommy, hundreds would rejoice to be ill to have so lovely and accomplished a

So thus encouraged, Tommy said, "When I had the small-pox she nursed me, but I do not love her,

I love only papa."

"Very bad taste," said every gentleman at the table, and even the ladies muttered, "Naughty, spoilt child." But Fan Fan only laughed and rose to leave the room, followed by Tommy and by the ladies.

Thus passed two years; except for dear Malcolm, Fan Fan's life was doubly bitter. Her husband and she were as strangers; she felt she had repaid the money in risking her life for his most disagreeable child, whose only redeeming trait was his love for his father, and that amounted to idolatry. He was now nearly five years old, and rode and drove with his father, rarely away from him by night or day.

One day Mr. Moreton announced his intention of going to London and to return that day week by the five o'clock train. Tommy declared he would go also. His mamma and a number of their friends advised him not, uncle Malcolm got angry, and said "the boy would be safer and better with his mother.' Tommy went into fits of screaming, crying

out, "I will go with my own dear papa, I will die if

"You did not die, Tommy, when left for three months under mamma's care when very ill—when blind—from small-pox," said Fan Fan softly, and the tears came unbidden to her eyes.

"But," said the angry boy, "all the servants and papa say you are so proud, and scorn papa and me because you are high-born; we hate high-born

beggars."

Fan Fan smiled, and said softly, "Can mamma help her ancestors being noble and poor? or is it mamma's fault that she is a lady? rather, in her

present position, her misfortune."

None could speak, the ladies wiped the tears from their eyes, the gentlemen looked with admiration at the gentle mother, so queenly in her noble beauty as she stooped to say so low, yet so clearly, "Will Tommy stay with mamma for once, and if not happy mamma will not ask him again?" A rude blow was the answer. "Shame!" was echoed through the room, and uncle Malcolm rudely caught the boy and pushed him out of the room, saying, "Petted, insolent little dog!"

"I say, Thomas, a public school will be the only cure for that young son of yours; if he lives

he will make your heart ache."

The father followed his boy, never chid him, but caressed and petted him, and to London both went.

Just after the father and son had driven off, Fan Fan said, "I fear Tommy has gone without his cloak." She ran up to the nursery, and the little velvet cloak and jewelled clasp were lying there, evidently forgotten. Fan Fan put on her bonnet and plaid, and ordering the pony phaëton, the Marquis of S —— drove her rapidly to overtake the carriage. The child looked out. His mamma said, "Dear Tommy, you will take cold, the night air is so chilly." She clasped it round his tiny throat, and handing him a bunch of lovely flowers, and a basket of grapes and peaches, she said, "If Tommy is not well or wearies for mamma, papa will write, and mamma will come to her son." The little fellow's expression softened, and he held up his mouth to kiss his mother, as he had often done, during his illness, and said, "Tommy good now, mamma." Her husband held out his hand and said, "We are much obliged for your kind attention;" and thus parted husband, wife, and child, never to meet again on earth.

CHAPTER XI.

NEXT morning as the party at Moreton Hall were seated at breakfast, Uncle Malcolm was called out of the room, and as he did not return, his sister-in-law fearing he was unwell, left in search of him. The servants fled when she appeared, and she could get none to answer her question.

"Where is Mr. Malcolm, what is wrong?" said Fan Fan, "where can I find Mr. Malcolm?"

"In his own room, dear lady, in great distress; the master—," and the girl burst into tears.

Fan Fan, pale as a corpse, knocked gently at Uncle Malcolm's door. He was sitting with his head leaning on his hands at the table moaning.

"What is it?" said the poor lady.

He pointed to the Times newspaper, where a dreadful railway accident was described as having occurred last evening, and amongst the killed, Mr. Moreton, of Moreton Hall, and his son, a child of about five years old. The shock made Fan Fan faint, and the necessity for attending to her roused poor Uncle Malcolm, and relieved the first agony of his grief, for he loved Fan Fan far better than the dead, yet when we know they are gone for ever, all errors are forgotten, and we feel but sorrow for their sad fate. All friends left the Castle, as Malcolm and Fan Fan had to go to London to perform the last sad duties to those so nearly related. Fan Fan forgot herself, and as soon as she was restored to consciousness, to comfort Malcolm was her first care. Her son's godfather and many of her friends offered to be of use. but for dear Malcolm's sake Fan Fan declined, and devoted herself to him who had acted a brother's part to her during her nine years of wretched married life. Malcolm asked his sister if there were any of her friends she would like invited.

"None but my uncle," said Fan Fan, who wished no duty to Malcolm neglected, and she feared if her dear General came she would be selfish, and forget her brother Malcolm. So dear Nunky talked to Malcolm, sympathised with all his griefs, praised his brother, his generous nature, and kindness, said what a fine spirited boy the child was: and all this soothed Malcolm, and as Fan Fan was too generous to speak ill of those who were no more, they were less sad; and as Malcolm and the lady of Moreton Hall knew the foible of the departed, the funeral was one of the largest and most magnificent and expensive kind ever seen in London. It was very sad, too, father and son in one coffin; their devoted love to one another during life was often talked of in the fashionable circle in which they moved, and in their death they were not divided. Both were killed instantaneously by the collision; and when the bodies were found the child was clasped in his father's arms, and the sweet violets, his mother's last gift, tightly clenched in the little hand. As almost all had perished, nothing further was known. Fan Fan wept as she looked into the coffin, and saw her child; but how thankful she felt, that although wilful, passionate, and corrupted by wicked ignorant servants, yet during the three months of her attendance, when his little heart was softened by illness, and won even, for the time, by her love and care, and being removed from evil influence, he had learned to pray, he knew the way of salvation, and in spite of all his outbursts of passion, he had said his prayers to her ever after, and she believed and hoped Tommy was saved. She would rather have lived a life-time of suffering, than parted from them thus sadly. After a few weeks the Laird insisted on his niece and Malcolm coming

with him to Scotland. So, as all business matters were left in the hands of a clever solicitor, and as Moreton Hall was now the property of Malcolm,but the kind man had no wish to live there alone, -he was easily persuaded by Fan Fan to accompany her for a time to her childhood's home. Eleven years since Fan Fan left the old Castle!she was older; -it seemed unchanged; -the grassy lawn, the old rookery, the noble trees, were all as she had left them. How delighted she was to be there again. Little Nan, now a tall, handsome girl of fifteen, ran down to the lawn, to clasp Fan Fan in her arms, and three or four of her little brothers and sisters ran after her; also Marie's little girl, a lovely child now nearly six years old, claimed relationship. The old butler, dressed in his very best, came forward respectfully, and could not reply as Fan Fan shook hands with him, and said, "You look well, my good Starwort, and how healthy my dear uncle is: you have taken good care of him."

"Ah, Mrs. Moreton, it is to Miss Bertram he owes that; she is your second self, and none could

say more.'

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Fan Fan stooped to caress her old friends "Dandy" and "Pepper," as her tears nearly choked her, on seeing the lobby was crowded by the old servants and retainers, all pressing forward to grasp her hand. She could hardly answer them; and in her deep weeds, and having lost her child, all thought it was for them she wept; but it was busy memory bringing back Amarantha, her handsome, gentlemanly, but unfortunate husband. Marie, too, so elegant, but so vain and selfish, and her own brothers, the General, Charles and Helenium-all crowded into her warm heart. But she recovered her self-possession, and with a tact peculiar to herself, entered warmly into the feelings of each one. Self was, as usual with our heroine, forgotten. Malcolm proudly stood beside her. He had often, nay, almost always, admired this "Child of Fire," but as the aristocratic merchant is never familiar with those beneath him, he was surprised at the perfect ease and familiarity of the high-born lady and the affectionate respect of her uncle's servants, tenants, and dependants. Each cottar on the estate had a representative present; to welcome her who was reared amongst them; and few came empty-handed:—a few roses, some fresh eggs, a cheese, a fine fowl, a bird, even a kitten,-each gift was received by the wealthy widow so gratefully, as a suitable compliment was added to her thanks.

"Look, dear brother Malcolm, what a fine bird. Did you ever see such large eggs? What a sweet nosegay! we have nothing so good in London;" and Malcolm assented and looked so benevolent and good. They are doubly sorry for Fan Fan's loss, as they imagine the brothers would resemble each other in appearance as in character. And on the Laird thanking them all for their kind welcome to his dear child, Mrs. Moreton, and herself promising to come and see them all very soon, they murmured "God bless you," and retired to the

hall, where a substantial dinner awaited them. Elsbeth, the only servant Fan Fan had kept, was weeping as she dressed her lady for dinner—so proud to see her mistress so beloved. She felt how cruelly she had been misrepresented at Moreton Hall, but she could not take the liberty of saying anything. Fan Fan was proud; and although the faithful Elsbeth had seen her mistress often ill, and often in tears, each was silent. But now, when her mistress was appreciated, where from infancy she was known, Elsbeth looked upon her as a sort of divinity.

Fan Fan dismissed her maid, and, until dinner was announced, prayed for humility, and never to be so deserted by her God as to love money or be She trembled at her own prosperity loved, and happy-with the power of making others happy. Again she prayed that she might be a good steward, and Jabez's prayer (1 Chron. iv. 10) gave utterance to her sentiments. Her coast had indeed been enlarged. She was mistress of fifty thousand pounds; oh, that she might use it aright! Never did she feel so timid, so afraid of herself. She prayed against her fiery temper, her impulsive nature, the greatest error in her character, that she might in the day of her prosperity be gentle. humble, and unselfish; a shower of sweet tears relieved her, and, pale as alabaster, she entered the drawing-room as dinner was announced. Malcolm noticed her pallor, and whispered-"Are you ill, dear sister?"

"No, no, dear Malcolm, only too happy, and

much more loved than I deserve."

"We differ there, Fan Fan; to know you is to love you."

"In spite of my faults, dear brother?"

"I see no faults, my darling sister; I see nothing

but what is lovely and admirable."

" Fan Fan will be spoilt in her old age," said the young widow, smiling, as she sat down at the head of her uncle's table. Fan Fan and uncle Malcolm now held a consultation about many things; and the good old man's heart was as warm as Fan Fan's, but he knew more of what was prudent than the impulsive "child of fire," and none could influence her so much since she lost the General.

"Now, dear Malcolm, Nunky will never consent unless you get him to promise to grant a request! and after he gives the promise we are safe. If he will allow me to repair the dear old Castle, and furnish it as it was a hundred years ago, but all new and fresh, how grand it would be; and to have our carriage from town, and to have a young man to assist his old coachman, and another under the butler. Now, dear Malcolm, he knows you are judicious: he will refuse you nothing; and in three months, how magnificent the old place will be."

Malcolm agreed to coax the Laird, and added, in order to induce the Laird to give his consent, "if you agree we must stay to see the effect, and Fan Fan's health will improve, as her mind will be occupied and she cannot have time to grieve or

dwell upon the past."

So "Nunky" said "He grudged robbing his

child, but she might do as she liked, if Malcolm would look after Fan Fan's means, that she might

not injure herself for others."

Three months after Fan Fan lost husband and child, the General called and invited them to Perthshire, while the Castle was undergoing repair and being painted. He clasped Fan Fan to his heart and resolved to love uncle Malcolm for her sake. He was charmed with the dear old man. He found him one of nature's gentlemen. Malcolm was noble in a cottage or a palace, courteous and good, benevolent and kind, with a high broad ample forehead denoting talents of a superior order. Yet a very mild temper; Malcolm had rarely been known to be angry. The General felt all this, and warmly asked him to accompany his sister-in-law; Malcolm had never heard the General spoken of, as this subject was, during her married life, dead to Fan Fan. She wished to hear of Charles and of his boy, but she could not ask; however, Nunky, with the politeness of the old school, asked for both. Charles was in Canada with his regiment, and little Charlie with his tutor at home in Perthshire. A long silence ensued; at last Nunky said,

"But, General, we are so many; three of Amarantha's little ones, little Marie and Mr.

Moreton, Fan Fan and myself."

"Ah," said the General, "the more the merrier. Plenty of room and a hearty welcome. But no one but myself and my dear little boy to receive you; for five years we have been friends and companions. He is only five years old, but to keep him away from the servants, as they injudiciously indulge children, I engaged a young man as much for companion as tutor; as I do not feel so well, and intend travelling for a time for health. It will be a bitter trial, the temporary separation, I can hardly think of it.

"O General," said the old Laird, "leave him with us at the old Castle; he shall be treated as my own, and Fan Fan will take charge of him. She is mistress here," said the old man proudly. "Eh, Fan Fan, you see, I forgot you are a great lady now, and I think of you as my own little adopted one, ready and anxious to be of use to every one." Saying this, the Laird put his arm round Fan Fan,

and kissed her brow, as she replied,

"I am always little Fan Fan to dear Nunky, and shall take charge of little Charles with great pleasure;" then, as a deep blush overspread her cheek, she added, "I love all children, and I owe a deep debt of gratitude to you, dear General, who nursed me through many illnesses; it will be my privilege to repay towards your grandson what I owe to your dear self." And, to Malcolm's astonishment, she nestled in the arms of the General. as a wearied, wounded bird flies to the parent-nest. They looked like father and child, after some trifling estrangement. One earnest gaze of the General's into the large, now liquid black eyes, raised to his. He murmured, "Thank God, my own restored," and pressed his lips to her. Malcolm's eyes filled with tears, as he thought of the nine years of suffering this warm-hearted creature had endured.

He even could hardly realize her motive for the self-sacrifice. The General knew it all, and had suffered these two apart, and the General said,

"Fan Fan, I must have you and dear Malcolm, my kind, good brother, to be friends. I owe everything to my brother Malcolm. Since I left you and 'Nunky,' I should have broken my heart without him. I made many acquaintances in England and Wales, but loved none but Malcolm."

The two gentlemen shook hands warmly, and their hearts seemed knit together. "Nunky" had been called away by the house steward, but found, on his return, the happy trio. "And when will you come, Laird, and bring your family? The sooner the better for me; Charlie and I shall count the very hours till you come."

"It is for Mrs. Moreton to decide."

"Well," said Fan Fan, "as the General is anxious to get home, and will not stay, even one night, we might accept his kind invitation by the day after to-morrow. Will that suit you, General, and Malcolm?

All agreed, and the children were wild with joy, and danced round "Mamma Fan Fan," as she was

now always called.

She had visited every house on the estate, and brought from London a present for each. Thus, from cottage to cottage was echoed, "A braw new gown frae Lonnon. To think o' the Bonnie Leddie minding the like o' us, an her, sae lang awa', but, the Laird's weans are a' guid; but wae's me; they hae been sairlie afflicted."

CHAPTER XII.

It was a lovely morning when all left the Castle to pay a visit to the good General. "Nunky" and Malcolm were in their sunniest mood, the children as merry as crickets, and Fan Fan was calmly happy, but could never forget the absent ones, and her heart felt often sadder than she wished. She was very delicate in health, as the least mental anxiety destroyed appetite, and she did not gain strength. Those who feel anxiety can never be healthy: the countenances of those she loved caused the blood to ebb, or flow; and if agitated, or sorry, she could not eat; and thus she fainted often, when none knew but "Elsbeth." Could her restless, active mind have slept at ease, her health was good; but she could not remain without thinking, working, toiling, and fretting about others. To assist young "Simkins;" to get "Nancy" a place-to put "Dick" to school-to persuade "Manning" to join the pledge, &c., &c., &c.; all this kept her toiling from morning till night. But the genteel poor—the mothers who had drunken husbands or sons-oh! how our heroine suffered with them-how she strove to give comfort to encourage them to reform-how empty often her purse, but how heavy her heart. She resolved to provide respectably for all her uncle's granddaughters; to give each a few thousands, so that they need not be obliged to marry, but from the proper motive of attachment. And

uncle Malcolm insisted on doubling the sum; so the four little girls were handsomely provided for. This left Fan Fan two thousand pounds to lay out upon the old Castle; eight thousand pounds to her little cousins, and forty thousand pounds for herself. The penniless lass w' a lang pedigree, was now a rich widow; and if any change was to be remarked, she was much more humble, lowly, and meek, and seemed no longer deserving of her name, "child of fire." The secret was, she had learned, by bitter experience, to know and mistrust herself; and now she was so grateful to all for loving her, her heart was softened, and she lived but to make others happy. After her son Tommy's conduct, she trembled lest Charlie Stuart should dislike her. And as they entered the long shady avenue she sickened, for fear of not being able to please the General, to whom she owed more than once her life! "If he should hate me, as Tommy often did!" and the idea was so painful she fell back in the carriage, and nearly fainted. Elsbeth gave her some medicine, which relieved her; and, in a few moments, clasped to the General's heart, she forgot all her fears.

"And here is my little Charlie," said the General, as a pale, timid boy came, shyly forward, blushing and trembling as Fan Fan warmly embraced him and said, "Here is a nice little boy come to see Charlie, will you be kind to him?" So she left them together; and the General asked her to prepare for dinner, and all would dine together, to-day, a little earlier, to suit the children. How happy and cheerful the General was, how attentive to Malcolm, who admired the views, the fine hills and the noble trees. The three old gentlemen never wearied of chatting together, and admiring the children, as they gambolled about so merrily, so heedless of the morrow, its trials or its

cares.

"General," said Fan Fan, laying her head on his shoulder, "I have made a discovery."

"What is it, my daughter?" said the General.

Fan Fan blushed; then answered,

"I never was a child."

"No," said the General, "you were prematurely old; Nan is a little so; but you, from your peculiar organization, would have wept, if in thoughtlessness you crushed a daisy or trod upon a violet. You were then, as now, impulsive, impetuous, impatient, yet with a warm, kind, generous heart—that to know Fan Fan is to idolize her; but we must love her very faults, for they are a part of herself."

"True, dear General, I think they increase as I

grow older."

"No, dearest, you see them better; you are, from your growth of intellect, getting acquainted with your own defects. I have suffered deeply for your folly, your errors, but love you more fondly than ever. You acted from a mistaken sense of duty: no woman or man is right in selling himself; to marry from no motive but to gain wealth, even with so generous a motive as yours (that of gratitude), is a crime; it is against nature, doing evil that

good may come. It is falsehood, treachery, almost perjury; I speak as I feel, strongly, my daughter," said the General, drawing her very close to him. "I wept for your crime, but you were severely punished; I grieved for you, and pitied your husband and his child; you should rather have worked as a servant, or begged, than sold yourself for the twenty thousand pounds. You were not called upon to redeem the family estate, you had no duty, no gratitude of such magnitude to repay your uncle. Neither He nor your Heavenly Father requires "sacrifice;" you should have waited patiently God's time, and all would have been well. My daughter, you did very wrong."

"I know it," said Fan Fan weeping, "and often I felt as if a curse followed me; my own child, even after risking my life for him, disliked me."

"It is past and gone, dear Fan Fan, let the subject be dead; I am sincere, and was obliged to tell my beloved Fan Fan the truth."

"Thank you, dear General," said Fan Fan embracing him, "I will retire to rest, and will awake, I trust, wiser and happier. Make some excuse to Nunky and Malcolm; I will be myself in the

morning."

So saying, Fan Fan went to her room, she knew it all, but to hear it so clearly stated, caused her deep pain. She wished to be alone, to pray, to ask God's grace for the future, his forgiveness for Jesus' sake for the past. She knew now why all went wrong at Moreton Hall; God was against her, she thanked Him and blessed dear Malcolm's love and care which kept her from further sin, for if Malcolm had not loved and cherished her, the admiration and flattery of strangers might have injured her more especially as contrasted with the coldness of her husband. She blamed herself, and fell asleep weeping; but early, the sweet song of birds awoke her, and the sun shining into her beautiful room, fitted up by the General's order, with every elegance and luxury that his kind heart could devise,—a few fine paintings by the best masters, -she recognized as the pictures she had admired as a child. Selected from the General's gallery, hung round her room Poussin's fine composition, illustrating the meeting of Abraham's servant with Rebecca at the Well; some landscapes by "Potter," exquisitely finished. The beautifully - coloured "Franceschini," where Elizabeth is presenting St. John to the Infant Saviour, who is seated on his Virgin Mother's lap, St. Joseph standing behind them, an angel contemplating the scene. Fan Fan's eyes filled with tears of gratitude, as she gazed at this her favourite picture. "Dear General," said she, "he is the guardian angel, I will never willingly leave him, how well he remembered my admiration of those pictures. Here are some others I used to gaze at: S. Ferrato's Virgin engaged in prayer, with her countenance beaming with holy resignation; Biscaye's Marriage of St. Catherine; Lola Vinci's portrait of Mona Lisa, with her hands crossed, and her countenance beaming with every charm; Mignon's fruit, flowers, reptiles, and insects; Domenichino's

Virgin with the Infant Christ; Salvator Rosa's sunny landscapes; and ere she had looked over all, the gong sounded for breakfast, and our heroine, who knew the General loved punctuality, hastened down ere the household had assembled for prayers. For our General is a Christian soldier, and had had more severe conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil, than even in the fiercest engagement. He was a brave officer, celebrated for his courage and coolness; yet, humane to a degree, and a woman's tear, or sob from a child, affected him, till he was ashamed of playing the woman. Our heroine merely glanced at the alabaster vases filled with the sweetest flowers, perfume bottles of exquisite china, writing-desks, and every little elegance that could charm.

Fan Fan appreciated all, and as she appeared in the breakfast room, all crowded round "Mamma Fan Fan." Charlie brought a bouquet of white moss roses and heliotrope, and tied with bright

pale green; the emblem of Hope!

"Ah! how lovely, my darling," said the child of fire, and caught the bashful boy in her arms; "you dear little fellow, how do you know my

favourite flowers?"

"Grandpapa and I gathered them this morning," said the artless, truthful boy, as Fan Fan kissed the child, and placed the precious bouquet in her girdle. Charlie seemed much gratified, and little Marie sulked all forenoon. The gentlemen were going to shoot, and the General asked Fan Fan to be so very kind as to order dinner early for the children, and late for themselves, and for a few friends; "I half expect our good Doctor Brooklime."

"Oh, charming!" said Fan Fan, "I shall be

surrounded by all I love best on earth."

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Virgin with the Infant Christ; Salvator Rosa's sunny landscapes; and ere she had looked over all, the gong sounded for breakfast, and our heroine, who knew the General loved punctuality, hastened down ere the household had assembled for prayers. For our General is a Christian soldier, and had had more severe conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil, than even in the fiercest engagement. He was a brave officer, celebrated for his courage and coolness; yet, humane to a degree, and a woman's tear, or sob from a child, affected him, till he was ashamed of playing the woman. Our heroine merely glanced at the alabaster vases filled with the sweetest flowers, perfume bottles of exquisite china, writing-desks, and every little elegance that could charm.

Fan Fan appreciated all, and as she appeared in the breakfast room, all crowded round "Mamma Fan Fan." Charlie brought a bouquet of white moss roses and heliotrope, and tied with bright

pale green; the emblem of Hope!

"Ah! how lovely, my darling," said the child of fire, and caught the bashful boy in her arms; "you dear little fellow, how do you know my

favourite flowers?"

"Grandpapa and I gathered them this morning," said the artless, truthful boy, as Fan Fan kissed the child, and placed the precious bouquet in her girdle. Charlie seemed much gratified, and little Marie sulked all forenoon. The gentlemen were going to shoot, and the General asked Fan Fan to be so very kind as to order dinner early for the children, and late for themselves, and for a few friends; "I half expect our good Doctor Brooklime."

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wisest way is to appear satisfied, to be kind and look for the good qualities; dwell upon them, and be thankful there are no cross tempers or evil

dispositions.

Mrs. Elliott felt sorry for the General, but as Mimmie and his son were to live abroad for her health for many years, she was old enough to see light come out of darkness, and that all was far more for the happiness of the General than if he had got his heart's desire. It was only the name of daughter; had Fan Fan married Charles, she must have left him, and gone abroad, as he was devoted to his profession; whereas he would have the reality of a mother for little Charlie, and of a daughter's love in Mrs. Moreton. She thought it would be best to have the two weddings in one day; and the idea charmed the old Laird, who saw nothing but the smiling faces: and Mimmie's beauty and artlessness won old Nunky's heart, who, unintentionally, kept praising his intended daughter-in-law. And the General's temper must have given way, except for Malcolm and Fan Fan, who felt with him and for him, and saved him all the suffering they could.

Colonel Stewart was to come the day before the marriage. Now is the trial for Fan Fan; her heart throbbed to bursting, as her darling son said:

"Here is the carriage, papa has arrived;" but strange, he clung to Fan Fan, and would not go to meet him. Mimmie flew to his arms; he blushed and seemed annoyed, but our heroine, who, on seeing this, felt for his position, came forward and busied herself, introducing her brother-in-law, then spoke of Charlie, and by her good taste, judgment, and kind heart, enabled all to recover; and then "Nan" and the handsome young clergyman came forward, and excellent Dr. Brooklime, who was ten years ago in the family secret; all this passed off the awkwardness of a first meeting, and gave the General time to regain his usual composure; indeed, except the spot of crimson burning on his cheek, there was no trace of emotion. The weddings were very interesting, and all were determined to be satisfied; if hearts beat a little more quickly than their wont, unselfish love subdued it, and Fan Fan embraced her young friend, and received Charles's grateful thanks for being the best of mothers to his boy. Poor Fan Fan, she could hardly get through this ordeal, but replied, "I lost my son, and dear little Charles has more than replaced him. And now, Charles, you have chosen a charming girl, as amiable as beautiful; and may every blessing and happiness be yours; I have known Mimmie for years; you will never regret your choice." He grasped her hand and kissed it; his voice trembled as he said, "To your love and care I recommend my dear father. Mimmie, blushing and laughing through her tears, as fondly Mrs. Elliot embraced her, now appeared; and Charles hastened to her: Fan Fan hurried to good Nan, who lived for others, and found Nunky charging "Vervain" to bring her back in a week.

(To be continued.)

WORDS.

Words are lighter than the cloud foam
Of the restless ocean spray;
Vainer than the trembling shadow
That the next hour steals away;
By the fall of Summer rain-drops
Is the air as deeply stirred;
And the rose-leaf that we tread on
Will outlive a word.

Yet on the dull silence breaking
With a lightning flash a word,
Bearing endless desolation
On its lightning wings, I heard.
Earth can forge no keener weapon,
Dealing surer death and pain,
And the cruel echo answered
Through long years again.

I have known one word hang star-like
O'er a dreary waste of years,
And it only shone the brighter
Looked at through a mist of tears,
While a weary wanderer gathered
Hope and heart on life's dark way,
By its faithful promise shining
Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit calmer
Than the calmest lake, and clear
As the heavens that gazed upon it,
With no wave of hope or fear;
But a storm had swept across it,
And its deepest depths were stirred,
Never, never more to slumber,
Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle
Than the breath of Summer air—
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived for ever there.
Not the beating of its prison
Stirred it ever, night or day;
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it fade away.

Words are mighty, words are living;
Serpents, with their venomed stings,
Or bright angels, crowding round us
With heaven's light upon their wings.
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies.

American Paper.

For four thousand years the strong had been rushing on in the road of privilege and power, seeking greatness. Christ stood in the path, and said, "Ye seek greatness. Ye are not even in the way to it. Ye are going up, but the way to greatness is down. Let him who would be great be the love-servant of all" Greatness consists in the facility and power of going down, and not in the facility of going up.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR OF FACT AND RUMOUR.

Considering that, according to the established fashion of our great city, London is emptied of her wealth, fashion, and beauty; it is wonderful how little decadence is to be discerned in the attractions offered to the amusement seekers who still throng her streets. The Great International still numbers its visitors by tens of thousands, the Crystal Palace at Sydenham has as yet had no cause to complain of desertion, and the addition to its other features of the Mammoth Balloon, has proved a success fully merited by the skill and spirit which have characterised the ascents made by Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher. Anything more interesting than the account of their recent exploit, we have

It will be learned with satisfaction by the public at large that, a decision has been arrived at to keep the Exhibition open during the month of October, and hopes are entertained, not without good foundation, that the period for closing the building may be deferred

not met with for some time; the height attained, six

miles, being the greatest on record.

even longer.

Yet more gratifying is the report, which reaches us from no doubtful channel, that the Prince of Wales will celebrate the attainment of his majority in England. A proposal has been put forward, that His Royal Highness should close the International Exhibition in person, but there does not appear the remotest probability of such a thing taking place.

For the list of amusements there is nothing to add within the last month. A few additions, scarcely however noteworthy, have been made to the dramatic répertoire of the West-end Theatres. "A sensation" piece has been produced at Drury Lane, by Mr. Boucicault, entitled The Relief of Lucknow, the good taste and suitability of which will hardly be disputed; surely there could have been no difficulty in selecting some more appropriate theme for the display of the combined talent of Mesdames Boucicault and Celeste, with other stars of magnitude, not forgetting the Arabs Zoug-Zoug who are destined to sustain a prominent part in the display.

It is the penalty inseparable from any previous novelty that it shall be hackneyed and worn threadbare, ere its patrons will consent to part with it in any form. The world-renowned Dundreary has not escaped the common lot. After being caricatured, multiplied, reproduced, ad nauseam, the well-known figure once more meets us in feminine attire—hideously contrasting with the hirsute appendages of the immortalized original—as Lady Dundreary, so melancholy a travestie may well be permitted to close the rank of absurdities to which Mr. Sothern's admirable "fooling" gave birth. Rumour whispers of a fresh character with which this talented actor is to be fitted, and in which his previous success is to be fully equalled, if not indeed surpassed.

The past month has not been remarkable for fecundity in literature. Among the works of fiction is one which merits more than a merely passing notice. Mr. W. J. Stewart's Footsteps Behind Him (Low, Son & Co.)—This is a book which possesses the somewhat singular

property of leading on the reader perpetually in expectation of some remarkable dénouement or explanation which is yet deferred, and which indeed is never fully realized; as we lay down the volume, we balance between the inclination to praise where so much is good, or to condemn that which is so needlessly faulty. But the first will win: the hearty, original, healthy tone of writing, carries the day against the errors of style, and jerkiness (so to speak) of the detail. It is singular, but in no one part does the author, to our fancy, come up to the force and originality so apparent in the first few chapters, and which gave most agreeable earnest of a new and vigorous hand; the incidents we think scarcely justify the title; the Footsteps and the personage on whom they are supposed to wait falling out of the narrative so early. But the book is welcome, if only for the total absence of the maudlin sentiment and highly-wrought improbabilities which have grown rankly of late in the pages of "sensational" literature, We would fain call the attention of the author to one glaring absurdity in the speech of his personages which disfigures every dialogue throughout his story. This is the perpetual repetition of the person's name, addressed, "My dear Jack."—" No, Phil."—"Yes, Mrs. Cockerton," &c., &c. The writer need but recall the most casual conversation held during the day to see the unnaturalness of this style of address, which, even to a much more limited extent, is vulgar and unpleasant in the extreme.

On the whole, however, Footsteps Behind Him is a very readable book, and will go far to lay the foundation of a reputation which, if we are not mistaken, Mr. Stewart has it in his power to achieve. The occasional resemblance in style to Mr. Dickens does not in the least savour of imitation, even involuntary,

and is therefore not unpleasant.

Two Lives, by Blanchard Jerrold (Tinsley Brothers). A stirring novel this, full of incident, adventure, and romantic episodes. The most loveable pictures of home life, and domestic happiness, are sketched with a fidelity and delicacy of touch which would seem scarcely to proceed from the same hand, which, in such graphic detail, paints the horrors which ensue. The characters are well sustained throughout, and to those who read purely for amusement, the book can-

not fail to be most acceptable.

Barren Honour (Parker, Sons, and Bourne). We cannot confess, for our own part, to any share in that overweaning love for the "aristocratic" element so prominent in novels of the "Guy Livingstone" genre. And by the term we would not be understood as alluding only to the Lord Clydesdales and the Lady Mildreds, with which these pages are so plentifully besprinkled. There is an aristocracy in Nature, and nothing less than absolute pre-eminence in this, as well as in social distinction, will satisfy the writer. His heroes are "Admirable Crichtons" every one; muscular Christianity is the very least of the qualifications with which the Alan Wyvernes and the Guy Livingstones must be endowed. Given such a hero, and the clue to all his actions laid bare, there lacks something of the incertitude which makes the charm of most stories. It reminds one of the nursery tales wont to make the charm of our boyish days. The good boy is left alone with the jam-pot, but we know he will not touch it. And what matter, though the infant Crichton go supperless to bed, hath he not the reward of a selfapproving conscience—of which, by the way, it strikes us as in tales for children of larger growth over-much is apt to be made. Not to be a thief may certainly argue a tolerable amount of self-denial, if not a due regard for self-preservation. Not to take advantage

of a weak woman's and a wife's infatuation, may be, according to some codes, a very exceptional virtuebut neither, we think, quite merit the quasi canoniza-

tion of the object.

In the present subject of our remarks, we are told the hero lacked religion. We confess we can hardly see how the profession of it could have elevated the tone of such a character; nor how true honour could exist apart from the purest teaching of Christianity. The book, however, is amusing, though we would not advise our young readers to take too many of its portraits as fac-similes. The Lady Vavasours, and the Helens and the Brabazons may be types—but of an infinitesimal minority. Such reading is apt to produce the effect attendant upon watching the manœuvres of Messrs. Blondin and Leotard in mid air; a crick in the neck, and a stiffening of the eye-lids. We are decidedly for a more healthy tone, even in fiction.

Messrs. Tinsley's Library Circular reaches its seventh number this month, and is so far opposite to that of Mr. Mudie, that the notices of books are intelligible, apposite, and convey a sufficient idea of the nature and substance of their contents. The general summary of literary news, at the commencement, is also very good, and the whole thing supplies a want which has long made itself felt, and to meet which fully admits

of extension, even in the Library Circular.

A small heap of books has just come to hand issued by that indefatigable caterer for the pure and wholesome in literature, Mr. S. W. Partridge, of Paternoster Row. The first of these "A Mother's Lessons on Kindness to Animals," is illustrated with the neatest of woodcuts; it consists of short tales and anecdotes suited to the capacity of children, and all having the one object of instilling habits of tenderness and forbearance towards dumb animals; these are interspersed with short pieces of versification, equally adapted to the most juvenile intelligence. The whole forms a charming little volume, we know of none more applicable to the purpose of conveying lasting facts and principles of humanity, in the form of amusement.

A new edition of "The Widow Green and her Three Nieces" comes next; beautifully illustrated, and got up in a style which may give it the entrée to circles the most fastidious. The embellishment of the titlepage, and some of the vignettes, are really exquisite; yet not more so than is warranted by the substance of the volume, which is in Mrs. Ellis's best and most

genial style.

A very pleasing and acceptable volume from the pen of the Rev. J. H. Wilson, contains reminiscences of the life and character of the late Prince Consort. From a domestic and social point in the centre of the family circle at Balmoral; as husband, as father, friend, master, and patron, we have here the good prince shown to us; fulfilling each and all the several duties of his state with Christian love, dignity, and honour; winning all hearts, and earning for himself the passing peace which upon his death-bed sustained him to the last.

What small Hands may do-is a neat little book, adapted for children; a perfect gem in the pure simplicity of its teaching, conveyed in the prettiest and most attractive of forms; void of eant, and whose aims are within the understanding and attainment of the

very smallest or humblest.

John Hobbs; a Tale of British India.—John Hobbs is a teetotaler, whose experiences in Indian life afford him but too many opportunities of testing the value of his own practice, as contrasted with the melancholy results of the drinking habits in favour with the majority around him. Interspersed with many amusing

and laughable episodes, the career and history of many victims to drink are wrought out; some perish irremediably, others come out not wholly scathless, and some again are saved by the interposition and example of the disciple of abstinence whose name forms the title of the volume. The tale, independently of its wholesome teaching, is amusing and original.

We would say as much for the next, were it possible

in good faith.

The Governess; or the Missing Pencil-Case; possesses no originality, and little that is interesting. That one in whom the principle of sound religion exists so strong, as to bear her up under the affliction of losing parents, brothers, and home, should sink into despair, droop and pine even unto death; on account of an utterly false accusation, seems scarcely probable: nor is the relation, we think, calculated to promote pleasant or healthy feelings in the minds of the young, for whom it is intended. The book is beautifully got up, and illus-

trated in the most exquisite taste.

War Scenes, and other Poems; by "E. C." (Hamilton and Co., London. Arthy, Chelmsford). When the Irishman, questioning the photographer concerning the price of his carte-de-visite, was told that the first would be charged 5s. and a second 2s. 6d., "By my troth then," said he, "it's the second I'll have taken, and never mind the first at all, at all." If "E. C." had confined himself to "other poems," suppressing the "war scenes," which unfortunately and undeservedly give a title to the volume, he would have done well, and much that is so good as to need no foil would have stood better unaccompanied by "Cawnpore" and "Churpoorah." Formidable subjects these, calling for far different handling to the themes in which this writer finds himself so much at home. It were pity he should ever seek his laurels upon ground less satisfactory. "A Rural Fete," "The Gaol," "Consolation," with many of the minor pieces, possess considerable merit; they flow smoothly, and rhyme is well matched with reason. The "Bachelor's Song," is especially good; so is "Sun and Rain." The writer's forte appears to lie in such glittering brilliant morçeaux; why neglect the gem for the elaborately wrought and far less satisfactory piece of workmanship?

The Junior Clerk; a Tale of City Life. (London, Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.) A very ordinary tale of a young man's entrance into business life; of the temptations of evil companions, of his gradual decadence from the strait and pleasant paths of virtue and uprightness, into those of folly and sin. We confess we do not find in this case the deductions very clear, nor how, from a casual visit to a theatre, George Watson becomes the forger and the reprobate. His demeanour, too, before the head of his firm, and the episode of the telegram, scarcely savour of the repentant, though misled young man. However the story is interesting, may do good, and cannot do harm; though the writer will in future do well to avoid certain slang expressions, such as "flabbergasted" (not put into the mouth of any speaker). We cordially unite in the closing words of the introductory preface—written by Mr. Shipton-that "employers of young men might, with profit to themselves, secure its distribution among their junior clerks and apprentices.

A new edition has also appeared of "A Voice from the Vintage" (W. Tweedie, 337, Strand). This work, from the pen of Mrs. Ellis, is too well and two widely known to need fresh commendation from us. The arguments contained in its pages are unanswerable, and the style compensates for any lack of brilliance, by the tone of true piety and earnestness which constitutes the undercurrent of the whole.

